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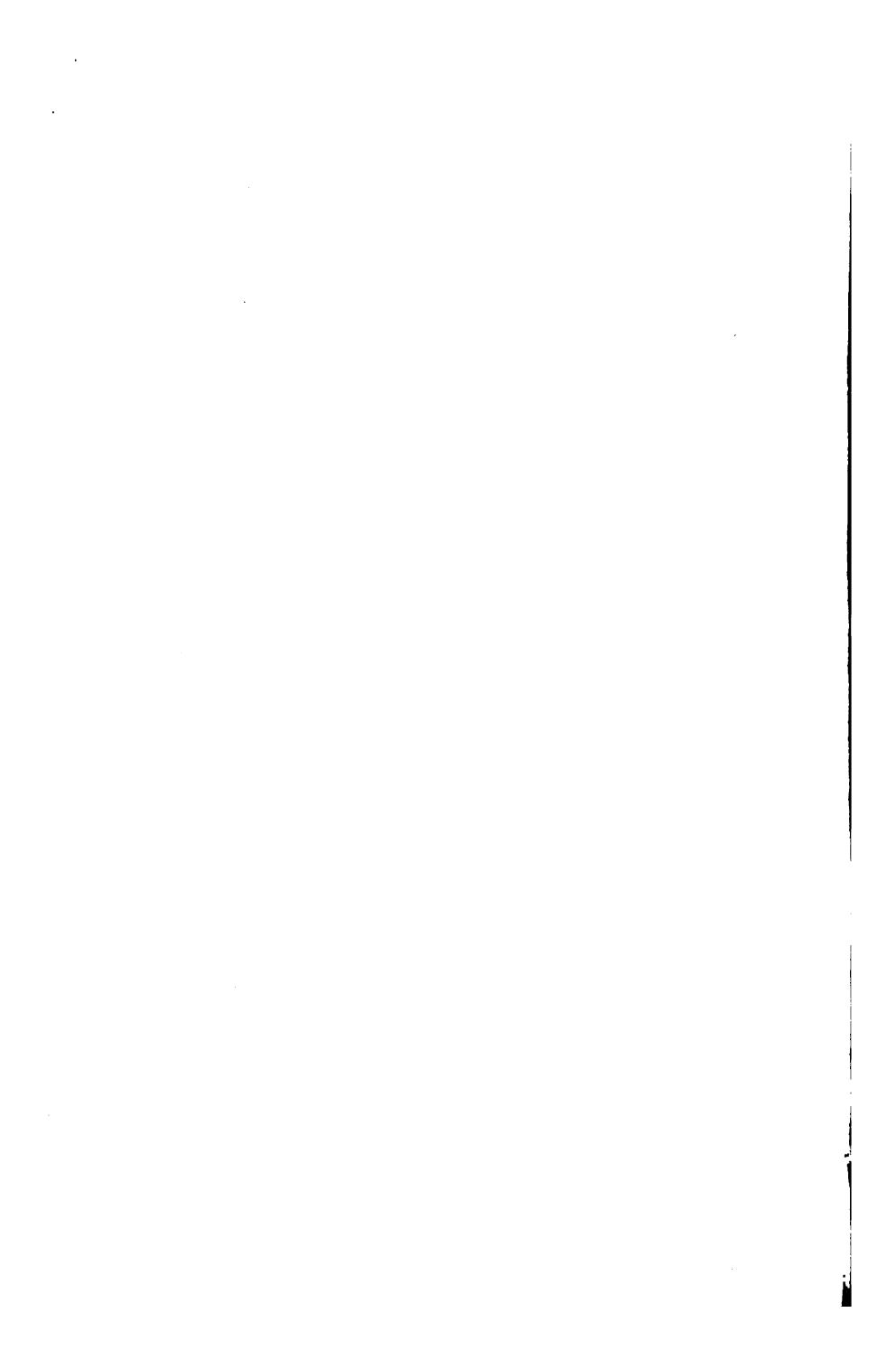
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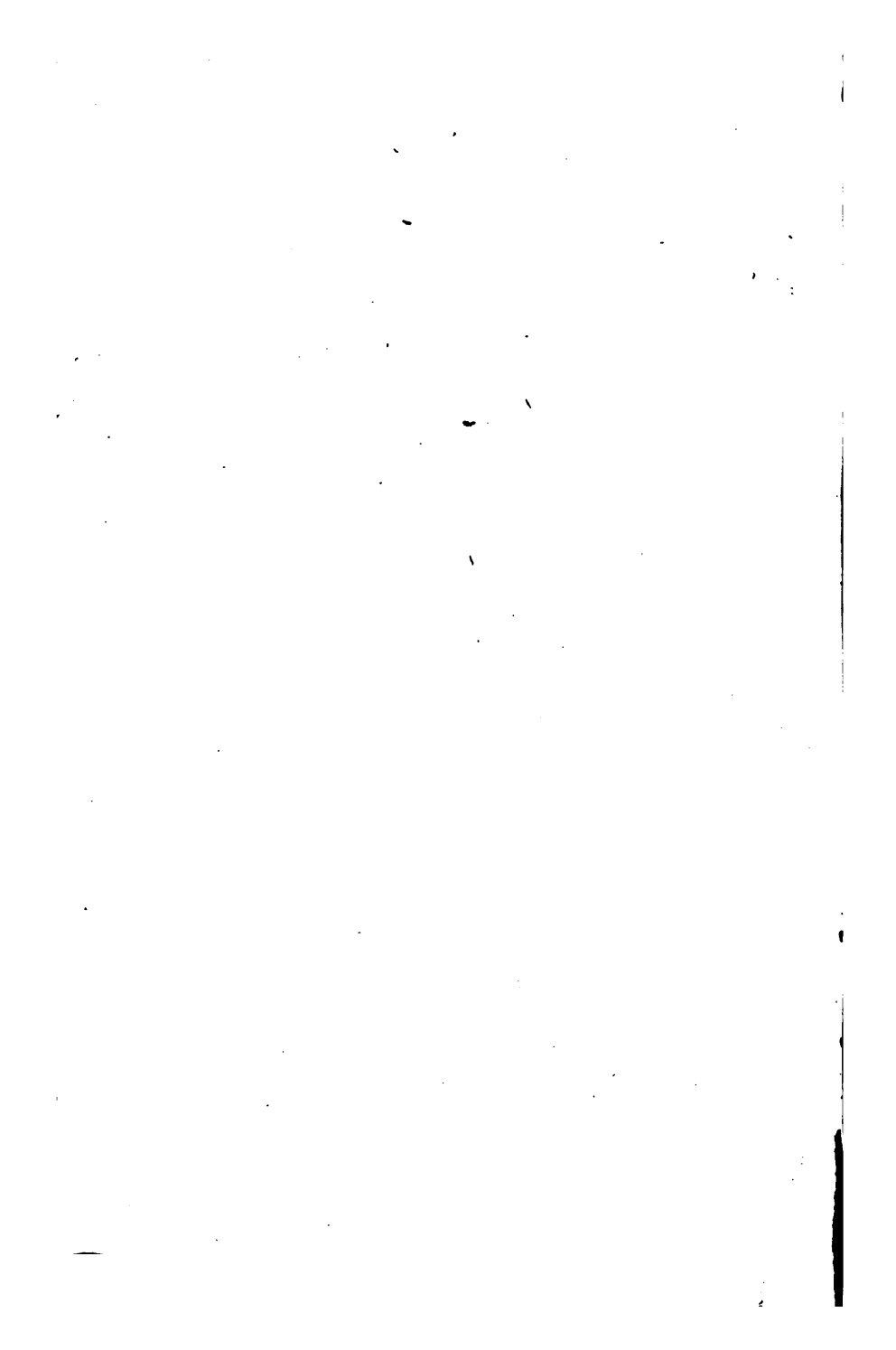






THE GREAT WAR WITH RUSSIA

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THE  
GREAT WAR WITH RUSSIA  
THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA

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*A PERSONAL RETROSPECT*

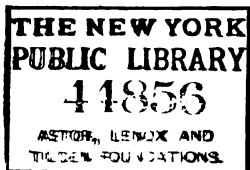
OF THE BATTLES OF THE  
ALMA, BALACLAVA, AND INKERMANN  
And of the Winter of 1854-55, &c.

BY  
WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D.

LONDON  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED  
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL  
MANCHESTER AND NEW YORK

1895

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## PREFACE

WHEN a series of articles, under the title of "A Personal Retrospect of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman," appeared from my pen in *The Army and Navy Gazette* some years ago, I was gratified to learn that these reminiscences of what I had seen of the three battles in which the Allied armies were engaged in 1854 were perused with pleasure and interest by the survivors of the campaign, and by readers of a later generation among the general public. I had indeed been often asked by soldiers and civilians how I fared whilst I was with the army to which I was attached by the slender but vital thread of life—the permission to draw rations when there were any—without which I could not have remained in the field. It was difficult to answer the question in a few words. Therefore I resolved to give some account of what I may term my "private life" as "a camp follower" engaged in describing, as far as I understood them, the military operations at which I

“assisted” in the then novel capacity of a newspaper correspondent.

Forty years have elapsed since our early victories in the Crimea renewed the best traditions of the British Army. The heart of the nation beat high for a time with pride, exultation, and confidence. All the more acute was the pain caused by the suffering and failure which followed our triumphs. Our exultation was abruptly changed to anxiety and indignation. Confidence was replaced by doubt. Our pride was suddenly subjected to a heavy fall before all the world. The press stormed and the public raged! The Ministry was overthrown! Nothing was thought of but “our Army in the Crimea,” and when at last the south side of Sebastopol fell, our rejoicings were not by any means so enthusiastic as they would have been had the participation of our soldiers in the assault of September 8th, which led to that great result, been crowned with success.

The Commissions of Inquiry and Committees of Investigation which were appointed, in consequence of the popular outcry, led at the time to no important changes. The Generals were absolved

from blame, were honoured and promoted—most of them marked out for high employ—and when the fiery blast of anger that had swept over the land died out there was a general agreement among all parties that it was advisable to let the Crimean war and its horrors sink into oblivion. “The sufferings were exaggerated! The stories of these newspaper correspondents were over-coloured! Everything perhaps was not of the best and for the best out there, but there are always hardships in warfare, you know!” The public conscience was lulled to rest, and a reaction soon set in which carried the correspondents clean away out of sight and hearing. No attempt was made to contradict their statements; but literary mice, under the auspices of the Court and “Society,” nibbled away assiduously at their work, and the great officials regarded them with a feeling stronger than dislike.

Had it not been for the sudden shock and alarm created by the swift destruction of the Austrian army at Königgrätz by the Prussians in 1866, it is probable that Governments and Parliaments would have gone on in the good old way down the stream of time till they came to their Niagara. But

there was a wholesome and a well-grounded panic in the land; the overthrow of the French Empire four years later intensified the alarm, and the reformers had the ball at their feet, and kicked it to good purpose. I trust it will not be accounted to me as vain boasting if I say that I feel pride in my own work in this connection; and although I do not accept in all its fulness the praise of having "saved the British Army in the Crimea," which has been accorded to me by some of those who were there and who ought to know, I claim the credit of having made known to their countrymen the wants and sufferings of our soldiers, and of obtaining for them the succour without which their state would have been desperate indeed.

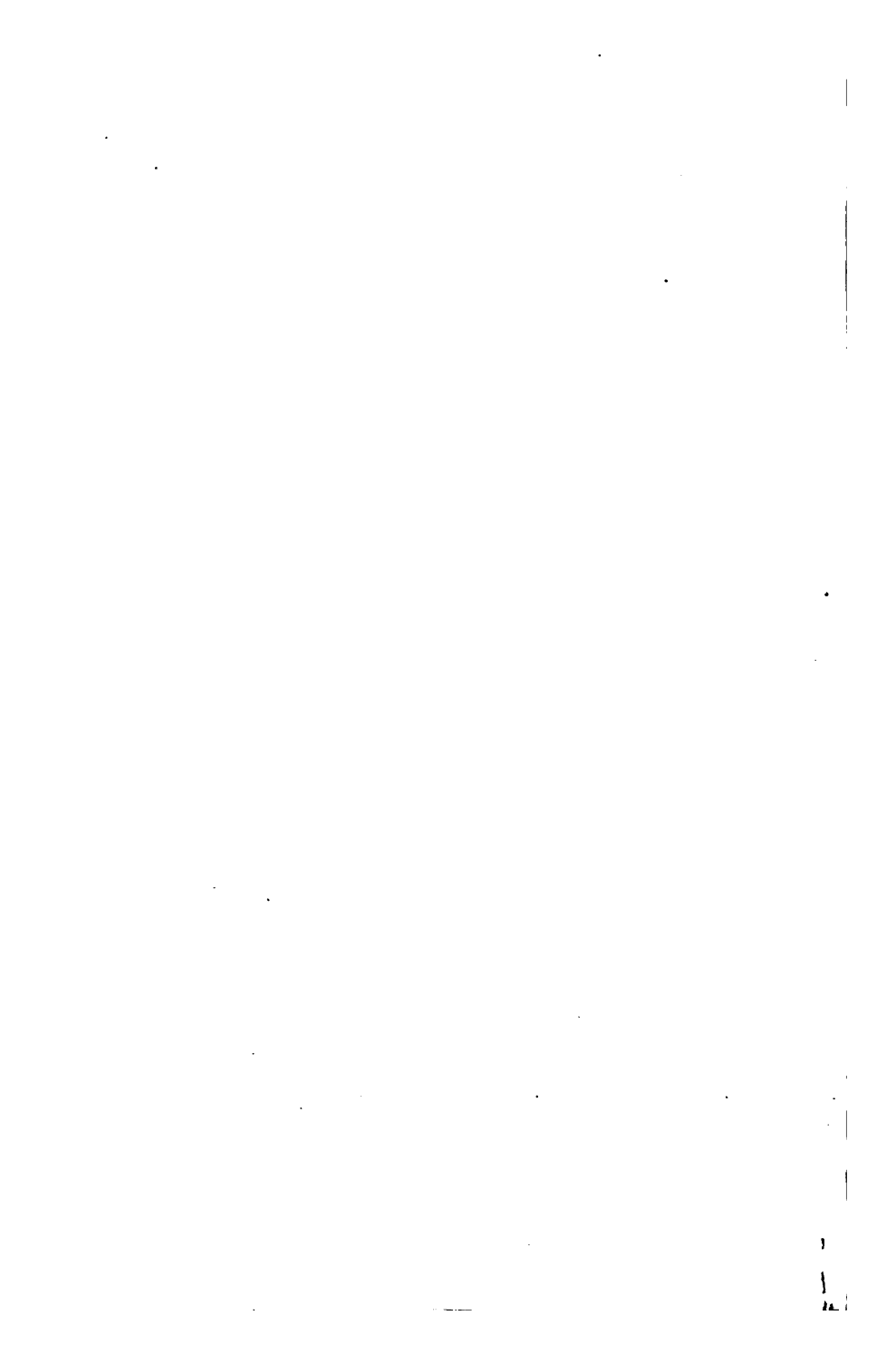
The country has now its army fashioned on new lines, and regards it with some modest satisfaction. Officering, recruiting, training—administrative and regimental organisation have been modified, probably improved. I do not desire to see this new army tested, as the old army of 1854 was, by a great war, and it is not probable that I shall live to read of the doings of British soldiers in another campaign on the Continent; but, should it come, I hope and pray

that officers and men will prove themselves worthy of the name they bear in the hour of trial, and show that they possess a full share of the courage, the endurance, and the patience which illustrated the annals of our army on the plateau of Sebastopol. Officers of the highest rank have recently described for the public their experiences before Sebastopol,\* and have denounced the cruel neglect and incapacity that wasted our army, in language of uncompromising severity. I leave those who think that "black was not so black" in those days to compare the criticisms to which I refer in the reminiscences of these eminent soldiers with the strongest passages in my letters, and say which they would prefer to adopt for the benefit of their friends.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

*Nov. 1, 1894.*

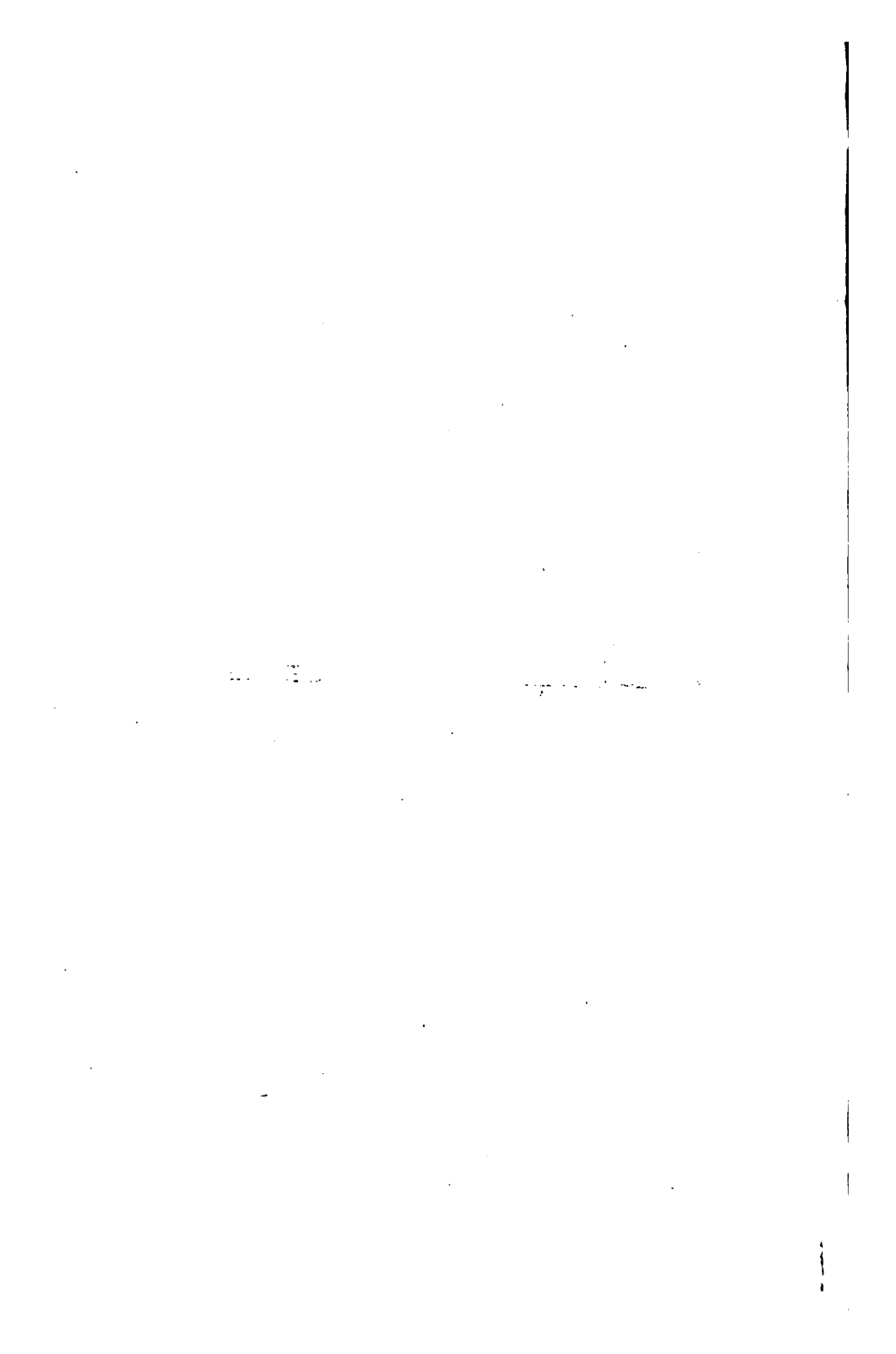
\* Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley of Cairo, and the Quartermaster General, Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.





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THE  
GREAT WAR WITH RUSSIA  
1854-1855

CHAPTER I  
CONCERNING MYSELF

BEFORE I relate what I saw on the day of the battle of the Alma, which preceded the memorable Siege of Sebastopol and determined the course of the great war, the outcome of which was formulated in the Treaty of Paris in 1856, it is necessary to say a few words about myself. I was a barrister engaged on the staff of the *Times*. I was getting into Parliamentary business and was engaged in several good cases—election petitions, railways, &c.,\* but though I had always been fond of military matters I knew nothing of what is called by soldiers “soldiering,”

\* I need not say I never had any briefs, or scarcely any, afterwards. “*Qui va à la chasse perd sa place.*”

My early ambition to wear a uniform could not be gratified. I tried to get into the Spanish Legion, but I was too young. When I became an ensign in the Enfield Militia I was too old, and I had little taste and less leisure for "trainings," so Colonel Mark Wood cut short my inglorious career on account of absence and neglect of duty; but I had seen actual fighting in that Schleswig-Holstein insurrection from which welled out the elements of the discord that set the Western world in flames, beginning with the decree of Federal Execution against Denmark, in 1864, which killed the Diet, led to the overthrow of Austria and her allies in 1866, to the war of 1870-71, to the demolition of the Napoleonic dynasty, to the reconstruction of the German Empire and ended in Europe as we see it to-day under arms preparing for Armageddon. I had followed the events of 1853 as most people did. I read the papers and the debates, and I watched, as many others did, the swelling of the tide which was bearing England to the battle-field, and that was all. When the year of grace 1854 opened on me I had no more idea of being what is now—absurdly, I think—called "a war correspondent" than I had of becoming Lord Chancellor—nay,

far less ; for I confess I had, at times, visions of the Woolsack, such as, I suppose, float in the air before the mind's eye of many sanguine barristers like myself—no more idea, I will say, than the Government had of war, when they began to take a languid interest in the dispute between the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Czar Nicholas concerning the Holy Places at Jerusalem, which was enlivened anon by the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope and quickened into active intervention by the occupation of the Principalities.

As I was sitting at my desk in the *Times* office one evening in February 1854, I was informed that the editor, Mr. Delane, wished to see me, and on entering his sanctum I was taken aback by the announcement that he had arranged a very agreeable excursion for me to go to Malta with the Guards. The Government had resolved to show Russia that England was in earnest in supporting the Sultan against aggression, and that she would, if necessary, send an expedition to the East. It was decided, he said, that I was the best man to represent the paper on the occasion. Lord Hardinge had given an order for my passage with the Guards from Southampton, and everything would be

done to make my task agreeable: the authorities would look after me—my wife and family could join me—handsome pay and allowances would be given—in fact, everything was painted *couleur de rose*. When I made some objection on the score of losing my practice at the Bar, Mr. Delane said, “There is not the least chance of it; you’ll be back by Easter, depend on it, and you will have a pleasant trip for a few weeks only.” The Guards left London on 22nd February. I landed at Valetta on March the 2nd and put up at Durnford’s Hotel in the Strada Reale. The Brigadier of the Guards, to whom I had been commended by Lord Hardinge—a high-shouldered, neatly-dressed, narrow-minded little man, a perfect gentleman in manner—was a very imperfect soldier, without a ray of military light or power of leading; he had a very pleasant staff, and Byng, his youthful aide-de-camp, came now and then to give me news. Colin Campbell, the chief of the Highland Brigade—agile, expert, experienced, a man of very different calibre—was the backbone of the 1st Division. I wrote gossiping letters to London, and passed my time pleasantly enough.

But one morning there came a letter from the

*Times* office which considerably agitated me. The editor informed me that "the Government of England had determined, in conjunction with the Emperor of France, to send a strong force to Turkey, and that an expeditionary army of the two allies would advance to aid the Turks on the Danube unless the Czar retired from the Principalities. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg would assuredly give way when France and England put forth their power in defence of the Sultan. The editor "was much gratified with what I had done, and hoped I would take such a delightful opportunity of spending a few weeks more in the East." I started forth at once to learn the news at Headquarters. Brigadier Bentinck told me he knew nothing of any forward movement. The Governor knew nothing either. The Admiral only knew that the baking-ovens in the arsenal were busy night and day, and that "something was up."

Soon afterwards British steamers and transports arrived and departed like flights of ducks. Then we heard that Lord Raglan was on his way to take charge of the army in the field, that the Duke of Cambridge was to command the Guards and High-

landers, and that a move eastwards might be made at any moment. But when I left London one thing was considered quite certain by the best authorities—that at the news of the Guards having actually arrived at Malta, the Czar would retire his army from the Principalities.

How was I to move? I had no *locus standi* (or sitting); the ships were under Government orders and charters. But I had a friend in the dock-yard in high place, and one evening, as I was telling him of my difficulties, he said: "I'll manage a passage for you all right! But you must be ready to start at a moment's notice, for I can't tell myself when the first transport will go to the Dardanelles." I packed up my kit, engaged a Maltese body-servant, and rode at single anchor.

Presently transports full of troops began to drop in. French men-of-war, towing sailing-vessels full of Zouaves and Turcos from Algiers and infantry from Marseilles, came into port, and Valetta was crowded with red-breeched infantry and bearded and turbaned Zouaves.

"I wouldn't trust these fellows an inch," growled Waddy, of the 50th—an old school-fellow of mine—



as we looked down on the harbour full of ships flying the tricolour. "By Jove! they're quite capable of a surprise! It's a shame to let them go about the place in this way!" "But they are our allies," said I. "That does not signify," quoth he. There is nothing as strong as a good old British prejudice.

One night, 30th March, as I was at the Lodge of St. Peter and St. Paul, getting ready for initiation, an orderly thundered at the door and handed in a slip of paper to the tiler. "The *Golden Fleece* will be off at midnight. Your berth is all right. Get your things on board at once." It was sudden! I left my fellow-sufferers, A. Hardinge, A. Anson, &c., at the Masonic gathering. In an hour I was on board the huge steamer, which was crowded with the Rifle Brigade, and I was inducted into my cabin after some little trouble. With the Headquarters of the Light Division were embarked a wing of the Brigade and a detachment of Sappers and Miners under R.E. officers. I had had no time to look after my baggage. My Maltese looked after it—and himself. The "Smitch" had made a piteous appeal for a small advance of wages to leave "with his wife and tree little children."

I gave it to him—he went on shore; I never saw him afterwards. So I started on the morning of March 31 (a Friday), without servant or horse, and a very light kit, for Gallipoli. But I had then a heart to match my kit. General Sir George Brown, in command of the Light Division, and his staff, were on board, and my presence was very trying to him and to them. At first they could not make it out. The Captain could only say that I had an order for a passage from the proper authority. Sir George was an exceedingly handsome man, in perpetual uniform fitting like a skin, with sharp well-cut features, closely shaven and tightly stocked. He had always a cleanly look, like a piece of washed china—a shrewd but not unkindly look, a hot temper and a Scotch accent. People who knew said that, in mind, manner and person, he resembled his gallant countryman, Sir John Moore. Of his staff I have most pleasant recollections. Sullivan, bland and gingerly; Hallewell, burly and bluff; Whitmore, full of fun.

I knew no one on board the *Golden Fleece* when I embarked. When a week later I landed at Gallipoli, I had a bowing acquaintance with Sir George

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Brown, I was on admirable terms with the Riflemen (some of whom, I am glad to say, are still extant), and I was indebted for much help and service to them—one lent me a servant, another gave me books, and a third shared his stationery, &c., and all were civil, most kindly. Thinking of them all now, I am inclined to doubt if the same battalion of the same famous brigade, despite cramming, special classes and exams., could turn out a set of officers more fit for work, better educated or instructed in their business than those of 1854. On 5th April I landed on Turkish territory.

Out of the ship, my troubles began ; I was nobody's child on shore. The Rifles marched off far away to Bulair. I was forced to stay behind. I had no quarters, no rations at Gallipoli. I had money, but there was nothing to buy ! The French, who were before us, had, of course, grabbed up the best (and that was bad) of the wretched town. I spoke no Turkish and no Greek. Fortunately I came, by mere accident, across a guide, philosopher, and friend—a very present help in that time of trouble—to whom Turkish

“———was no more difficile  
Than to a pig it is to whistle,”

who spoke many languages, and in all of them was quaint and kindly—Major Collingwood Dickson, R.A., who was awaiting the arrival of Lord Raglan. We were installed in two bare rooms with yawning floors in the house of the Widow Pappadoulos, and there we passed several weeks, till there was another move onward. The *Restaurant de l'Armée Alliée*, miserable as it was, was a special providence to us. I bought a Turkish pony from a peasant, and a dreadful "Bucephalus" from a captain of Chasseurs d'Afrique, the history of whose doings (I mean the horse's) would fill a chapter. I made excursions about the place, and life in Gallipoli was at first novel and exciting. A stream of ships, great and little—continual salutes!—landings and departures of Generals, French and English!—"Partant pour la Syrie!"—"God save the Queen!"—strange uniforms, *Turcos*, *Chasseurs*, *Spahis*—and news ever interesting every day. And there was a most hospitable Consul and his charming wife—Mr. and Mrs. Calvert—whose doors were open to me.

But all the time the tide of war was flowing steadily northward through the Dardanelles, and one day I

went off to Constantinople in a steamer which carried Colonel, afterwards Major-General, Sir Hugh Rose, later Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn, General Martimprey, and a number of French Staff officers. I abode some days at Missirie's—where there was a great gathering of adventurers of the military classes of all nations, “the broken thunderbolts of war,” as Dickson called them—before I moved across to Scutari, where the Guards were encamped, and there I pitched my little tent, *permissu superiorum*, on the left flank of the Coldstream. From the *Restaurant de l'Armée, &c.*, I had carried off a magnificent-looking gentleman, Angelo Gennaro by name, ex-Brigadier of the Papal Dragoons, “to look after” me—which he did continually. My pony was *en route*. I could buy what I wanted; so I was comfortable. Not for long! One evening, returning to camp from a ride on a horse lent me by Macnish of the 93rd, my tent was discovered as flat as a pancake, on the ground, about 400 yards from camp, with Angelo, Marius-like, sitting on it. “*Un' ufficiale brutale*,” he said, had ordered my residence to be removed at once. On inquiry I found that the Commander-in-Chief and his staff had been

inspecting the camp in my absence—some one noticed the tent—a non-regulation ridge-pole thing. “Whose was it?” “The *Times* correspondent’s.” Brigadier Bentinck at once fulminated, “What the &c. is he doing there?” and the tent came down. Now it so happened that when I was at Malta the Brigadier had specially invited me to accompany the Guards! But many things had happened since then. In my first letter from Gallipoli, I had, at the request of the surgeon in charge, related how the sick were landed without blankets or necessaries. A question was asked in the House of Lords. The Duke of Newcastle, an able and amiable man, was put up as an official mortar, to discharge a paper shell—full of figures, and of everything but facts—to blow me to pieces, and to prove that every comfort was provided for the sick. It would have been well for his own sake and that of the army if that salutary warning had been taken by the Duke of Newcastle. I had given praise to the French arrangements. That had excited the anger of the Headquarters Staff, influenced by the Gallophoby of Peninsular and Waterloo days among their seniors, to whom I—possibly the father

of all "the curses which afflict modern armies"—was a "Gorgon and Hydra and Chimæra dire."

I could procure nothing to eat for myself or my belongings in the fields. I could not reconcile it to my feelings to go "browsing around"—to use Mr. Lincoln's phrase—in Camp. So, one day, in consequence of a letter from Printing House Square, which informed me that "the Government had ordered that facilities should be afforded to me," I proceeded to the quarters of Lord Raglan, a pleasant house on the seashore near Scutari. I sent in my card. Lord Raglan "was very much engaged," but I was received by Colonel Steele, who listened to my request for transport and rations with an expression on his face half of amazement, half of amusement, and in the end informed me most courteously that there was not the smallest chance of my obtaining what I desired. —"Oliver asking for more" was nothing to me! —The notion of giving "correspondents" the smallest official recognition, however, would at that time have been rejected with contempt by any one in authority. Perhaps as to those correspondents after all it might be said that "their state was the more gracious." They were freer agents than they

are now under a military censorship with tickets and badges, even though these latter give them a "legitimation;" but, at the same time, I am bound to say from my personal experience, that I consider control and supervision of young camp correspondents in war-time to be very necessary in civilised countries. So I made my bow, crossed over to Pera, and put up at Missirie's Hotel once more. There were many double-bedded rooms in the hotel, and the custom of the house was to charge a guest in one of these rooms for the board of two—*i.e.*, 32s. a day. Sir Colin Campbell at the end of a week called for his bill. "What is this! I am only one and you charge me for two?" "But General," explained Missirie, "you have duuple bed-room and we most charge you for two." Next day there was a prodigious tumult in the Hotel at dinner. A hideous mendicant from the Bridge at Galata made his appearance with Sir Colin Campbell's card and resisted the attempts of the waiters to remove him. "Yes, certainly," said Sir Colin Campbell, "that gentleman is coming to dine with me and to sleep here as I pay for his board and bed." Missirie was dead beaten. The Greek was no match for the Scotchman.



It was "Eothen" made Missirie's name known, and on that reputation he set up a hotel and resolved to make his fortune—a clever, quick, subtle, courteous Greek, with a clever wife who was jealous, I fear with reason, of her Orientalised lord and master, and who sought in vain to wean him from his ways, which were as mother's milk to him. Missirie was a born gambler, lost more than one fortune, and died very poor.

After a week's delay at Pera I embarked in the Golden Horn on board H.M.S. *Vesuvius*, Commander Powell, and went with the van of the British Army to Varna. Here the Light Division halted for a short time, then moved on from Varna to Aladyn, then to Devno, and from Devno to Monastir. I went with them. My tent was pitched on the flank of the Rifle Brigade, between it and the lines of the 7th Fusiliers.

When the Duke of Cambridge came to the camping-ground at Aladyn with the Guards, which had been just vacated by the Light Division, he saw a solitary little blue-striped tent on the waste. His Royal Highness sent an officer to inquire whose tent it was. He was told, "It belongs to Mr. Russell of the *Times*." The Duke was vastly astonished and perplexed—what was he doing there? That tent was

a fly in the pot of military ointment, but it soon took wings to itself and flew after the Light Division. The humble tabernacle was left in proud isolation unassailed till my bullock-transport arrived from Varna in the evening to move it and my belongings to Devno.

I now drew rations and paid for them to the Commissariat, who had received orders from home to furnish them. Had the army gone on to Silistria I could have managed very well. But when orders came to embark for the Crimea, I would have probably lost touch of the army but that Sir De Lacy Evans, commanding the 2nd Division, invited me on board the *City of London*. I sailed for the seat of war in an extremely desolate condition—without baggage, man, or horse.

When, after some days and nights on the beach at Old Fort, I set out, on September 19, on my eventful campaign, I had only one wretched Tartar horse\*—borrowed clothes, a small bag with a change of linen, &c. *pour tout pôtage*, completely unattached, with no base of operations but myself, and the vaguest possible idea of what I was going to do.

\* See *post*, p. 23—a spoil of war.

## CHAPTER II

### LANDING AT OLD FORT, SEPT. 14, 1854

THE invasion of the Crimea, regarded merely as a military operation, was not bold simply. It was very rash. Boldness may be justified. The descent upon the coast of the Chersonese was more than bold. The allies alighted on the shore, but they had no wings to fly away with. The armies squattered down on a narrow belt of beach between the seashore and a salt-water lake like flocks of birds. The French, though they had *tentes d'abri* and *cacolets*, had no cavalry; the Turks had neither cavalry nor *food*; the British had cavalry, but they had neither tents nor transport, nor ambulances nor litters! It was known that a Russian army was encamped at an easy march from the Old Fort, as the scene of our landing was named, and that they had, of course, cavalry and horse artillery.

It is not too much to say that if the enemy had sent their field artillery quietly down in the dusk on September 14 and opened fire on the troops that night, they would have greatly impeded the landing next day and demoralised the allies. The fleet could have done nothing. Outside our bivouac fires, all the transports, with masthead lights and lanterns blazing, showed like the Milky Way. The ships dared not open fire. I heard afterwards that an artillery officer, one Staliupine, made the horrible suggestion that such an attack should be made. He told me so. How glad I am the Russians did not act on it!

I was most miserable that night as it was. Landing, when I had written my letters for England, "to look about me" late in the afternoon, I wandered along the beach in search of my friends of the Light Division. They were as busy as bees; but there was no honey! It was a curious, exciting, but not a very exhilarating scene. Officers and men were glad to feel the solid earth under their feet—to be out of the crowded transports in which they had been penned since the embarkation at Varna (Baltjik)—but they were not buoyant. The

cholera still clung to them, and the sense of novelty did not come on them with pleasurable anticipations of what was to follow. "The Cossacks" were *en evidence*. They very nearly laid hold of "Sir Brown," who had landed among the first to take seisin of the soil; but they had been scared away just in time. I saw many Generals and Staff officers on the beach, intent on work—the Duke of Cambridge, Sir de Lacy Evans, Sir G. Cathcart, Sir Colin Campbell, Macdonald, Burghersh, &c.—most of them awaiting their baptism of fire. The 2nd Division Headquarters were not established; but Lacy Yea and Hobson, of the 7th Fusiliers, gave me a share of their soup and biscuit, and then I went back to the beach to get to my ship before nightfall. Alas! the "boats recall" had been hoisted. There was not a gig, launch, cutter, or dingy to take me off to the *City of London*! I thought of the words of the "poor Exile of Erin," but they did not comfort me. The wind had risen; the surf was breaking heavily; the night fell suddenly, and, with my first experience of that Cimmerian darkness, of which I had enough and to spare ere the year was out, down came pitiless, pelting rain! The watch-fires threw out more smoke

than heat, the firewood hissed spitefully in its fight for life. The men lay huddled together on the beach in their great-coats like glistening furrows fresh turned by the plough. "Can you tell me where the Rifle Brigade is?" said I to an officer who was smoking a sulky pipe, with one hand over it to keep out the wet. "They have gone to Jericho, I think! This is the 33rd—the Duke of Wellington's lot—and a very pleasant set of fellows we are, as you may see!" Sennacherib's host were just as lively after the departure of their visitor! There was a cart or a vehicle of some kind tilted up on end on the sand, and I lay down under it with some fellow-patients. How the rain streamed down from the trucks of that cart! I had a flask not quite emptied, and I managed to light a pipe; so I smoked and ruminated, and listened to the splash of the rain, the sough of the wind, and the thunder of the surf. I heard the multitudinous bells striking the time on board the ships—nearly unanimous in their opinion. "Seven bells! Eight bells! One bell!" And so on—the watches of the night! "Tired nature's kind restorer" stole on me at last. After a hard fight, fatigue and excitement made truce over

my prostrate body. I slept. Ere morning I awoke. The rain had ceased ; I was terribly cramped ; I walked through the sleepers to the bank above the beach, and away to the right, in which direction Sebastopol lay, I saw great fires. The flames, anticipating the touch of morning, reddened the sky. They came from farmhouses and villages on the steppe, which, "*à l'instar de Moscou*," the Cossacks were destroying that they might afford no shelter to the enemy !

With the light of the morning boats pulled off swarming from the ships ; but there was much surf, it was not easy to land men—horses could not be landed at all. After an hour's search, I made out the cutter of the *City of London*, and scrambled into her with a sense of relief and delight that could not have been dulled had the Russian fleet been coming out of Sebastopol. I wrote my notes on deck, with honest Jock Cargill at my elbow, from time to time swept the busy scene with my glass, made more notes and heard stories from the shore, while the steward was making up for the march a case of creature-comforts I was destined never to enjoy.

Next day I spent on shore, now, indeed, as

"polyphlosboic" as the sea, for the noise was many-voiced and far-resounding. The cavalry and artillery were fast getting foothold; by evening the fringe of blue- and red-coated soldiery was spread widely out over the land. I came across Captain Nolan (he was at a farewell entertainment given to me at the Albion before I set out for Malta), and to him I parodied the appeal of King Richard for "a horse"! "We are going," said he, "on a little foraging expedition to-morrow, and if I can lay hold of a beast you shall have it." Then I collided with Commissary-General Filder, and had a promise that if he could find room for my small bag on a Commissariat cart I should have it too. I was profuse in thanks. "But," said he, "it is right to tell you I see no chance of it! We have no transport! I have been urging them at Headquarters to send out all the cavalry, to seize supplies of food and carriages in the villages ere it be too late." Evidently the Cossacks had reason in trying to baulk Commissary-General Filder by laying waste the country.

Amid a great gathering of doctors near the beach I espied my tall friend Alexander. He was in great wrath. "Do make a note of this! By ——! They



have landed this army without any kind of hospital transport, litters or carts, or anything! Everything was ready at Varna! Now with all this cholera, and diarrhoea about, there are no means of taking the sick down to the boats!"

I went off to the *Himalaya* that night and slept on board, and next morning from Captain Adam Kellock I received a very useful addition to my campaigning outfit. At least it was useful to somebody; but I was fated to lose it as well as my "case" from the *City of London*. I often have wondered since whether it was the Cossacks or the Tartars who drank my rum, wore my clothes, and appropriated my stores, groceries, and cigars!

On the morning of September 16 a detachment of cavalry under Lord Cardigan made a *dour* or *razzia*, and captured a convoy of Tartar carts and sundry animals. I became the lucky possessor of a fiddle-headed, ewe-necked beast—great bone and not much else—that Nolan imparted to me in exchange for twenty golden sovereigns. I was so proud of it, though my Peat's saddle was with difficulty constrained to stay on its back, I rode off to see Norcott, who occupied a village with his wing of the Rifles,

some six miles in front, the other wing under Lawrence being in support. I found Norcott in possession of a Tartar hut, and shared his rations, which I eked out with sardines and a tin of rabbit curry. I went out with him, and not a mile in front saw actual Cossacks watching the vedettes of Cresswell's troop of 11th Hussars. Columns of black smoke were rising from the hamlets and villages, which other Cossacks were burning in front of us. Returning in the evening I saw three civilians wandering about the beach and surveying the busy scene with great interest. They were Layard (now Sir A. Layard), a guest of Sir E. Lyons on board the *Agamemnon*, Delane of the *Times*, and Kinglake ("Eothen"), who had come up from Constantinople to look at, if not to join, "the dreadful revelry." Layard was returning to his ship; "Eothen," who was armed with letters to Lord Raglan and others, said he would try to move forward with the troops; I was in great hopes that Delane would do the same, for then I should have a sympathetic comrade in my campaigning, but he was due in London early in October. I was asked many questions, for I was supposed to be "an old resident" and to know every

battalion on the ground! I saw my friends depart to their ships with feelings akin to those of one who is marooned and sees the boat rowing away from him. Truth to tell, there was not much to make me happy. I was not *en rapport* with any one. There was no cheeriness in the surroundings. Officers were "down on their luck." Cholera ever clinging to us: you spoke to a friend one evening, the next morning you heard he was dead! It was time to be moving on. The friction between the allies became more audible every day. The French delayed the English one day, the English delayed the French the next.

The last night of the bivouac of the allies on the beach at Old Fort was marked by a discreditable incident. A few hundred Cossacks came forward to have a look at us. The sentries fired. Cries of "The Cossacks!" were heard, and considerable disorder ensued, with much desultory firing—not at the enemy, for there were none—but at our own people, among whom there were several casualties. Our pickets and vedettes began to retire tumultuously; they were rallied and steadied by the Light Cavalry, under Lord Cardigan. In the night-time, however, they came running in again!

## CHAPTER III

### *THE MARCH TO THE ALMA*

BUT on September 19 the fitful rest of the allied armies was at an end. The order to march was given the night before. Soon after daylight the troops fell in, facing south—the French on the right, with 8,000 Turks in support; the British to the left, their right in touch with the French left.

But it was by no means a rapid movement. It was ordered that the army should move at 6 A.M. For an hour ere that time the French were tootling and drumming away on the sand hills south of us; and farther from the British ten battalions of red-fezzed Turks (Egyptians, I believe) were drawn up on the beach in solid columns, ready to start, and indicating their readiness by the doleful lamentations of their “bands of music.” Poor devils! Few of them saw Turkey or Egypt again.

Neither St. Arnaud, under whose orders Suleiman

Pasha, their General, was placed, nor, later on, Lord Raglan knew how to make use of—nay, misused—the Turks. The soldiers who defended Silistria, Eupatoria, and Kars were not, forsooth, fit food for cannon—they were beasts of burthen, hewers of wood and drawers of water, carriers of shot and shell—pack animals!—starved, abused, and neglected. A few hundred of these unfortunates were pitchforked into some wretched mole-hills, miscalled “redoubts,” and left without support on a ridge of hills far in advance of Balaclava, when Liprandi’s army attacked them on October 25. The Turks did not yield their untenable position without a struggle—and a fierce one. But the incident afforded a cover for the mistakes of the engineers who fortified (?) the hills, an excuse for the Generals who had put their troops into a false position; and the allies cried “Shame!” on the whole Turkish army! About 7.30 A.M. Colonel Rose, on a handsome charger, turned out “spick and span,” comes riding along from the French headquarters, to inquire why we delay. The reply is furnished by the state of the beach—the sick must be sent back on board ship—the tents must be returned because there is no transport for them!

How could there be? Was it expected that the Russians would send down ambulances and waggons for the allies, or that the Tartars would flock to us with their arabas? As it was, the scant supply of carts obtained by cavalry raids was due quite as much to the insistence of little Mr. Commissary-General Filder, as to the activity of the military authorities.

The delay gave me an opportunity of a look round. I rode my "Rossinante" along the shore, passing the Turks, who looked very soldierlike, and continued on my way to the French. The Generals—Bosquet, Canrobert, and Prince Napoleon, each with his staff, their Brigadiers, Bouat, d'Autemarre, &c.—with their staff officers and guidons and *spahi* orderlies, in front. The battalions—and very gay they were—Zouave battalions like beds of flowers—and scarlet-breeched infantry, in close column of companies. I did not know any of the French Generals save Bosquet, and him very slightly; but I was fortunate enough to meet Colonel Rose, and he pointed out Marshal St. Arnaud, who was giving orders with much action to the numerous *immortels* around him. I dare say that had I not been in Colonel Rose's company my inspection of the French army would

have been—perhaps rudely—interrupted, for I must have been, to say the least, odd-looking. Boxes of clothes, &c., from Poole and Silver were somewhere on the sea; but I was, on the whole, but poorly equipped for the invasion of the Crimea. I wore a Commissariat officer's cap with a broad gold band; a Rifleman's patrol jacket, for which I had given egregious *largesse* to the owner; cord breeches; a pair of butcher-boots and huge brass spurs. My servants were at Varna, I could not get leave to put a horse on board any of the transports. But were not our ambulances left behind? Or rather, were they not deliberately put over the side by a Staff officer, who said he did not see "why the deck should be lumbered up with such things"? Just as I cleared the left of Prince Napoleon's division, where Rose left me, there was at the sound of many bugles a general movement. The regiments opened out and piled arms. *Vivandières* hovered about like gaudy butterflies—many men fell out. Their comrades helped them to the rear—others were carried to the doctors—cholera was busy with our allies, as with ourselves.

\* \* \* \* \*

The wide interval between the French and our right was partly occupied by the artillery, and passing the guns, I came to the right Brigade of the 2nd Division—(Adams's) the "Fours," as they were called—the 41st, 47th, and 49th (I do not know what they are styled now)—beautiful—nay magnificent—regiments. I rode on, passing Adams—a grand, tower-like soldier on a great war horse—and his staff, and the 49th and 47th, of whom I then knew only the Colonel, O'Grady Haly. I pulled up for a while to talk with some officers of the 41st, who had come with me in the *City of London*—Carpenter, Richards, Swaby, &c.—and as I was speaking to them, Sir de Lacy Evans rode up with Allix, Gubbins, and others, "to have a look at the French." He was evidently displeased. "We are giving our friends in front there plenty of notice, I think. Have you heard by accident how many they are supposed to be? I know nothing."

I had no acquaintance with any one in Pennefather's Brigade; but as I had cleared the 30th Regiment, and was about fifty yards in front of the 55th Regiment, an officer rode out from a group and said, "General Pennefather wants to



know who you are, sir, and what you are doing here."

I answered to the best of my ability, but the Aide-de-Camp said, "I think you had better come and see the General yourself."

And so I did.

"By —, sir!" exclaimed the General, when I had told him all I knew about myself; "I'd as soon see the devil! What on earth do you know of this kind of work, and what will you do when we get into action?"

"Well, General," I answered, "it is quite true I have very little acquaintance with the business, but I suspect there are a great many here with no greater knowledge of it than myself."

He laughed. "Bedad, you're right! You're an Irishman, I'll be bound! And what's your name, sir?"

I told him.

"Are you from Limerick?"

"No, sir; but my family are."

"Well, good-bye. Go to the rear, I tell you now! There will be wigs on the green to-day, my boy! So keep away from the front if you don't

wish to have your notes cut short! Good morning!"

Excellent Copperdaddy! fiery man-leader! most gallant warrior! When he was commanding at Aldershot I reminded him of our first interview.

"Do you know," said he, "I often thought afterwards what a comfort it would have been to the Government if I had put you in charge of the Provō and sent you on board ship! Mind! I'm glad *I* didn't do it anyway."

I continued my career past the 95th Regiment—a very fine battalion, I thought, and the left of the 2nd Division—then across an artillery column, on to the Light Division. Major-General Codrington, who was in command of the right Brigade, was in front of the 33rd Regiment. When I went on board the *Ripon* at Southampton on February 23rd with Lord Hardinge's "letter of service," Brigadier Bentinck was not there, and I was conducted by an enormous serjeant-major to an officer who was superintending the skinning of a sheep. Like Norval, I declared myself. Quoth Colonel Codrington: "Orders are orders, but the Brigadier must settle this business. I tell you candidly, Mr. Russell, I think you will

find it very crowded on board; *can't* you go some other way?" He had been promoted in the June *Gazette*, and ought to have gone home; but he hung on about the army till Lord de Ros was invalided, and then, much to the discontent of many old officers, he got a Brigade of the Light Division. Never was there a better choice. As Windham said of him when he was Chief of his Staff, "Coddy is the cleanest-minded, noblest-hearted, gallantest fellow that ever wore a Guardsman's coat—and that's a good deal to say let me tell you!" But we were not then *en ami*, and I told him at Strathfieldsaye long afterwards of the pains I took to avoid him on that September 19th as he sat on his horse in front of the 33rd Fusiliers.

Lawrence's wing of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade was in front of the Infantry, and about 500 yards before the Rifles were the 13th Light Dragoons, two squadrons of 11th Hussars and guns. The 7th Fusiliers, Lacy Yea, Rose, Hobson, Monck, Jones, &c., were on the right of the Brigade.

"Well! what's the news? What are we waiting for? Has the Czar caved in?" &c.

The 7th Fusiliers were a soldierly-looking set of men, but they were very hard to manage. At all

events, I had reason to know that they needed or received a good deal of flogging. My tent at Devno was pitched between the lines of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade (Lord Erroll's was the next to me) and the lines of the 7th Fusiliers, and in the morning I was unpleasantly cognisant of the frequent application of the drummers' correctional appliances close at hand. Lacy Yea, just before the battle, wrote to his sister: "The Russians are before me and my own men are behind me, so I don't think you will ever see me again." It was true enough—not as he meant it. But ere he died in front of the Redan on June 18, Lacy Yea was the idol of the regiment—the most popular officer in the Brigade.

With the 33rd Regiment I voyaged from Gallipoli to Scutari. I wonder is there any one alive now who remembers that afternoon when we all marched into the vast barracks just vacated by the Turks, and what we suffered that May Day when the housetops were covered with snow, and all was white without and foul within?

They were proud of their title—"the Duke of Wellington's Regiment." Perhaps the Duke, in his

latter time, would not have quite approved of all their quips and quiddities. They were mostly very pleasant, gallant gentlemen; and if any one of them recollects that first night in Scutari, I pledge him in a bumper of the water of Lethe, which he need not drink if he does not like it! Mundy ("Turkey-cock Effendi") is gone; so are Thistlethwayte, Montagu, Quayle, Wallis, Greenwood! Thorold, Owen, Corbett, Barrett, Carr, and Muir are no more; "Billy" Fitzgerald, whose bleeding wounds I staunched next day on the Alma bridge, is still alive, and, as they say, "kicking;" Donovan, I believe and hope, yet flourishes; Pretymen certainly remains above the surface; Collings is, I trust, extant; and Voucher has not yet departed.\* Of the 19th Regiment I knew many at that time, but I lost touch of them in after years, though I marked with pleasure how Onesiphorus Bright became a star of the first magnitude, and that Longmore received some reward for long and honourable service. Saunders, Warden, Massey, Jennings, Chippindall-Bayley, Lidwill—these I remember well. Yes, and I

\* Misprint for Vacher, who died the other day—a general officer.

remember the *camaraderie* of the days at Devno, when Wynn, Evans, Conolly, Radcliffe, Duff, and other cheerful Welshmen, proud of their black sachets and of everything belonging to the 23rd, reclining on couches of rushes from the lake, quaffed "cup" of Gallipoli wine in shady bowers with abundant burrage, what time the tuneful choir raised their voices in song that' ended long long ago! The day after that morning halt I saw Chester and seven of his gallant officers lying dead on the green slope in front of the Russian guns!

Buller's Brigade was on the left of Codrington's, but I did not go farther eastwards than the 19th Regiment. There was a considerable space between the left of Codrington's Brigade and the right of "Gentleman George's" (Brigadier Buller), I turned down to the left towards the 1st Division. The Guards were standing at ease, and the three battalions presented a fine front; but a considerable number of men had fallen out, and were sitting or lying on the ground as if ill or tired. To the left of the Highland Brigade, which was drawn up in splendid order on the right of the Brigade of Guards, I saw a body of artillery and cavalry. Just as I came up to

the 8th Hussars, I was stopped by an onward movement of the battery next me. The bands struck up, and turning to my right I saw that the whole army was moving at last. I looked at my watch, which had had so many shocks on the voyage that I could not quite depend on it, and I saw that it marked 8.45 A.M.

The march lasted for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and then there was a stop! For twenty minutes or more ensued a good deal of what might be called "manœuvring"—regiments taking ground to the left or to the right, and consequent changes in Brigades and Divisions—and it must have been nearly 9.30 A.M. before all was in order. Then the bands struck up again, the British army (which seemed to be led by Lord Raglan, for he, with a large Staff, was between the infantry and the line of skirmishers) advanced to form up with the French, who had moved some distance and were awaiting them.

There was maddening work with the Tartar carts. I could not help thinking that a gallant amateur who was capering about in a very showy military uniform \* emitted a sensible remark when he asked,

\* Poor Colonel Lloyd. He died soon afterwards in Hospital.

“Why are not the Turks employed to deal with the Tartars, whom they understand and who understand them? And they can talk to each other besides being of the same religion.” The Turks were attached to the French, and the English would not ask for the loan of some of them.

As the British finally left the scene of their five days' halt, they cast off a sorry slough of sick men, and an immense deposit of stores and *matériel* which had been carried from the ships to the shore and left there. General Torrens had to guard this *débris* with the 63rd Regiment, part of the 46th Regiment, and a detachment of the 4th Light Dragoons; the disappointment of officers and men at being left behind was expressed in unparliamentary language.

The order of march,\* which was suggested by Sir George Brown, was in two great double columns of companies, formed on the centres of the 2nd and Light Divisions at half-distance—the 3rd Division following the 2nd Division, and the 1st Division following the Light Division, in the same order;

\* The order was misunderstood by Mr. Kinglake; at least, it is not accurately set forth in his book.



part of the 4th Division, in single columns of companies, following the 1st Division, to convoy ammunition and the scanty supply of provisions with which we started. This order afforded means of deploying to the front, and, at the same time, by wheeling up the subdivisions of the left Brigade, and prolonging that line by the successive formation of the other Brigade on the right of it, in the event of an attack on the flank, it enabled the army to form line four-deep rapidly to the left. The French marched on a broad front. Their 1st Division was a little advanced, and there was a space between the 2nd Division (Prince Napoleon's) and 3rd Division for the trains and reserve artillery; the 4th Division marched in rear. The Divisional artillery and baggage was placed between the two Brigade columns, formed in battalion of each Division. That was the order on the first day.

On the second day the 1st Brigades of the Division Canrobert and of the Division Prince Napoleon were formed in a line of contiguous battalion columns at close order, with their respective 2nd Brigades "in mass" in support, the 4th Division, in reserve, remaining "in mass" in the rear. The

Turks were on the extreme right, and rather thrown back.\*

As the army moved onwards, it suddenly struck me as quite "a new idea" that now I had to go with it wherever it went! Where? I had not the least notion what the object of the descent on the coast of Crim Tartary was beyond the knowledge I had in common with every one, that the allies were going to take Sebastopol if they could, and I supposed that they would certainly have a fight with the Russians somewhere before they did so. How and where, in event of a battle, was I to take post? Not with the horse guns and cavalry, assuredly, for I could not keep up with them if they moved quickly. I wheeled "Rossinante" to the right, crossed the front of the Guards and Highlanders, and rode on to the 2nd Division, which had halted just as I came up with it.

It was owing to Sir de Lacy Evans that I was on the soil of the Crimea.

When he saw me to-day talking to Allix on the

\* Mr. Kinglake reproaches the French for having taken the right of the line. Nothing could be more natural. They had no cavalry; we had a thousand sabres to cover our left flank. The French left was covered by us; their right was covered by the sea and the fleet.

flank of the 95th Regiment, he rode up and asked: "What arrangements have you made to accompany the army?"

"None, Sir."

The stern face of the rugged old soldier became still sterner. "You do not know what you are about! Nor do those who sent you understand what they are doing! Do get attached to something or other! You must go to the Commissary-General, to the Chaplain-in-Chief—to any one you know! Get attached to some one! Go at once!"

That was as much as to say he could do no more for me. Life in camp in Bulgaria had been pleasant enough. Every one was willing to help me. I had a certain *status*—which grew, or came, or existed, Heaven knows how or why! The situation was changed now. I was nobody's child.

When the troops moved on again I edged away to the Light Division, and for some time rode with Norcott, who was leading his Riflemen on his black charger, "Inkyboy." By-and-by, seeing Collingwood Dickson,\* I joined him, and as we walked our horses slowly over the sweet-smelling

\* Now General Sir Collingwood Dickson, G.C.B.

meadow-like plain, I heard much wit and wisdom from the lips of my companion at Gallipoli and Varna. The ground was very like Salisbury Plain near the Wiley. If you know that locality, and can fancy the Wiley running from east to west across the plain, and the allies advancing upon it from the north, you will, always adding the ocean on the right of our advance, have a pretty good idea of the lie of the land. The grandeur and novelty of the scene; the glittering lines of soldiery moving in successive waves over the rolling downs, carpeted with prairie flowers; the fleet in advance moving on a silvery sea; the neighing of horses scenting the battle from afar; the shouting of the captains as they dressed their companies; the hum of myriads of men—the effect of these was exhausted in an hour or so. I began once more to cogitate on my own position in relation to my surroundings. Why on earth were all these thousands of men, who had never seen a Russian in their lives, marching with set purpose to destroy as many of them as they could? What did they care for the Turks, or for the Sultan, or for the Holy Places? Well, *they* were obeying orders. And there was no one to

order *me*; yet for all that I was going too! And whither? *Quo quousque tandem?*

The progress of the army was slow—unaccountably slow. I do not think that there was a continuous advance for more than half an hour at a time to-day; at every halt the same dispiriting sight—men falling out, men left behind when the march was renewed—no litters, or ambulances, or field hospitals for them. The sun was excessively hot, and the frequent halts were by no means disagreeable to the weary soldiers. For they *were* weary—the summer in Bulgaria, the lassitude of camp life, the visitations of cholera and other ailments incident to campaigning, the long confinement on board ship, the halt on the beach, had “taken it out of them.” There were but ten miles to cover to the end of the day’s advance; but at the rate we moved at first it would take all the day to get there. There was no *elan* in the army.

In 1854 the soldier was tightly buttoned, tightly stocked, and closely shaved. In consequence of comments “in those horrible newspapers,” the torture was relaxed by orders from home; but I am bound to say that the infantry of that day, if they

suffered for it in the flesh, looked far better than do the men of 1893. The shako (or "Albert hat," as it was called), heavily as it weighed upon the head, was, if less martial, prettier with all its show of brass ornament and tuft, than the *pickel-haube* worn by the Russian regiments on the Alma, and recently copied by our army from the all-conquering Prussian. The uniforms fitted better, and were of finer cloth than they are now. The officer was epauletted and be-strapped, his blue frock-coat or double-breasted swallow-tail sat closely to his figure. The Guards loomed larger and taller than they do now. They and the Fusilier regiments sported loftier bear-skins, and there were many distinctive regimental badges on shako and button. The Line cavalry were much more brilliant. Hussars and Horse Artillery wore pelisses, and there was a liberal display of lace and feathers generally in all arms, and the colours marked the centre of each regiment. I confess that it seems to me as if the days of smartness have fled from the army; but it matters little if the spirit, of which that smartness was taken to be a soldierly indication, still beats under the shape-

less sack in which the frame of the warrior is encased.

The French on the right were ever ahead. As their far flank, dressed by the shore and as the coast trended onwards, the interval between the armies became so wide at times that our columns continually deflected to the right to close the gap.

About noon some Cossacks appeared on the skyline, but they retired before our line of skirmishers and cavalry. Still, it was a "sensation" which induced me to ride to the front. Cries of "Water!" were heard presently. The soldiers, with English improvidence, drained their water-bottles when they began to thirst. Two hours after these Cossacks had shown themselves, we gained the summit of a ridge, and at the foot of the slope not very far away, glistened the waters of a small stream with a fringe of rushes on each bank. Turning at a strange noise behind me, I saw that many men had broken the ranks, and were rushing down to the river to drink. The post-road crossed the stream close to a substantial-looking house, I rode over to see if I could pick up a glass or a cup on the premises. I entered the

building, the doors and windows of which were open. It was the Post House of Buljanak.\* It was partly burnt. A portrait of the Czar gazed serenely from one wall of the main room on the intruder—the Czarina's likeness decorated another. The rooms were in disorder—evidently ransacked by Tartars or Cossacks—but I managed to find a tin “tot” in the kitchen, and looking into the yard I saw a very fine pea-hen perched on the wall a few yards off. I took a good aim with my revolver and pulled the trigger. No report followed! The click attracted the attention of the bird, which was in the act of flying off the wall when I knocked it over at the second fire, and, running out to seize my prey, I was just in time to put the pea-hen into my saddle-bag and to save it from a predatory Rifleman at the other side of the enclosure.

The welcome halt on the rivulet refreshed us wonderfully, but it was with immense satisfaction that we heard the army was to bivouac for the night on the left bank. There was so much confusion in taking up ground, in shifting the artillery and transport columns, and the heat and

\* Lord Raglan slept there that night.



smother were so trying, that I rode towards the front; and overtook Major Dickson, who told me that there was a "considerable force of the enemy near at hand." We trotted on and came up to the 13th Light Dragoons and 11th Hussars (four squadrons), with a long line of skirmishers in advance, moving rapidly over the undulating plain towards a rising ground, crested with horsemen. From these presently small clouds of Cossacks descended, and spread out in skirmishing order. Then skirmishers on each side began to fire at each other—horses reared and plunged—their riders let off their carbines anyhow. The play lasted for the best part of thirty minutes without any casualty. It was very pretty—quite ineffective; though the men were not 300 yards apart, no one was hurt. As the enemy were now showing in force, the order was given for our skirmishers to fall in, and for the cavalry to retire by alternate squadrons. They did so beautifully. The Russians pushed on after them—the Cossacks jeering and cheering. Then a heavy block of cavalry came over the hillside and halted, Dickson's warning came sharp and clear, "Look out! we are going to catch it!" He was

right. The block opened right and left, and left eight black groups—gunners and guns—in front.

The guns, thus uncovered, at once opened fire. The first shot bounded very close to us, and others followed fast.

“The fellow who commands over there,” said Dickson, “knows his business.”

And so, it may be said, did our officers and men, who, for the first time under fire, were as steady as rocks. When the cannon balls pitched into the ranks and knocked over men and horses, the ranks closed up again. But for the sight of troopers with shattered legs and of horses struggling in death agonies, the spectacle would have been very pleasant. Our divisional artillery, preceded by the 17th Lancers and 8th Hussars, was coming up. They opened fire. The Horse Artillery six-pounders could do but little; but they were reinforced by the nine-pounders of the field batteries, and these after some rounds silenced the enemy's guns. The Light Division and 2nd Division were now hastening up, and the Russians slowly retired.

When the enemy disappeared over the ridge I returned to the Buljanak, and found shelter in

the tent of Lacy Yea, just big enough to cover three of us, the Colonel, his adjutant Hobson, and myself. My pea-hen was a great acquisition to the mess. Before settling down to rest we walked out to the open downs on the right of the Fusiliers. It was a lovely night and very clear. Around us the tired soldiery were sleeping by the embers of their cooking-places. There was a widespread glare away towards the sea—the French army was there. In front of us the horizon glowed with the watch-fires of a mighty host. The Russians were in bivouac on the Alma.

“How many of us will see to-morrow’s sun set?” quoth the Colonel. There was much unrest in the army, stragglers were coming in and shouting for their regiments; the noise lasted all through the night.

## CHAPTER IV

### *THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA*

It was barely dawn on September 20th ere Lacy Yea was up and stirring, and when I emerged a little later from the welcome shelter of the shelter-tent, in which he, Hobson (his Adjutant), and myself had slept, or tried to sleep, the battalions of the Light Division were ready to fall in. At seven o'clock the French intimated that they were waiting for us. There was immense drumming and bugling in their bivouacks.

It was understood that we were to march at six o'clock. Up to this minute I never could learn why the English army did not advance for several hours after the time. Prince Napoleon and Canrobert came to Sir De Lacy Evans soon after daybreak to confer with him, but Sir De Lacy "had no orders from Headquarters." The official excuse for the delay, which even Kinglake refuses to swallow,

is that the British were formed to resist a possible attack the previous evening on the left flank, and that it was necessary to wheel the battalions which, when they took up ground for the night, faced east and south-east, into line with the front, and to move to the right in order to come into touch with the French. Surely it was the fault of our Generals if the British were too much to the left? The allied armies halted early in the afternoon of September 19, and long before the final dispositions for the night were made the French were *en évidence* in the position on the ground they would naturally take up between us and the sea. Eight o'clock came; our army stood fast. I rode from regiment to regiment. They had all seen the long line of fires on the hills and knew that the enemy were there, and I was asked for news I could not give. "Where are we?" "What's that place in front?" "How many of those fellows are there?" &c. It must have been nine o'clock before Lord Raglan and his staff, and Marshal St. Arnaud with his great *État Major*, came in view, riding from the right, in front of the two armies.

All this time the French right were marching

steadily forwards in the direction of the Alma. Four invaluable hours had been lost ere the Light Division and Second Division stepped out. They preserved the order in double columns in which they had marched on the 19th. The right wing of the Second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, under Lawrence, covered the front. The left wing of the Rifle Brigade, under Norcott, covered the left flank and supported the cavalry—the 13th Light Dragoons—and the Horse Artillery. The Light Division regulated its movements by those of the Second Division. The Second Division, again, had to conform to the French Division on the left. As long as the army was moving to the front it was easy for the Light Division to conform to the Second Division. A single battalion, or several battalions detached from each other, can be readily shifted ; but it is by no means so easy to alter the position of ten or twelve thousand men, with a body of cavalry on one flank and a mass of artillery on the other. A soldier will understand that, as the Second Division was moving in battalion columns, right in front, and would necessarily deploy to the left, whilst the right Brigade of the Light Division would have to deploy to its

right, it would be necessary to keep room for four battalions (more than half a mile) between the two moving columns.

Whilst we halted I reconnoitred to my heart's discontent. I watched the Generals in front doing the same. Lord Raglan and St. Arnaud parted. When I tacked myself on to the large cavalcade which followed Lord Raglan (Kinglake among them), a kindly, blundering, troublesome countryman of mine—Burke, aide-de-camp to Sir John Burgoyne—bore down on me with “You mustn't stay here, I tell you! There's orders for every one to go to the —— out of this!” I entreated him in vain. “I'll send Sir John at you, I will, if you don't go!” Every one was very much in earnest. In India, in Italy, in Africa, in the campaign of 1866, in that of 1870, &c., I was with Head-quarters or with somebody's staff. At the Alma I was “unattached,” and most thoroughly uncomfortable I was. I never was in a more unpleasant position.

Subsequent experience with other armies in the field caused me to know that our military police arrangements in respect to the supervision of non-combatants were excessively loose—rather non-ex-

istent, in the Crimea. There was no ordering or regulation for outsiders—no *gendarmérie*—at all.

Little squadrons of chaplains, commissariat and medical officers, paymasters, and quartermasters, with no places assigned to them, moved as they pleased on the flanks or in front or in rear of the troops. But then they all belonged to some department or other of the army. I did not belong to any. They had some *raison d'être*. I had none. They were on recognised business. It could scarcely be recognised as legitimate business for any man to ride in the front of an army in order that he might be able to write an account of a battle to a newspaper. I was a very fly in amber. My thoughts were forcibly set running in this direction at our first halt, about eleven o'clock, by a Major of the 93rd (C——). I came upon him sitting apart from the regiment reading a letter, on which the tears dropped slowly as he bent over it. By way of excuse he said :

“I have just been reading a letter from my dear old wife ! The last I shall ever read, perhaps ! Well, thank God ! she'll have something more than her widow's pension for herself and little ones if I'm knocked on the head to-day ! ”



The spectre of "wife and children"—two things, as Byron tells us, "quite bewildering"—rose up at once before me. No pension for my widow if I fell. For myself, the epitaph, "Served him right"! Very true, but also very late to occur to me. There was the Alma in front of me, the rising ground above covered with unmistakable masses of soldiery, which but for the flashes of light from steel and brass might be mistaken, however, for patches of furze or brushwood!

The march—slow, parlous slow—began again; it continued for an hour—for some two miles perhaps. Puffs of smoke sailed through the air above the wooded hills, seaward. The boom of guns repeated again and again, sent a thrill through the host! The allied fleet was shelling the enemy on the cliff. There was an outburst of animated exclamations in the ranks.

We rose out of a dip in the plain, which had hidden the line of the river. The Russians were near; now they were moving from left to right and the sun lighted up their bayonets.

There was another halt for a last look at the enemy's position. Then about one o'clock the

British marched for the river the course of which was marked by the vineyards and trees which lined its course to the sea. The front of the line receded towards the east—the left being “refused,” as the phrase is—the French being in an oblique line to the south, the coast Division under Bosquet being well in advance. Already those were engaged with the enemy. We could see the smoke of musketry rising above the vineyards, near the sea. The men-of-war—French and English—were pounding away vigorously. Before us there was a long stretch of walled or enclosed ground, two Tartar villages on the banks, vineyards in bearing, and orchards of fruit trees, above which at the other side of the river there rose terrace-like folds seamed with two earthworks, on which was posted the array of the enemy. The Russians in support of the guns in these earthworks were formed in columns disposed *en echiquier* on the flanks. The vineyards and orchards on the right bank of the river were filled with their badly armed skirmishers. The armies advanced “eyes front.” At 1.30 P.M. the first shot was fired at us. It came from the Russian battery over the post-road, and it was fired at the Headquarters’ staff. At once

Staff officers came galloping with orders to deploy the Light Division and the 2nd Division, and to make the men lie down.

The battle had commenced! Indeed, it had been joined for some time on the extreme right of the allied armies. The crackling of musketry along the river-bank and the booming of the ships' heavy guns had been audible for a good half-hour before our left was within a mile and a half of the Alma, and long before the Russians took any notice of us, I had been watching the French climbing the heights which overhang the Alma near the sea, and the vaporous smoke which preceded them. The Telegraph or Semaphore Tower was very distinct, and so were columns of men near it, from whose bayonets and accoutrements there was incessant play of light as they moved in the bright sunshine.

Lord Raglan and his staff took the post road to Sebastopol, leading to the bridge over the river by the village of Bourliouk. On the right, some distance off, rode St. Arnaud and his brilliant followers. As we advanced we could see the mounted officers of the enemy taking stock of us.

But what most concerned me just now was

naturally the consideration of what this individual *ego* was to do? *That* was really a serious problem !

I made my way to Sir De Lacy Evans. He could only tell me I "was likely to see a great battle if I wanted it"—a piece of information I scarcely needed, for the signs and tokens of it were thickening around us. Shells were bursting and round-shot thumping the ground where the British were lying down awaiting the order to advance. The Russian gunners above were warming to their work. The large village of Almatamak in front suddenly burst into flames, as though every house had been fired at once. De Lacy Evans and his staff galloped off and left me. It was but a short eight or ten minutes' canter to reach Codrington's Brigade ; but it was not easy to move in a straight line among the troops. Crossing the post-road, I was aware that I was very much "under fire" indeed ! Sir George Brown, addressing me by name, was good enough to remark, "It's a very fine day," and then waved his hand as if to brush me away.

Evans's Division was on the left of Prince Napoleon's which formed in a line of contiguous columns, but at open order or deploying distance. Behind

Evans's at some distance was the 3rd Division in the same order. The 2nd Division, taking ground to the left, occupied a portion of the ground upon which the Light Division should have deployed; or, the Light Division encroached on the ground which should have been left for the deployment of De Lacy Evans's 2nd Brigade.\* Then trouble ensued. Being on the flank of Pennefather's Brigade at the very moment that the hamlet of Bourliouk in front burst into flame, I saw the confusion that occurred when the 95th were overlapped by the Light Division, and I can say with some confidence that the disturbance of the two Brigades had a good deal to do with the perilous movement of the Light Division in broken order across the river. As the Light Division (Riflemen in front) advanced rapidly but in ragged order to the vineyards, the Russian skirmishers opened their fire. The artillery thundered. In a few

\* Sir George Brown said afterwards "he thought it better to deploy, even if his line overlapped the 2nd Division, than to show fidgety unsteadiness and indecision when they were exposed to the view of the enemy." It was no fault of his, he said, that the 95th Regiment became separated from its proper Brigade and broken up. One regiment ought to pass easily through another drawn up in line. He always asserted that there were no men of the 95th Regiment near Codrington's Brigade at the time of the attack on the epaulement.

minutes the green soldiers were lost to view under the leafy screen of the gardens, but the curling smoke of their rifles marked their advance. Some 500 or 600 yards behind Codrington's Brigade, the Guards were advancing, in very stately fashion not quite in line; with the Highland Brigade, on their left. Buller's Brigade of the Light Division seemed to stick at the vineyard, but one regiment, the 19th, got forward and "chummed," as one of them said to me afterwards, with Codrington's Brigade in the rush at the earthwork.

To the right I could see nothing, because of the smoke of the burning village—to the left I could make out the right Brigade of the Light Division breaking into the vineyards after the Riflemen's skirmish line, and the Guards lying down at some distance behind them. I made for the houses of the village by the side of the road, where I saw some of our men under cover—these houses were not burning, but there was quite smoke and heat enough.

The rattle of musketry, the thundering of the batteries, the crackling of the flames, the whiz and ping of bullets near at hand, were very disconcerting, and unsuited to philosophic observation of events.

I have learned enough about battles, since I "assisted" at the Alma nearly seven-and-thirty years ago, to know that it is not possible to describe the course of events synchronously with accuracy, or anything like it. I do not pretend to give a distinct consecutive account of what I saw. I tried to do so many years ago, and I did not quite satisfy myself, or attain to the *lucidus ordo* in the record.

\* \* \* \* \*

I cannot tell how long it was from the time the right of the line were engaged before I saw part of the Light Division emerging from the vineyards and crossing the river. I confess it seemed to me many minutes.

As I was peering through the window of the house in which I had taken shelter, the collapse of the roof from a bursting shell, and the flight of my horse, which I had hitched up at the door, had given me a good deal to think of; but I saw our men swarming up the slope towards the battery or epaulement, and beheld the scrambling, "football"-like rush of red-coats up to its black teeth.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the right Brigade of Brown's Division

got across the river in broken order, they found themselves under shelter of a high bank. Knowing that there was an immense force of the enemy, so to speak, overhead, and a great artillery raging in front, some hung back. They were suffering from flank fire. The Russians, emboldened by their hesitation, were preparing for a descent upon them. Sir George Brown and General Codrington between them had to overcome the inertia. The 19th Regiment and the 23rd Regiment were under the bank, immediately below the great battery. Sir George told me that he ordered the Colonels, Saunders and Chester, to lead their men right up the slope from the bank. "Indeed it was not easy," said he, "to get the men to come from cover, but when they did move, they made a gallant scramble." They were not in any order, but they advanced towards the earthworks in clusters or groups. Sir George Brown's reasons for dashing at the guns in such disordered fashion were sound enough. It would have been insanity, he said, to have attempted at that moment to dress the Light Division in regular formation.\*

\* Nothing irritated "Sir Brown" more than the criticisms of



As to what occurred in the attack on the great twelve-gun battery, miscalled "redoubt," there were conflicting statements even before the smoke cleared away! Sir George Brown and Codrington each had his say—and his story. Mr. Kinglake followed Codrington's version. He never applied to Sir George Brown for any information. Now, what I could make out between the time when Codrington's Brigade engaged the enemy first and the time when they began to recede towards the river, was indistinct. There was much smoke—but still I could see a considerable interval between the river and the epaulement. There were no troops in formation, and the redcoats were spread out on the hill, like a waving riband and clustering on the earthwork. The ground was strewn with dead and dying.

Mr. Kinglake upon the operations of the Light Division. He was especially angry at the remarks on his shortsightedness. "The man is as blind as a bat himself! Though I am not very long-sighted, I can shoot tolerably well, and stalk a stag without spectacles! He describes me as 'dashing on with plumes in my cocked-hat,' and appalling the Russians by my sanctified appearance! In fact, I left my plume behind me in Varna, and I never wore one while I was in the Crimea! As for the Russians, they showed their respect and consideration for me by hitting my horse in five places."

I crossed the river by a ford close to the bridge and was glad to get under cover of the bank at the other side. I was not alone there under the bank!—very far from it! Guardsmen (of one battalion in particular), non-commissioned officers and privates of different regiments were lining the course of the stream ‘awaiting events.’ Some were wounded—more were sound. Shot and shell were flying overhead. Whenever one struck a house, a mass of burnt straw, timber, and earth was hurled into the air in an eruption of sparks. The intensity of the cannonade was diminishing; but the rolling musketry was heavier, or it sounded louder than before. I could see nothing where I was: so I recrossed the stream at the bridge, and as I got to the road, now crowded with soldiers, a round shot plunged among them, killing one of two men who were carrying a litter. I had just time to say to Colonel Waddy (a fellow countryman), who was leading the “Dirty Half-Hundred” at the double, to “look-out!” when another shot struck the roadway and covered him and his horse with dust. Against the wall by the roadside at the bridge, there was a row of wounded men—mostly officers—who had been car-

ried, or who had managed to creep, or totter, down the blood-stained slope. A field officer of the 55th, with his hand pressed against his side, from which a red stream coursed through his fingers, gasped out: "Mr. Russell! Mr. Russell! tell them at home we've been massacred! No supports! But, thank God, we've beaten them!"\* Next to him was a 95th officer—quite a young fellow—badly wounded. Then an elderly Major in great agony;† and beside him, Billy Fitzgerald, exceedingly cheerful—under the circumstances—considering that he had not a leg to stand upon, and that he was sitting in a pool of his own blood!—Pakenham of the 30th, Warren of the 55th, and Hayland 95th, &c. *Ay de mi!* There were others, some of whom I did not know. After I had done the little I could to help Fitzgerald and another, who sat by his side, I rode back through a ruck of wounded men—skulkers were still hugging the cover of the river-bank—and saw a surgeon busy among the wounded under the shelter of one of the houses by the roadway. He was my old friend Alexander—a gentle giant of a Scotchman—he was

\* I never could ascertain his name.

† I believe that it was Major Whimper, 55th.

sitting with a man's leg on his lap! I told him that there were a number of officers in a bad way not very far off, Looking up from his work, he said: "Ah, weel! they must just wait! My duty at present is with this lot." And he was right. The wounded fared ill: it was dreadful to see them without any one to look after them in the broiling sun! But it was not the fault of the surgeons. The fortunate ones were now and then borne away on stretchers. Lane Fox called out to me from one of them: "I hope you saw it! That rush up the hill! I'm all right." The attack of part of the Light Division on the Russian left, not supported in time, had failed.

Not more than fifteen or twenty minutes elapsed from the time the redcoats swarmed up the slope ere great columns of helmeted infantry appeared, and descended the rising ground to drive our men out of the earthwork. This was the critical moment of the day! In a few minutes the Russians were again in the work. The enemy at the time showed front not only to the Light Division and the 1st Division, but to the 2nd Division, which had been split up into two parts by the blazing village.

At that period of the battle the French had turned the Russian left. Mr. Kinglake relates that as the "people" of the Light Division, still clinging under cover of the outer slope of the earthwork, were about to fire on the advancing battalions of the Vladimir Regiment, they were stayed by a voice crying out: "The column is French! For God's sake, don't fire!"\* I do not believe the story. In head-dress, colour of overcoat, uniform, there was the most marked difference between the two armies. The stupidest lout alive could not have thought that a French column helmeted and in grey coats was marching out from the Russian lines with bayonets at the charge to attack us. But it is certain that an order to sound the "retire" was given by some officer on horseback to a bugler of the 19th Regiment! The bugler obeyed, whereupon the call to retire was sounded along the line by all the buglers! On the repetition of the call, officers and men began to retire rather rapidly except the 7th Fusiliers or part of them on the right. But the

\* I am bound to say that, in reference to an expression of doubt, I have been assured that an officer of the Staff did say, "Don't fire! They are French!" and that he ordered a bugler to sound the "Cease firing." Who was he?

Guards had now risen up, and were moving towards the river in very grand array—not all the regiments on the same front, however. The Grenadiers next to me were in advance of the battalion on their left, and that again appeared more forward than the battalion next to it. The company on the flank of the Grenadiers was quite close to me, and I could recognise many officers. I made out Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar—not easily mistaken even in that array of big men—trudging along cheerfully, and a very stout sergeant-major trying to keep up with the men. The retreat of the soldiery coming down the hill from the earthwork disordered the centre battalion of the Brigade. The Scots Fusilier Guards ascended the slope towards the guns, stemming with difficulty the current of the men of Codrington's Brigade, now retiring through their ranks. They were thrown into disorder. The Russians in pursuit broke in on the centre and left flank and tried to take the colours, and there was trouble for a time. Eventually the Scots Fusilier Guards drove the Russians back and advanced up to the parapet of the epaulement, driving the Russians before them, but they did not enter the work. They

seemed indeed to halt there and to fall into some disorder. The Russian reserves then began to move down the hill once more. But the Grenadiers moving up the slope with perfect steadiness, in a fine line, coming on these two Russian columns, opened a tremendous fire upon them, under which the enemy began to break up rapidly, and fell away leaving the ground covered with dead and dying. Sir George Brown, who had accompanied the Grenadiers in their advance, rode back to the Coldstreams, and requested the Duke of Cambridge, who was with them in the centre of the line, to advance. Sir De Lacy Evans also thought himself justified, from what he saw of the perilous position of the Light Division, in sending Percy Herbert to his Royal Highness to suggest an onward movement. Also Airey considered it advisable to give an impetus in the same direction, but I am not able to say whether that was before or after Herbert's mission. The Coldstream Regiment came up and formed on the left of the Grenadiers. But were the Guards in time?

Sir Colin Campbell was, I know, of opinion that the Guards should have been closer in support. According to Sir George Brown, however, "the

Guards came up precisely at the right moment. Had they done so earlier, they would have had to pass the vineyards and cross the river, both disordering operations, under a heavy fire. But the Guards crossed over without loss, and were enabled to form up on the left bank of the Alma with perfect regularity when Codrington's Brigade had compelled the Russians to withdraw their guns." Be that as it may, we were within a measurable distance of a calamity. It would have indeed been "a calamity" to have had our left—the left of the allied army—subjected to a reverse. I do not mean to say that the Russians could have routed the British army. There were two battalions of the Light Division at least intact; the Highland Brigade, three battalions, was entire; the 3rd Division, six battalions, was untouched; and part of the 4th Division, three battalions, was equally fresh. But had the Guards been checked, the French might have been able to say that they came to the help of the British at a critical moment—that they had saved us from a reverse. All the world would have believed it—after Inkerman at all events. The advance of the 1st Division—not of the Guards only, but of the High-



landers as well—was, in fact, delayed too long, but they came at last. Their work was decisive. The Grenadiers crushed two great columns of infantry to powder, and entered the Battery on the proper left. The Coldstreams carried it on the right. I did not see the Highlanders, who were on the right and in rear of the Guards, but later on I heard the rolling volleys which marked their advance. The stolid Russian battalions, their left turned, their centre pierced, their right overwhelmed, sullenly gave way. The Alma was won!

What a scene it was, that hill-side! The ascent from the river to the armed earthwork was gentle—no deadlier glacis could have been devised by engineer. All the way from the river the dead lay in irregular swatches, and the wounded—in fantastic groups, Russian and British—cumbered the ground.

The *débris* of a battle-field by a master of elaborate detail can perhaps be shown in a picture: it cannot be described by words. One who has not seen cannot conceive the “relics” of a great fight, especially on such a field as that of the Alma, on which there had been an army bivouacking for several days. There was an immense accumulation of camp-litter on the

hill-sides. There was a sickening, sour, foetid smell everywhere, and the grass was sloppy with blood. In front of the earthwork, or gun-emplacement, the dead lay thick; and I recognised stark and stiff among them some of the pleasant, cheery comrades of Devno and Monastir—the gallant Chester, Watkin Wynn, Evans, Radcliffe, Young, Anstruther, and Butler—a terrible roll-call of the Welsh Fusiliers; of the 95th, Dowdall, Polhill, Braybrooke—two Edgingtons (Captain and Lieutenant); Kingsley; poor young Stockwell, of the 19th, a mere boy. No Guards officer was killed, save Cust, whom I did not see; and only one Highland officer (Abercrombie) was killed, and him I did not see either.

I rode to the ridge over the earthwork; there I saw, to the left, our cavalry, for the first time that day, moving rapidly in the direction of the Russians, who were retreating under the fire of our artillery and of that of the French on our right. Presently there was a tremendous yelling and hurraing behind me. I turned and saw Lord Raglan and his joyous staff, a goodly presence of fine young fellows—Burghersh, Steele, Curzon, Calthorpe, Kingscote, &c.—riding from the right

in the midst of a wild jubilation towards the earth-work. I went back to the "noise of the captains and the shoutings," with dead and dying Russians and British, around them. Soldiers wild with victory, cheering "like mad," were narrating escapes and adventures; and I might as well have tried to get a consecutive narrative out of a whirlwind. "Smiler" Bell told me how he had captured a gun; Lacy Yea how he had refused to let the Fusiliers retire (when I told him I had seen a sergeant and a lot of his men under the bank of the river, he shouted, "Show the sergeant to me, and — I'll shoot him!"); and so forth!

How was I to describe what I had seen?—where learn the facts for which they were waiting at home? My eyes swam as I tried to make notes of what I heard. I was worn out with excitement, fatigue, and want of food. I had been more than ten hours in the saddle: my wretched horse, bleeding badly from a cut in the leg, was unable to carry me. My head throbbed, my heart beat as though it would burst. I suppose I was unnerved by want of food and rest; but I was so much overcome by what I saw that I could not remain where the fight had been closest

and deadliest. I longed to get away from it—from the exultation of others in which thought for the dead was forgotten or unexpressed.

It was now that the weight of the task I had accepted fell on my soul like lead. It was time for me to set to work. I had the description of a battle to write! I felt not the least delight in the triumph. I knew it was a great victory; and though I did not feel, like little "Emmeline," that "it was a very wicked thing" to win it, I did not share in the exultation of the conquerors.

The troops—to my great wonder, for there was yet three hours of daylight—were preparing to bivouac. Leading my broken-down steed, which I had watered twice in the Alma, past the earthwork once more, I mounted the ridge, and looked towards the south, where the enemy were still visible. The cavalry and Brandling and Maude's guns were coming back. When I had seen the last dark grey cloud which represented the retreating Russians disappear in the distance, I made the best of my way towards the river again, to look for food and shelter for the night. There was a tent just erected on the slope a couple of hundred yards below the earthwork, and as I came

near a friendly voice hailed me: "I say! If you have no other place to go to, stop here and have pot-luck and a snooze." The tent belonged to the Commissariat officers of Codrington's Brigade. I do not suppose one of the party which filled it that evening is alive. We supped literally between the living and the dead. I know full well that, but for the rest and shelter, I should never have seen Sebastopol. Oh! the horrors of that night! It was not possible to sleep. The cries and moans of the wounded close by went through my brain, and the good-natured young fellows, tired as they were, filled their flasks and sallied out to render what help they could. The lights of many lanterns were visible over the field. We were out for hours among the wounded on the hill-side, but all we could do was but the measure of our great helplessness, and all the time I was maturing the fever which three days later laid me prostrate.

## CHAPTER V

### *AFTER THE BATTLE*

THERE was much pain and misery lying broadcast and moaning on the field on the night of the 20th September. I doubt very much, however, if there was any wounded wretch there more miserable than myself in the morning. I awoke with a maddening headache from a fevered sleep of a few hours on the ungentle earth to renew my work. The tent was filled with noisy, talkative fellows, the heat suffocating, the smell, outside and inside alike, sickening. I struggled out. Every one was busy. They were carrying off wounded Russians, digging trench-like graves, picking up the dead, collecting arms on the field. But if busy, they were not cheerful.

“Heavens!” I exclaimed to a surgeon who was superintending the removal of the wounded; “what a frightful amount of suffering there is around us!”

My friend was a Scotchman and a dialectician, and ne prepared for argument at once.

“That’s a vara extraordinary observation, do you know, my young friend? D’ye think that one body’s pain can be multiplied by another body’s pain? Na! na! There’s jist a number of wounded men, and each has his own pain—but it’s not cumulēctive at all.”

I was too feeble to controvert the proposition, if it was controvertible. A party of sappers and miners were at work at the battery or redoubt. One of the Engineer officers—I wish I could recollect his name—whom I knew a little, seeing me sitting on the parapet and trying to write on my knees, had a plank laid on two casks to serve as a writing-table. A Russian—some Quartermaster’s or Commissariat officer’s—account-book yielded a supply of yellowish paper. It is fortunate that the first letter I sent never reached London. I was dejected in mind and body. I heard complaints all round, and I had much reason to think that they were true. As soon as I had finished my letter, I rode to the seashore on a horse lent me by Captain Brandling, R.A., passing by endless processions of soldiers and sailors

carrying the wounded to the beach, and returning for others. I went off to the *Kangaroo*—the Hospital-ship. When I saw the decks of that awful ship, bound with her ghastly cargo for Scutari—the poor, maimed, shattered creatures — “from the field of their fame, fresh and gory”—most of them to die!—I was filled with pity, horror, and anger.

As I was returning from the seaside, I swerved to my right, to get away from the procession of litters and *cacolets*, and followed a track which led to a ford over the river Alma into a little valley, through which there was a road to the plateau near the Telegraph Tower. The French were still burying Russians; fatigue-parties were gathering up bodies by twos and threes. There were fresh-turned graves, the ground was covered with broken muskets, shoes, knapsacks, helmets, greatcoats, &c., as though there had been a stout fight there. Our allies were in a joyous mood. Soldiers looked up from their cooking-fires and saluted, and cries of “*Vivent les Anglais!*” greeted me or my gold-banded cap.

“Can you tell me, *mon Général*,” inquired an Artil-



lery officer who got up from a group of men on the hill-side, who were drinking their tots of coffee, "why we are halting in this abominable place? They say Lord Raglan wants to stay here for a week!"

I had to confess my ignorance, bow, and ride on; and as I passed I heard a discussion as to my "arm" and rank, among the Frenchmen.\* When I set out that morning our camping-ground was abominable, the smell was dreadful—dead horses, swollen to an enormous size, polluted the air; but a great change had been effected in the aspect of the field: the dead Russians had been buried, the wounded transferred to the Hospital tents, and the Russian prisoners gathered into a square near the river. Piles of captured arms—for the most part broken—were stacked near the Headquarters, which consisted of a few tents pitched on a knoll on the right of the British line. The army was spread

\* I was astonished to read some years afterwards that there had been no encounter at the Telegraph between the French and the Russians. M. Bazancourt makes out that there was a long and bloody contest there. He exaggerates greatly, but I think his account was far nearer to the truth than that of Mr. Kinglake.

out on the slopes and on the ground near the river, the men busy as bees cleaning arms and cooking. I was now among friends—or at least acquaintances—and if I had had a hundred arms and as many ears, I could not have noted what I was told, or have heard half what was said to me.

The Rifles were particularly elated. They insisted that they were in advance of the whole army—Lawrence with one wing, Norcott with the other. *They* had cleared out the hordes and swarms of Russian skirmishers from the vineyards and enclosures. They drove them across the river, and followed on their heels up to the grey granite-like blocks of infantry on the hill-side! Norcott's escape was marvellous. "Inkyboy" was riddled! Colville had a gallant share in the thick of it—so had Fyers, and Ross, "Pow," "Nuddy," &c. The pretensions of the gallant green soldiers were loudly challenged by the 19th and the 23rd, who declared that they had no riflemen in front of them! "What is Truth?" asked jesting Pilate.

Presently I came up to Sir De Lacy Evans, who was talking to General Pennefather.

"I am sorry to hear you are wounded, General."

"Poh! It's nothing!"

(He could not move his right arm.)

"I wonder there are any of us here! If the Russians had only attacked my Division as they came out on the bank divided by the burning village, and had followed hard on the Light Division as they fell back, I assure you we might all have been making for the sea yesterday, my friend."

"Anyway," said Pennefather, "we gave them the h——l of a towelling, and I want to know why we're not following them up! Eh? Do you hear what the —— we are halting for?"

How often I heard that same question before nightfall! Only one man, of all I met, spoke of the enemy, and that I think was Wilbraham of Evans's staff, who remarked: "The Russians, after all, justified their reputation for steadiness. Did you see how they left the field?" The Light Division were radiant.

"Remember, whatever else you say, it was *we* who drew the teeth of that redoubt and captured the guns! No help whatever, mind!" Every one was full of incident—full of praise of "Caddy's"

gallantry—of “Sir Brown’s” furious courage—of Hood’s apparition with the splendid Grenadiers! I met Sir Colin as he was riding back from Lord Raglan’s. “I asked a favour of his lordship—I asked to be allowed to wear the Highland bonnet; and he granted it, you see,” pointing to his head-dress. He was as pleased as a child with a new toy.

When I had gathered all the news I could, I got back to my friendly Sappers and wrote on the battle-field till dusk. A few hundred yards away the General was writing his despatch—or beginning to do so. Every line he wrote was charged with fate and fortune. I was only “scribbling.” I did not then grasp the fact that I had it in my power to give a halo of glory at home to some unknown warrior by putting his name in type, before the regulation aureole of a despatch—if haply he had rank convenient—had settled on his head. Indeed, for many a month I never understood that particular attribute of my unfortunate position, though it had been appreciated by my friends, and I may now say, in all sincerity and truth, that I never knowingly made use of it.

"What will they say in England?"—that question never occurred to me in my distracted career till I had to deal with the misery which fell upon us in the winter, and then indeed as I wrote I thought often and often that they in England would say their army should not utterly perish. Better perhaps had I discoursed about the weather, and said everything was for the best; though more men might have died, I should not have made so many powerful, relentless enemies.

It was some weeks afterwards that the papers came from England with the official despatches. I am not instituting any comparison between the production of such a troubled, uninformed, and uninstructed head and wearied body as mine, and the despatches of Lord Raglan, which were admirably written, and which were founded on his own knowledge and on official returns. But certainly the Alma despatch, though it was followed by a heavy shower of honours and promotions, generic and general, like prizes distributed to "pens" by judges at a cattle-show, was not very grateful to the Army.

The despatch of a Commander-in-Chief in the old days was a compilation from the reports of subordinate Generals. Each of them sent in a list of his staff, with a suggestion of what he himself did to contribute to the victory. Lord Raglan wrote his despatch three days after the battle. Every one saw how inaccurate it was in statement, but no one dared to complain. "Codrington's Brigade," said his lordship, "succeeded in carrying a redoubt, *materially aided by the judicious and steady manner in which Brigadier-General Buller moved on the left flank*" (the italics are mine). The "Hero of Hykulzie" lent as much aid to Codrington as the man in the moon! "The Duke of Cambridge succeeded in crossing the river," and "had moved up in support" by the time the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd "were obliged partially to relinquish their hold" on the aforesaid redoubt, out of which they had clean gone before the Duke came up. The Guards were *not* "in support" when Codrington's Brigade had to leave the redoubt. "A brilliant advance of the Guards under Bentinck (!) drove the enemy back." How or why under Bentinck? He

was not with the Grenadiers when they advanced. If any one was to be named in that connection it was the Duke of Cambridge, who commanded the Division, and who was with the Coldstream when moved up to form line with the Grenadiers. "Sir R. England brought his division to the *immediate support* of the troops"(!) He did nothing of the kind. "Sir G. Cathcart was actively engaged" —(Doing what? Will you believe it?)—"watching the left flank"! "The nature of the ground did not admit of the employment of cavalry." (The ground was *made for cavalry* from the Alma to the Katcha!) "The aid of the Royal Artillery was most effectual."

No one on or near the Staff is omitted. The Brigadiers are recommended "for distinguished conduct;" Lord Cardigan exhibited "utmost spirit;" &c. Lieutenant Derriman, R.N., "rendered" the Commander-in-Chief "essential service by a close observation of the enemy's movements, which his practised eye enabled him accurately to watch!" (Lieutenant Derriman had never seen friends or enemies moving in the field in his life before!)

“Sir George Brown’s best energies were applied to the discharge of his duty.” Sir R. England, Sir G. Cathcart, and Lord Lucan “gave cordial assistance;” and so forth, and so on to the end.



## CHAPTER VI

### *BALACLAVA*

WHEN the Allies landed in the Crimea, the object of those who sent them there, was to destroy Sebastopol ; but what the troops were to do after that, was not, I think, very clearly defined in the minds of the British Government or of the Emperor of the French. A regular siege of the place certainly was not contemplated by any one. There was a siege-train attached as part of its regular equipment to each army. These siege-trains were not fit to batter down the granite fortresses which defended the Queen of the Euxine ; but, their naval supremacy established, had the Allies, masters by sea and land, reasonable grounds for believing that Sebastopol would fall when the covering army was routed ? Certainly. But on one condition—that they lost not a moment in making use of the victory. They lost three days on the Alma before they moved in pursuit

of the enemy! When they halted on the afternoon of September 20th, they were within a long march of the north side of the city. There were, including the Turks, certainly 45,000 troops, who could have been in motion early on the morning of September 21st; and by the evening of that day they could have been massed on the plateau, on which the North Fort (Severnaia) lay at their mercy.

I have told you how I passed the night of September 20th. I have not the faintest recollection of sleeping anywhere in particular on the night of the 21st. My diary does not mention where I found shelter, but I am disposed to think that I was harboured in the tent of Romaine, the Deputy-Judge-Advocate-General, at Headquarters camp; I know that I slept there on the night of September 22nd.

In this retrospect of events which happened thirty-seven years ago, I resort to a "Harwood's Diary;" but there are, alas! many blanks in it at the most interesting period of the march from the Alma. Many incidents of the march made so deep an impression on me that I remember them vividly; but there is no continuous picture on my mind. In the letters written on the spot to *The Times* there are records

of matters now completely blotted out of my memory.

I find this entry :—

*“September 22nd.—Lord George Paget dined with Lord Raglan last night. He says: His lordship, who has the old Peninsular feeling strong in him, was quite in a temper because of the French bugles near at hand. ‘That infernal tootling and too-tooing never stops. They never do anything else.’ The same feeling prevails among the young gentlemen on the Staff.\* Crossed the river to the General Hospital; crammed with wounded, a black flag waving over it—ominous! Saw the Russian prisoners, generally stout, able-bodied fellows, with small heads. I wanted a helmet as a trophy. Angelo could not find one to fit him among the hundreds scattered over the field, and his head is smaller than mine. Mounds of dead collected for burial. Men busy digging*

\* There was no dislike between the soldiery, French and English, at this time; on the contrary, when two divisions of the French army crossed our front during the march to the Katcha, a most extraordinary manifestation occurred. The soldiers on both sides broke from the ranks cheering, and embraced and hugged each other. Even the officers were led away by the enthusiasm of the moment.

graves; smell very offensive, acid and sour. Nolan comes in raging. The cavalry were sent, he said, down into a ravine leading to a river all surrounded by wood. A battalion of infantry could have disposed of every man-jack in twenty minutes. 'Lord Raglan says we ought to be kept in a bandbox. Did any one ever hear of cavalry in a bandbox doing anything?' He promised me a horse—'a friend in need and indeed.'"

I met Mr. Romaine \* and Mr. Kinglake returning from the beach, and was rejoiced when Romaine asked me to dine and stop for the night. The Russian kits yielded supplies of fine linen shirts and drawers—very clean—stocking-bands, boots, &c., for the soldiers. I had a dip in the Alma—washed my shirt—put it on the branch of a tree to dry. Towards night I felt what is called queer—head-ache, shivering, &c. My eyes flamed like fire-balls, and close to my ear came cries of agony from the next tent. General Tylden lay dying of cholera within a yard of me.

"September 23rd.—I slept in Romaine's tent, one of

\* He was Judge-Advocate at Headquarters.

*the few composing the Headquarters Camp, close to Lord Raglan's, last night. Kinglake and McDonald of the 93rd came in after dining with Lord Raglan, and I had a hint to be ready to start early in the morning. My first fair night's sleep since we landed. Delightful!—though it was on the hard earth, with nothing between me and it but a great-coat. Roused out at 5 o'clock; tents struck at once. Kinglake, very near-sighted, peering on the ground as if in search of something, asked if I could help him:—‘It's a tiny bottle; mind you don't put your foot on it!’ I found a very small phial. Kinglake said, ‘Yes; it is a very useful thing to have,—a friend in need to a man in pain,’ and put it in his jacket-pocket. Virgilio gave me the unpleasant news that all my kit had been left on the road. A commissary of ordnance pounced on the waggon in which my store was and sent my effects flying! Angelo had a suspiciously large bundle and a bag, like those the Maltese carry; but I thought I had better not investigate at the moment. The French had a great tantarara. All the drums and bugles were massed round the Telegraph Tower, and performed a triumphant ‘chorale’ ere the army moved off—fiery blasts of the brazen instruments, a tremendous*

*clatter of drums—altogether very effective and inspiring.”*

I had procured for quite a sufficiency of money a horse which, properly speaking, belonged to Her Most Gracious Majesty—prize of war, being, in fact, one of the Russian artillery horses—a shaggy, serviceable brute, with an iron mouth and great determination of purpose. I rode first to the Field Hospital. The Russian prisoners were to be left behind. And yet one of the reasons Lord Raglan gave Marshal St. Arnaud for refusing to march on the 21st was, that he had to ship the wounded “and the prisoners” on board the fleet.

I went to the rising ground over which the main road ran like a broad white tape to the Second Division, then to the remnants of Codrington’s Brigade and back by the Guards and Highlanders; I had time to halt for a talk with friend and acquaintances—to listen to anecdotes of hair-breadth escapes, incidents humorous or pathetic, and when I got back to the earthwork for a last look at the field, the Staff were still loitering on the elevated ground on which Lord Raglan’s camp was pitched.

The French assembled all their trumpets, bugles, and drums on the Telegraph Hill, and thence delivered a cock-a-doodle-doo loud enough to reach Sebastopol. Well! It was inspiring, at all events.

I think our silence was perhaps more becoming, whether we meant it or not. There was scarce an officer who had not to mourn a friend, nor a soldier in the ranks who had not lost a comrade.

We were waiting in the sun for hours! There were two gentlemen particularly angry on account of the delay—one, a picturesque military person, with the style and name of Colonel Loyd, a fiery warrior, who descended on the Crimea without any apparent business, the precursor of the numerous immigration of T.G.'s—a showy, well mounted and well equipped gentleman, who hovered around the army, and no doubt was well forward in the advance—who did not hesitate to declare his opinion that any halt was “d——ble.” The other was a Lieutenant of Engineers—Prussian, I believe—named, as well as I can recollect, Waagmann, he who (under the direction of Sir John Burgoyne and Colonel Stanton) reconstructed the Balaclava redoubts. He used words very much in the sense of

the language of the gallant officer Macmorris in "Henry V." :—

"It is shame, by my hand ! And there is throats to be cut and work to be done ! And there is nothing done." Colonel Rose, too, in the most courteous and delicate manner in the world intimated that he thought it was to be regretted we were losing so much time. We certainly were in no hurry. The French on our right seemed cloud-like on the horizon.

Such a crawling march as it was when we did begin ! Whenever there was a halt—and it was very often—I was shouted at by some one, on the amiable supposition that I must know.

"*Why* are we halting ? Are the enemy in front ?"

Varied by—

"Do you know where we are going ?"

The day's march terminated about one o'clock at Eskel, a charming village on the Katcha, some six miles from the Alma—we had covered the ground at the rate of a mile an hour ! I sat down at a table in the ruins of a shattered villa, and wrote in the midst of the desolation. Who wrought the ruin



I know not. The Allies said it was the Cossacks and the Tartars! The Russians said it was the English and the French! I laid me down on a feather bed. But it had been cut open. It was hard work in the morning to get the feathers out of my clothes and hair.

In the middle of the night there was an *alerte*. The report of a cannon broke the silence, and, as I was awake at the time, I could hear the whizzing noise of the shot distinctly. Then there was another. And the Allies were all astir. But nothing came of it, and so we all turned in again. It was this very day that the Russians, recovering their self-possession, resolved to sacrifice their Black Sea Fleet in order to block the entry to the harbour.

The next day (September 24th) we turned out soon after daybreak. Headquarters were struck at 7 o'clock. But the army did not move. The troops, standing under arms, felt the heat exceedingly.

Diary :—

*“Eskel, September 24th.—Waiting from 6 o'clock, in the stifling air of the lovely valley in the broiling sun, till I was ready to drop off my horse. The*

*57th and the Scots Greys landed. 'Very sorry that they have missed the fun!'—sorry fun! The French landed 8,000 or 9,000 men."*

It was in fact nearly 12 o'clock before the march commenced, and many men dropped out on the way, and some were left behind to be sent on board the ships which were anchored off the mouth of the river. The delay was caused by the consideration and adoption of the famous flank march in a conference at Headquarters. A friend rode up to tell me of the important change, and to inform me that the Russians had sunk their ships across the entrance of the harbour of Sebastopol. I tried to listen to him, and "to take the news in," as they say, in vain. My head was throbbing, my eyes swimming. I could not understand his words. The Katcha, on the right bank of which the British, French, and Turkish armies were in bivouac, is a clear mountain stream running through orchards and vineyards belonging to the villagers and to the villas on its banks—the former Tartars, the latter owned by Russian families. As we were crossing the ford of the river, the glare of the running water pained my eyes. Riding up

the bank I cannoned blindly against an officer. It was Muir, surgeon of the 33rd.

"Are you ill?" he said. "You don't look right. Put out your tongue."

It was rather a ludicrous operation to perform, but Muir insisted.

"This won't do! Let me feel your pulse."

He counted, and said:

"Just wait here till I come back! I must get you into a cart at once."

I was laid in a cart on a truss of hay which had a tilt over it. And thereafter, all that happened that day was a dream! I remember frequent halts, slow, jolting movements onwards, the noise, as of a torrent, of the march through the brushwood, the reports of distant cannon, sweltering heat, visits from the surgeon, great thirst, a vision of the Queen of the Euxine, white houses, an arm of the sea, and ships in Sebastopol Harbour. Towards evening a man in uniform crept into the cart. I could see the fellow's face. He threw a flock of hay over my head, and, pressing me down with one hand, proceeded to search my pockets with the other. I was too weak to resist; indeed, till I missed a gold pencil-case and pen

attached to a small chain, and a locket with a treasured miniature, I was not sure that it was not a nightmare. I had no gold or silver, and my notebook was safe inside my vest.

It was early morning. We were descending a steep mountain-road, through an armed crowd, in clouds of white dust—men with muskets, choking with thirst and violent parts of speech—mostly of regiments of the 3rd Division. But at last we came to undulating ground, and then to a plain flooded with soldiery, marching anyhow, noisy, hot, and tired: men were seated, with shakos off and coats open, fanning themselves by the roadside—some were dying, for the cholera never left us! Towards evening, raising the tilt a little for a gulp of air, like a fish in a muddy pond, I saw Waddy riding alongside. After compliments, I asked,—“Where are we?” “Divil a one of me knows! I’m trying to find mee blaggards that’s lost in the busshees all over this cursed place,” quoth he; and so vanished in a Homeric cloud. Presently the cart halted. Refreshed by the night air, I sat up and looked out. The cooking fires were lighted, and the hillside and the plain glowed with them. Old friends began

to find me out—Mundy (33rd), Tice, Burke, Cornwall (93rd), Allix, Nolan, &c. I heard the story of the flank march by compass, and of the mutual surprise, when they collided in a waterless scrub, seamed by a few tracks, of Lord Raglan and of the Russian rear-guard—they had hustled against each other in the pursuit of their several strategies, in such sort that the British General ambled against the last of the Russian rearguard on the road above—and I had an account of the reasons for the *détour* to the south side from Burke. The French General was dying. The English General—*reculant pour mieux sauter*—in order to take Sebastopol, was marching round it! The Russian General, anxious to save Sebastopol, was marching away from it! Neither of them had the least notion of what the other was doing. Figure what would have occurred had there not been that long delay in the morning on the Belbek—if our army, clambering and struggling through brushwood, had come on Menschikoff's columns marching along in full possession of the main trunk road!

I had not the least idea of what we were going to do. True, my head was very weak. But was I any

the worse for that, compared with, say, any General near at hand?

It was not easy to sleep, fatigued though I was from the jolting and the fever. The cries and shouts of the men bivouacked around me, and of late-comers finding out where their regiments were, the noise of arabas and carts, the neighing of horses, the cracking of whips, words of command, endured till the morning. The jolting and the onward march were renewed soon after daybreak; but very soon there was a halt. The soldier in charge of the cart, a corporal of the 33rd, who was full of small cares for me, being much impressed by the visits of Muir, Alexander, &c., presently brought me a tot of fresh water.

"I had to fight to get it, yer honour! The boys is mad with the thirst! It's an iligant shtrame anyway; God bless it!"

"God bless it, too, say I, my man!"

It was the Tchernaya. An hour or two afterwards, still plodding over the undulating plain, I was wakened from a dose by the boom of guns in front. "There's another battle, I think," said the corporal, incidentally like. The Guards were resting on their

arms near a pretty village with a green-domed church—white villas embowered in vines. This was Kadikoi. Further on were the Highlanders, and then I saw some companies of the Rifle Brigade, halted by a small ditch-like rivulet at the entrance to a narrow valley, with a lake at the end which was a veritable fiord.

But we did not halt, and I slept again till I was pulled by the arm. Looking up, I saw the corporal with a prodigious bunch of grapes in his hand.

"The dochtor told me to give you these, and you're to ate them all—the whole place is swarming with them." They were the largest, sweetest, juiciest muscatel grapes I ever tasted. I followed the doctor's prescription sedulously. The corporal's orders were to take me to the Headquarters—why or wherefore, I know not; he worked his way steadily through the mass of troops, in search of them, and found where the Judge-Advocate Romaine was billeted. The house was one of a series of detached villas facing the street. I was kindly welcomed, and found rest and shelter—not only that, but medical aid, for Fowle Smith of the Headquarters Staff was one of the occupants of the

villa. Kinglake, Macdonald, and one or two more were also installed on the premises.

In three or four days I began to understand the situation we were in, for I had only to sit and listen and swallow quinine, or whatever my doctors ordered me. And they were very kind: Fowle Smith took me specially in hand, and ruled me gently but very firmly. "No! you must not go out! There's nothing going on, really! You must not excite yourself. You must," &c. How good and patient he was! But I was maddened with anxiety to see what was in full ferment all around me. Looking out of my window, almost closed in by the screen of grapes that clustered on the trellised walls, I saw, over the mass of luscious fruit, the masts and yards of men-of-war or transports that had squeezed their way into the harbour. A steep hill-side shut up the view at the other side. There was a green-domed church and residences down the street; the white walls, green sashes, and the gardened fronts of the houses gave an air of comfort and cleanliness to the village not always justified by the interiors. But how superior to a coast village nearer home! Carpets, mirrors, pianos, books, and evidences of *bien-être*—in



every room the image of the Virgin, the burning lamp, the glorified picture of some saint with its silver nimbus, upon the wall! How rapid the change! The grapes and fruit were eaten the third day; the fourth day the trellises were broken down and torn away; the garden-walls followed; speedily the wrecking of the houses began. At the end of the week Balaclava was a scene of desolation, which would have been complete but that it occurred to some wiseacres that a few houses might be useful as stores and residences. Kadikoi was swept clean with the besom of destruction. How ferociously stupid it all was, to be sure!

Though it has been my lot to see a good deal of the world, many people have travelled further a-field than I have done; but I doubt if any traveller has ever been in a much stranger place than Balaclava. It has been likened to a Norwegian fiord, but there is no resemblance between Balaclava and any fiord that I know of. The entrance or exit, whichever you like to call it, is invisible to a ship at sea till the look-out man catches a glimpse of the cleft in the towering wall which bounds the coast from St. George to Cape Aya. The ruins of a fort, built, it is

said, by the Geonese 400 years ago, call attention to an indent in the rock which would hardly tempt the most adventurous mariner to shape his course for it, in the hope of anchorage or shelter inside. The rocks rise on the west side very steep and sheer from the water; on the east side there is a margin, not many yards broad, between the water and gently rising ridges, carried in successive folds to the serrated and fir-crowned cliff, which terminates in Cape Aya, at the foot of which, 700 feet below, the breakers incessantly waste their fury. From the loch, where the sea ripples gently on the shallow curving shore inside, one cannot see any means of egress seaward, for the arms in which the loch is embraced seem to join hands seawards, and to close Balaclava completely in. But from the inland extremity of this quasi-fiord the country opens out to the valley, the arms which enclose the sea are extended north and south—on the left forming the neck, or “col,” of the plateau rising above the valley of Balaclava, and on the right receding eastwards to join the mountain range which closes in the valley of Baidar. From Balaclava valley rise the mountain ranges north-east, of which the best known point is Mackenzie’s Farm.

Nearly parallel to this range runs the Tchernaya, flowing west through the valley of Inkerman to Sebastopol. Between the Tchernaya and Balaclava there is an outbreak of hillocks across the valley as it minded to form a connection with the salient angle of the plateau. The life of the British Army depended on Balaclava. This strange sea-cleft became in a few days the base of a great warlike operation. Store-ships sidled in from sea and landed siege-guns, shot and shell, ammunition, and material of war on the shore as fast as they could. The principle of first come first served gave us Balaclava. The order in which the Allies landed and marched to and from the Alma was reversed. The French, then on the right took the left, facing north; the English took the right of the line. The arrangement was determined by our possession of Balaclava. What the consequences of that possession were to be no one foresaw—any more than they foresaw the siege, or the winter and the trials to come.

We were quartered in the residence of Major Stomati, the second-in-command of the local Militia, whose chief, Colonel Manto, answered so well when he was asked by Lord Raglan, after our troops

entered Balaclava, "why he had ventured to defend" the old Genoese tower; Major Stomati was sent to England as a prisoner of war, and his two little girls were taken charge of by our people and sent for safe keeping to the Monastery of St. George. The children were comely, bright-eyed and graceful, and after a time they became reconciled to their captivity. Two years later, as I was walking down a street in Simpheropol, I heard my name called out, and looking up to the window whence the voice came, I saw the familiar face of an English artillery officer whose acquaintance I had made during the siege. He was about to be married to one of the girls for whom he had acted in *loco parentis*, and he made what I have every reason to believe was a very happy marriage with one of our quondam prisoners.

A few days after my arrival in Balaclava I was sitting on the floor in a corner of the apartment which served as dining and reception room, listening to an animated and, indeed, an almost angry discussion between some eminent persons—Sir E. Lyons, Sir Colin Campbell, Col. Anthony Stirling, Mr. Layard, Mr. Romaine, and others—discussing the conduct of the French—the wisdom of the wheel

round from the right at the Bêlbek and the flank march—(as to which Sir Colin said, “Don’t let us talk! But let us say our prayers!”)—the work now to be done, which was as “plain as a pike-staff,” according to every one but the same cautious Scotchman—viz., the instant attack and consequent capture of the place—and so forth. (I think Kinglake, Layard, and some others, not soldiers, appeared to maintain that we would have done much better without Mounseer—I confess that, having seen a good deal of the game, I did not think so.) There burst in a friend—Charles Seymour—one of the most charming, cheerful, kindly and gallant of Guardsmen—now on the staff of Cathcart’s Division, who had heard I was in Balaclava, and had hunted me down out of sheer kindness. I had not seen him since the night I left the supper-table of the kind people who sent me off buoyant with good wishes from London—Albert Smith, Mark Lemon, Douglas Jerrold, Shirley Brooks, Billy Hale, Tom Taylor, Wilkie Collins, *e tutti quanti*. When he saw the “big wigs,” he moderated the expressions of his pleasure at the *trouvaille*, but went at once to business. He was charged to convey to me all sorts

of affectionate greetings—*item*, cigars, tobacco, pipes and lights; *item*, a case of Warburg's Tincture from Tom Holmes; *item*, a roll of paper, the playbill of a pantomime performed, for some charitable purpose, before the Queen and Prince Consort at the Lyceum, in which John Bidwell, of the Foreign Office, T. K. Holmes, Albert Smith, the Brothers Hallett, &c., appeared, "which I am desired by Albert Smith to ask you to display on all suitable occasions—flags of truce, storming of breaches, excursions, alarms, councils of war, treaties, and so forth."

I only remember one item described as that of the "Bounding Bricks of Babylon," in the contents, "but the bill of the play" was a delightful study.

"I am off to Headquarters," said Sir Edmund, "to urge them to go at the confounded place at once." "Yes, sir," said Seymour, "*that's* what my chief says. These old Peninsular gentlemen are too cautious, and are always for standing on the defensive." "I believe Sir George Cathcart is quite right," quoth the Admiral. And the Council of Talk broke up. "We are in for a siege, my dear sir," exclaimed Sir Colin Campbell, "and I wonder if you gentlemen of the Press who sent us here took in

what the siege of such a place as Sebastopol means ! Just go and look at it as soon as you can get out to the front."

The first time I rode out was the day of Seymour's visit, and, under his guidance, I made for the plateau to get a sight of the city which was, as the authorities agreed, to be the inevitable spoil of the Allies within a few weeks.

This excursion gave me the first opportunity I had of understanding the position at Balaclava and the general situation of the Allies in front. My horse had been brought to me some days ere I was able to use it—I never knew by whom. The soldier who brought it to Balaclava said it had been given to him by "one of his officers whose name he didn't know," to be delivered to me. I suppose that at least six or seven discharged soldiers have made me out since at various times in London, to claim assistance on the ground that "I was the man that brought your horse to your honour in Balaclava."

My own tent had been left, perforce, at Varna (in good company with the ambulances). After the den in which Romaine, Kinglake, Macdonald (Provost-

Marshal later on), and myself were harboured on the arrival of the army at Balaclava, was required "on Her Majesty's service," I had no shelter on earth till the Headquarters were established at the house on the plateau, which finally received three British Commanders-in-chief, and remained our Headquarters till the evacuation of the Crimea. A good Samaritan there took me in, and there I abode, in the "street" right in front of the Headquarters residence, with the tents of the Adjutant-General (Estcourt); De Morel, his aide-de-camp; Dr. Hall, P.M.O.; Burke and Stopford, the aides-de-camp of Sir John Burgoyne, &c., on each side; and the lines of the troop of 8th Hussars under Chetwode, with Macnaghten as "Sub."—which furnished Lord Raglan's escort, orderlies, &c., in the rear.

Coming back from the siege works one day I stopped at Headquarters to visit a friend. As I was going I made a casual remark about the inconvenience of being so far away, the filth of Balaclava, the poorness of my quarters, &c., when one of the officers in the tent said, "Why don't you come up here to us? There's half my tent at your



service. In fact Sir John will be very pleased." So one fine day, early in October, I found myself established at Headquarters in full view of Lord Raglan's house, and surrounded by all his Staff.

I succeeded in procuring two indifferent horses and a very admirable Cossack pony, which galloped into our camp a short time before in a *stampede* of the enemy's cavalry and which lived to enjoy English pasture and carry me and mine for many a year after.

My noble Roman, Angelo Gennaro, ex-brigadier of Papal Dragoons, serving in the humble capacity of valet and handy-andy waiter—a very tall, straight, handsome fellow, bearded like a pard, had most gallant bearing except when he was near a horse. Then all the Dragoon part of him vanished clean away, and he became a shifty, trembling footman of low degree. From hints he let fall from time to time I guessed he had been a "patriot" in 1848, and that he had been obliged to fly, like many other braves, to Turkey. He was very glad to escape to Gallipoli and accept the humble post in which I found him. To supplement his defects he summoned to my service and to his aid a kinsman, one Virgilio Sebastiani, who had, he said, been a warrior, but who handled

scissors and razor in a style which made me think he had been a hairdresser.

Among the frequent visitors to Headquarters was Sir Edmund Lyons—always intent, eager, and animated. He was generally mounted on a rugged pony and rode anyhow—a good three inches of stocking or sock between the end of his trousers and his shoes, telescope at his back, his wallets stuffed with papers. But Admiral Dundas was never seen there, nor was Sir De Lacy Evans, nor Sir George Cathcart, nor Sir Colin Campbell often. Sir R. England and Sir George Brown, however, were constant visitors to Lord Raglan. General Airey, who lived in the same house, was his right hand man. To us, young men at the time, it was always pleasant to see General Strangways, the *beau ideal* of the Horse Artillery officer, because we all knew he had been at the Battle of Leipsic with the Rocket troop; and when Major Collingwood Dickson could find time to come up to us and leave off battering the Malakof Tower for a while he was sure of a hearty welcome in every tent. There was such animation about Headquarters! What riding to and fro! What a *va et vient* of French generals and officers, of

A.D.C.'s and orderlies! And incessant gossip—"shaves" as they were called—from tent to tent. "The French are burrowing like rabbits! They are cowed." Sir John Burgoyne says, "It's all nonsense to wait; we must get closer; run up our batteries under their noses, give them a good hammering, and dash at the place! The more we look at it the less we will like it." Sir John Burgoyne was just now the dominant spirit of the scene. In the groups of officers discussing some knotty question in front of the Headquarters camp, the tall wiry figure, the steady stand, the seamed face and puckered brow marked him at once; but there was a dreadful rumour abroad that he was intent on getting to close quarters with his guns, and did not care how many were killed and wounded in the way! His A.D.C.'s, Burke, Stopford, Jameson, all now in the Asphodel meads, were frequently called upon to defend their chief, and much tobacco was consumed over argument late at night. One evening a convivial turn came upon us—some six or seven cronies seated on the ground and enveloped in smoke were chanting the popular story of "Three sailors lived in Bristol city," and had just thundered out "and Admiral Nelson,

K.C.B.," when the flap of the tent was opened, and by the light of a ration candle stuck in a bottle we beheld the rugged features of Sir John animated by feelings, at once expressed in words, "What's all this about? Put out lights at once and let me hear no more shouting! And confounded nonsense too! Admiral Nelson *never* was a K.C.B.!" Chapman and Gordon, the chiefs of the Left and the Right Attacks, known by their names, were generally with their men down below. Chapman still lives\* in excellent condition, directing one of the most profitable business associations in the world, Gordon died long ago. Most of those who served under them have departed.

Next our tent was that of General P. Estcourt and that of De Morel, his A.D.C. It was very admirable to see the general issue forth of a morning in a speckless blue frock, and immense shirt collars, "white as the sea-bird's wing." Our minds were exercised over the endless supply of snowy linen he must have had. We had only a change a week just then. De Morel followed suite. Burghersh, Calthorpe, Paulet Somerset, &c.: what gallant-

\* He has died since these lines were written.

looking, handsome cavaliers they were ! The “shine” had not been taken out of their Peal’s butcher boots, gold lace was still bright, and the staff dandies were yet in their glory at Headquarters. But it was not so outside in camp. The toil of the trenches was going on ; morning and night, as we sat over our tins of tea or tots of rum and water, the report of cannon and the crackle of musketry came to our ears. And the old officers who appeared from the camps showed marks of wear and tear, chins and lips unshaven—always excepting Sir George Brown’s—boots worn, and uniform stained ; all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war vanished !

Conspicuous among the general staff officers, impetuous, vehement, restless, there was one who was very soon to achieve notoriety of such a kind as to be akin to the immortality that is conferred on men whose names are connected in historical records with memorable events—Nolan of the 15th Hussars, then on Airey’s staff. He was one of those who was at the farewell supper given to me in London. When I saw him again at Varna, after an expedition to buy horses in Syria, &c., I was astonished at the

angry way in which he spoke of Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan, especially of the former, though, after "the sore back reconnaissance" to the Danube he was full of invective against the latter. But his rage was at white heat after the Alma! To think that "there were one thousand British Cavalry looking on at a beaten army retreating—guns, standards, colours, and all, with a wretched horde of Cossacks and cowards who had never struck a blow ready to turn tail at the first trumpet—within a ten minutes' gallop of them—is enough to drive one mad! It is too disgraceful, too infamous. They ought all of them to be——!" Nor did the heat cool down at all—cool down ever—till he lay stark and still in the valley. He maintained that our cavalry were exposed to utter destruction in the flank march when they could have been used to great advantage; that their work was deplorable, their movements ridiculous.

General Canrobert ("all fuss and feathers" as a squeaky little A.D.C. described him, but a very real soldier) was wont to come into our square of a morning with a staff of gallant officers of all arms and his Spahi escort, a very martial and inspiring

sight, and the echoes of his speech came to our ears—how he insisted on the work being done at once—*“quand on veut entrer dans une maison si la porte est fermée il faut entrer par la fenêtre.”* Then the Generals would ride out to “La maison brulée” or the Quarries or the Picket House, and direct a fire of telescopes on the Ruskies who were as busy as bees working in their shirt sleeves on the parapets of their batteries, and then the Generals would ride back again. All the time the grim gaunt Russian whom I had seen in St Paul’s the morning of the Duke of Wellington’s funeral, stalking down the line of Guardsmen in the aisle examining their arms and inspecting them as if they were on parade, was preparing to give us a very disagreeable diversion. Gortschakoff was beaten at the Alma—let me say at once by a force not only far more numerous but much better equipped, but his flank march away and out of Sebastopol was at least as masterly as our flank march round it. He got out into the open, and was in communication with the interior, and he was now about to hem us in if he could between two fires. It is curious enough to think that the English general, whose duty it was

to frustrate the design as soon as it was developed, was the only officer in our Army who had any knowledge of the Russian Army. Lord Lucan had actually served with the Russians in the war with Turkey in 1829.

I was astonished one day by his asking me to ride round to a rising ground outside the walls at Varna, that he might show me where he was quartered with the Russian staff at the siege of the place. Either then or at some other time he told me he thought "the regular Russian cavalry were as bad as could be, but the Cossacks could be damnably troublesome to an enemy, especially in retreat." Lord Lucan was a hard man to get on with. But the moment the Government of the day made the monstrous choice of his brother-in-law, Lord Cardigan, as the Brigadier of the Light Brigade of the Cavalry Division, knowing well the relations between the two officers and the nature of the two men, they became responsible for disaster; they were guilty of treason to the Army—neither more nor less.

The flank march had not intimidated the Russians; they had been beaten but they were not conquered. The allied armies, arrested in their expeditionary



career, had to assume the *rôle* of a force brought to bay in face of a strong position, and they were obliged to open trenches and erect batteries to cover the assaults which were to put them in possession of Sebastopol. And so the Russians inside the city looking to the south saw the rising ground and ridges from the sea to the Valley of Inkerman crested with white tents—screens to the incessant labour of man and horse dragging up cannon and ammunition from Balaclava and Kamiesh to the front, whilst Engineers were tapeing out parallels and trenches. Some there were—fiery councillors—who were for an assault at once. But, safe inside the line of sunken leviathans which barred the entry of the allied fleet into the Roadstead, there were ships with their broadsides bearing on the approaches to the city, and there were besides well-manned earthworks and redoubts, garnished with cannon.

The first piece of knowledge the allied Generals acquired from their reconnaissance of Sebastopol was that they could not enclose it from the sea to Inkerman. They must guard the rear of the besieging army and Balaclava. The troops on the eastern ridge of the plateau could not protect the wide valley

traversed by the Woronzoff road and by the Tchernaya. The British Engineers bethought them that it would be a wise thing to construct field works scarcely "redoubts," but called so—on the hillocks which ran across the valley. Colonel Stanton, R.E., I think, designed the works, but Waagmann, a Prussian engineer, and Stopford, had a good deal to say to them. One day I rode over there with the latter, and as I admired the vigorous spade husbandry of the Turks in constructing the parapets, I asked, "What are they for?" "Why, you see the Cossacks have been smelling about for the last few days, and there is reason to think that the Rooskies are in some force in the valleys at the back of those hills."

"And what then? How are these earthworks to stop them?"

"We are going to arm them, of course, and put 300 or 400 Bono Johnnies in each, which will be quite enough to deal with the fellows."

"No! I say no, Sir!" quoth Waagmann. "It is all a mistake! Dere should be a second line of redoubts! Dese should be entrenched, and dere should be a brigade or two of infantry behind them."

Vat good de cavalry do? Dese redoubts far away from every one! Dey are too far from Balaclava, and dey are too far from the French up dere. It is a mistake! And see, look how dey are commanded from de left!" It will be seen presently how just the Prussian's criticisms were—how much depended on those "redoubts," and how little our Generals understood, or at least provided against the dangers of the situation. The Heavy Cavalry charge, and the charge of "the Six Hundred," as the Laureate called the adventure of the Light Brigade, would never have taken place had the "Turkish redoubts" been properly manned, properly supported, and properly reinforced. There might have been an action in the Valley, but it could not have led to the loss of the Woronzow Road and to the practical annihilation of the Light Brigade—if not of the whole of the Cavalry, for after the Russian occupation of the Tchernaya, Komara, Baidar, &c., their rôle was over, and the British Cavalry did not appear in front again till the Battle of the Tchernaya, August 20, 1855.

The combined bombardment of the fleets and of the French and English on October 17 failed. The French batteries were "snuffed out." The fleets could not

master the forts. Kinglake and I left Headquarters early that morning and took up our station at the "Maison brulée"—a farmhouse commanding a fine view of the batteries and of the city, just near enough to be unpleasant when a wild ranging shell burst near it. He was indignant when the French batteries were knocked about, and their magazines blown up, and when gradually the fleets drew off in a great cloud of smoke he shut up his Dollond and handed it to me. I saw many things through that Dollond afterwards.

"I'm sick of it! I expected to be in Sebastopol to-night."

In effect he left next day—to be present at the opening of term on November 2. The gallant spectators on October 17 could little have imagined what the failure of the bombardment meant. It encouraged the Russians outside our lines to make an attempt to raise the siege, and on October 25 Liprandi made his *coup*.

The depression caused by the failure of the bombardment of October 17 was temporary. It was comforting for us to know that it was due to the "confounded French." And, indeed, if the batteries of our allies had not been snuffed out, the intended

assault that day would, as far as our work was concerned, have been justified. The annihilation of the Russian defences in front of our guns was complete. Still the bombardment by sea and land was a failure. But the end of Sebastopol would soon come for all that.

"We shall be home before Christmas after all."

It was pleasant to live in that hope. But no one seemed to think of the inevitable consequence of delay. None of our Generals appeared to be anxious about our own position! It was taken for granted that the Russians would leave us to work our wicked will against the Queen of the Euxine in undisturbed possession of Balaclava and of the plateau. At least so it might have been thought by observant spectators.

It appears to be unnecessary now to say anything in detail about the position of the Allies. The infantry were engaged in the work of the siege, the artillery were pounding away at Sebastopol. The plateau was ours—and whilst the French were supplied and fed from Kamiesch on their left, the British depended on Balaclava outside the rising ground occupied by their camps on their rear, which was, however, protected by trenches armed here and

there with field guns manned by the French. The high ground occupied by a portion of the Turkish Division to the west of the *Col* of Balaclava was similarly fortified. Sir Colin Campbell had charge of the defences of the town and harbour—only the 93rd Highlanders, some scratch companies of invalids and a battery to do it with—but behind and over him was a strong body of Royal Marines, and the heights armed with heavy guns and the broad-sides of the guardship protected the approach.

The Cavalry camps were placed in a wide valley shaped like a soup-plate, the edges broken between the *Col* from Balaclava and Kadikoi, and the plateau—the gap towards Baidar—and the Tchernaya; it was hemmed in by the plateau on which the Allies were encamped towards the west, by the great chain of mountains terminating in Cape Aya on the east, by the Mackenzie Farm heights on the north, by the sea on the south at Balaclava.

The two brigades were posted near the Balaclava side of the valley; in front of them ran, at some distance, the chain of hillocks, on which were the field works, miscalled redoubts, garrisoned by Turks and armed with seven iron guns belonging to us.

The Woronzoff Road passed across the valley by these works from the west, and ascended to the plateau, over which it wound to Sebastopol. The road, though it did not lead into Balaclava, but was accessible from it, was of use to us. I frequently travelled over it in my expeditions to forage or to post my letters.

One day as I was bound on some errand to the redoubts, with Stopford, I was struck by his remark that "he could not understand why the Cavalry camps were so hampered with vineyards, and walls, and the like! Why were they not pitched more to the front, on the gentle slopes near the road?" I could not answer, and we agreed that "we knew nothing about it." It came to my mind afterwards. Certainly the plain seemed very open and the Turks very much in the air.

I never saw anything done to protect Balaclava after the first week or ten days of the siege. Every morning early our patrols went out towards the Tchernaya, but no serious attempt—in fact no attempt—was made to come in touch with the enemy. Now it was not only known perfectly well that Gortschakoff had marched off a large army, and that he was

somewhere outside in our rear—notably the British right flank—but that the Russians were actually in the vicinity of the valley. They had recently provoked cannonades and musketry from the Turks in the redoubts, had created *alertes* in the camps, had “chivied” patrols of our cavalry, and had shown every sign of alarming activity. All this time Nolan was raging against “Lord Look-on” and “the Noble Yachtsman.” Several days before the attack on us, large bodies of Russians were observed. On October 23rd Lord Raglan, in a despatch to the Duke of Newcastle, wrote: “A considerable body appeared two days ago in the vicinity of Balaclava.”

On the 24th of October I rode down to Balaclava, passing the Heavies’ camp. I “looked up” Darby Griffiths and Sullivan, and on my way back I called on some officers of the Light Cavalry regiments which had been quartered near the Light Division when I was with it at Devna. I was told that “the Ruskies were very strong, all over the place,” that reports had been sent to Headquarters that an attack was imminent, and that Sir Colin Campbell was uneasy about Balaclava. As I was leaving



the Cavalry camp Nolan overtook me on his way to Headquarters. The evening was chilly. He remarked that I ought to have something warmer than my thin frock, and insisted on my taking his cloak—"Mind you send it back to me to-morrow; I shall not want it to-night." Nor did he next night nor ever after! I bought the cloak in at the sale of his effects, and I have it to this day. All the way back he "let out" at the Cavalry Generals, and did not spare those in high places. "We are in a very bad way I can tell you."

I got back to my tent about 7 o'clock, and joined my comrades at dinner. Our meals were not luxurious, but they were sufficing; ration beef or mutton, served up as steak or stew, accompanied by the preserved vegetables of "the Maison Chollet"—I hated the sight of the name at last—and (if our soldier cook was tolerably sober) a suet pudding, hard biscuit, rum and water, and a pipe of tobacco; and so, after a little talk over the news of the day, to earth! (The hypothesis about the cook's state may seem to involve uncertain banqueting, but as Fowle Smith said, "When he's at his very drunkenest he's a better cook than the sober ones.")

Before we turned in I mentioned my conversation with Nolan, but he had been "crying wolf" so long that no one heeded him. "He is an inveterate croaker," growled Burke, "and I wish he was away in Jerichó with his cavalry. What do we want with cavalry here? We are not going to leave this till Sebastopol is taken." The opinion expressed by the burly A.D.C. was not uncommon. As yet our horsemen had not been of striking utility, and "the sore-back" reconnaissance\* to the Danube was not calculated to increase their reputation. It never occurred to any but a few thoughtful men, it would seem, that the fight on the Alma was not Russia's final effort. There was no apparent cause for any uneasiness on our part. Why should there be? With the radiance of the Alma above us, everything was *couleur de rose*—the weather was fine, provisions were plentiful and luxuries were accessible, and croakers were generally very much contemned. We were in the heyday of our campaign, and all was going well. The Cossacks on the hills—the clouds of dust from marching infantry, the gleam of steel

\* Nearly 100 out of 280 horses were rendered unfit for service.

on the heights as the columns descended towards the low ground to be lost in the valleys—were of no consequence!

Near at hand there were guns booming and thundering night and day, but, except for the gunners, the sailors, and the men in the trenches, "there was little going on"; there was nothing to impress the army with a sense of insecurity or to warn them that there was a bloody struggle for nearly twelve long months before them. There was, to be sure, a silent shadowy civilian about the Headquarters house, as to whom there were many surmises among us, who had, it was said, given warning to Lord Raglan that there was no time to be lost in getting into Sebastopol. "The Russians would make a great attempt to avert the fall of the place. They had been taken by surprise when the Allies landed in the Crimea, but the Czar would strain every nerve to drive us out. Besides, winter was coming, and with it would come storms, snow, and rain." Under the name of Calvert\* he sought to conceal his identity as a consular officer long settled in Russia, where his family were living at the time. The poor man's bones rest in the

\* His real name was Cattley.

Crimea! I heard similar warnings from the luckless Englishman, Mr. Upton, who had been taken by our cavalry on their first reconnaissance towards Sebastopol, and whose treatment as a prisoner I always thought, and still think, was cruel and unjust. "I cannot imagine," he added, "how it is that the Emperor has not ordered the Guard Corps and the Grenadier Corps and the troops that were on the Danube—some 95,000 men or more—to attack you ere this."

The unhappy Turks munching their miserable biscuits out in front of our cavalry were not quite so nonchalant as we were. *They* knew what was coming—not only knew, but told Lord Raglan of it. On the 24th of October a spy came into Rustem Pasha with news that the attack was to be delivered next day—of the number to be engaged in it, and of the direction whence it was to come. Rustem Pasha passed the word to the English camps in the valley. Lord Lucan sent his son (the present Earl) to Lord Raglan with a letter from Sir Colin Campbell containing the substance of the spy's information. Lord Raglan sent out a verbal message "Very well" (!) to Lord Bingham. The prepara-

tion made to meet the impending blow by the British Commander-in-Chief was confined to a request that "anything new was to be reported to him"! The Russians made the report at daylight next morning!

We in our little bell-tent, unconscious of the near approach of the enemy, but with some vague knowledge that "there was likely to be a row," settled down in our blankets on the ground, and, in spite of the unusually heavy firing from the Russian batteries on our trenches, in due course went to sleep.

I was awakened by an exclamation from my neighbour, "I say! Listen! Don't you hear guns over there?" My friend was sitting up in his blanket, craning forward, and pointing with one hand in the direction of the valley of Balaclava, whilst the other was applied behind his ear. There was a dull thudding sound a long way off towards the East, like taps on a muffled drum repeated again and again. They say: "The miller wakes up when the mill stops." I do not think that any sleeper on the plateau of Sebastopol would have been roused from his slumbers by the cessation of the cannonading which, after intermittent outbursts throughout the

night, saluted the dawn and went on all day. We had become connoisseurs in that connection by this time. We could tell the noise of our own guns from those of the enemy, and we could differentiate the Russian, the French, and the Turkish fire. "There! don't you hear that?" "Yes." "Halloa! Get up!" shouted my friend, whose voice was as loud as his hearing was acute. And the four Rechabites sat up and listened, but the sound died away. "I suppose it was only the Bono Johnnies amusing themselves again, confound them!" said one. "It certainly was in that direction," quoth another. "Anyway it's time to be getting ready for breakfast." That "getting ready" was a simple operation. A very small tub did duty for the dwellers in the tent, and it was not always that there was water enough "to go round"—indeed there was a horrible tale that a neighbour of ours, belonging to the escort, had been obliged to decide whether he would use his supply for his ablutions or for his tea, and that he effected a compromise! As we were pulling on boots and cannoneering off each other in our toilet-making, the boom of guns a long way off was renewed. It stimulated our dressing, which was now accompanied by

shouts for breakfast. It must have been soon after half-past seven o'clock that morning when I began the washing and booting operations which preceded the rough but not always ready breakfast. It was nearly half an hour later, perhaps, when B. came into the tent with the news that the Russians were advancing. In my letter\* it is stated that the news came to Headquarters at 7.30. Those who had no better were eating their ration biscuit and drinking milkless coffee or tea whilst their horses were being saddled. The whole Headquarters was astir. I, having less to do than my friends, was soonest ready. "By Jove, there is something up!" said Burke. Charteris has just galloped off full speed, and the Staff are turning out from Headquarters as hard as they can." In a minute more the escort of the 8th Hussars, close at hand, was alive. "Stand to your horses!" In a few minutes more—"Mount!" And off the troop trotted towards the house. "What is it all about?" asked S. as the Captain rode past. "I know as little as you do," answered Chetwode, still preserved amongst us—a mighty hunter before the Lord, and a fisherman like Simon Peter.

\* To *The Times*.

"I daresay it is only another of those false alarms we are favoured with so often." Now I do not think that there had been more than two of those false starts up to that time.

I could never understand why they were so long in turning out at Headquarters. The advance of the Russians was detected as soon as it was daylight. A quiet canter would have taken one from Headquarters to the edge of the plateau in twenty minutes. But it was certainly eight o'clock, if not later, before the Commander-in-Chief with his Staff—Sir John Burgoyne, his *aides*—Burke, Stopford, and Wrottesley—General Airey, Estcourt, Colonel Steele, Lord Burghersh, Major Calthorpe, A. Hardinge, followed by the escort of the 8th Hussars—appeared on the ridge. They arrived just in time to see the Russians in possession of the Redoubt Canrobert, on which their flag was hoisted. They saw the end of the attack on the Turks, of which I witnessed the development, if not the beginning. The French infantry lining the trench cut in the scarp of the hill below were looking across the valley towards the redoubts, of which the furthest and most prominent was Canrobert's Hill, now



shrouded in smoke. A Zouave officer told me "fighting at the other side of the redoubt has been going on for some time. But what can these Turks do? Your Cavalry are retiring, and so are your Artillery—they cannot help the Turks!" Just as he spoke, I saw a crowd of Turkish soldiers streaming out of the work. Some ran straight towards Balaclava, others fled in the direction of our cavalry, now a long way off. A *polk* of Cossacks coming over the ridge caught sight of them, and swooped upon the fugitives. The Turks in Redoubt No. 2, coming under the fire of the guns in No. 1, and seeing the Russian Army coming down upon them, bolted also. The sight filled the beholders with most unreasonable indignation. If any were to blame for the spectacle, it was the English and the French, especially ourselves. Could we expect that 1100 or 1200 men split up in three detachments could resist an Army 25,000 strong, with Cavalry and Artillery to match? Our treatment of the Turks from beginning to end was unfair; but I confess that I at the time shared the disgust which was expressed by every one from the General down, ignorant as we were then that the Turks in No. 1 Redoubt had lost more than a fourth of their

whole number ere they abandoned it to the enemy. I am afraid that our movements were characterised by unjustifiable deliberation. It was well indeed the Russians did not move faster.

It was certainly "before sunrise" when Lord Lucan, on his morning ride, close to Canrobert's Hill (No. 1), accompanied by Lord W. Paulet, Lord G. Paget, Major McMahon, and his staff, was startled by the Turks in the redoubts opening fire. It would have been easy to ride from the foot of the hill to Lord Raglan's Headquarters towards the Woronzoff Road.

I am persuaded that whatever there was of disaster and misfortune on 25th October 1854 was due, first, to the distance of Lord Raglan from the field; and secondly, to his failure to understand that from his position on the verge of the plateau he saw more than his generals below could see; therefore, because he took it for granted that they had all the ground under his eyes, he did not take pains in wording his orders to make it so plain to them what he meant that explanation of his meaning was not needed. There must have come home to him when he beheld the redoubts in their hands, the Turks in flight, and a swarm of cavalry preparing to swoop down on our

scanty squadrons and the artillery, which alone held the plain, the great mistake he had committed in omitting to pay any attention to the warning he had received on 24th October, that the enemy would attack Balaclava next day.

But these are reflections, not narrative; so I return to the field.

Lord Raglan sent off *aides-de-camp* to the Cavalry General, to the Duke of Cambridge, and to Sir George Cathcart; and soon after eight o'clock reinforcements were ordered down from camp to defend Balaclava. When Jupiter looks down from Olympus and sees Greeks and Trojans contending before Ilium, he is able to influence the Chiefs in an instant by his celestial *aides-de-camp*, but an earthly Commander-in-Chief, perched up on a height above his troops, is obliged to use human instruments to convey his wishes to his subordinates. He cannot "annihilate time and space."

It must have been ten o'clock, or two hours, before the Guards and the 4th Division appeared. The valley had been left to the Cavalry, a battalion of Infantry, another of Marines, and some invalids, for all that time in the face of upwards of 20,000 men.

I do not intend to describe again the incidents of the familiar field of Balaclava. In a personal retrospect there are many "I's," and, truth to tell, I became rather loth to use up all the capital I's in the printer's cases, for I have been for many years dealing chiefly with the third person—writing of men whose deeds I saw and recorded. Alma was a long, straggling, smoky battlefield, of which the view was interrupted and broken, so that it was impossible to see it all from any point. Inkerman was fought in a fog and mist. But the field of Balaclava was as plainly seen from the verge of the plateau where I stood as the stage and those upon it are seen from the box of a theatre. Every event, every scene, of my life in the Crimea, is branded on my memory—names, faces, persons, nay, conversations, are as sharply cut—I was about to write as if of "yesterday"—I must say—much better defined than my recollection of what occurred a few days ago! Reading now the letter I wrote on the night of the battle of Balaclava,\* the picture as I saw it more than nine-and-thirty years ago rises again before my eyes, but there are details

\* "Letters from the Crimea," cap. xxv., vol. i. Routledge & Co., 1855.

that I recollect and which I had no time to put down. The impressions of the scene left on the memory of those spectators who still survive will never die. Apart from the intense interest of what we saw, there was a panorama of exceeding beauty before our eyes—a picture of green valley and plains, framed with mountain ridges on all sides—with the lake-like waters of the harbour on our right flashing in the sun, and down below us the wheeling squadrons of our cavalry seeming very much as though they were “showing off” for our inspection on some peaceful *schau-platz*. But they were plainly retiring before an actual enemy. The Light Brigade, lancers, hussars, and light dragoons—the “Death and Glory Boys,” the King’s Royal Irish, the Queen’s Own, Prince Albert’s Own, the 13th Light Dragoons (“*viret in æternum*”) were moving from the front across the valley by alternate regiments, and the troop of Horse Artillery which had been with them was trotting towards the rear also. We could make out the regiments and easily identify individual officers, squadron leaders, and others, through our glasses. “There’s Lord George Paget!” “That’s Low!” “Douglas!” “Jenyns!” “Morris!” and so on, &c.

The Heavy Cavalry, further away on the right of the Light Brigade, making a very gallant appearance—the sunshine playing on scarlet and blue uniforms, brass helmets, flashing swords—though the Scots Greys were conspicuous by their horses and bearskins, were not so readily “differentiated.” They were retiring also—good reason for it! What could some hundreds of cavalry unsupported do against an army advancing in force, and against the fire from our redoubts, now directed by the enemy upon them? Maude, who commanded one troop R.H.A., had already fallen badly wounded,\* and there were casualties, I think, in both Brigades.

The Turks who escaped from the first redoubt were not harassed by the Russians—who were engaged with the other redoubts and probably did not observe them. They made their way singly or in groups towards Kadikoi. But their comrades in the other redoubts were not so fortunate. A dark cloud which

\* At one of the Coronation fêtes at Moscow in 1856, a Russian officer told me he had laid a gun of his battery at a horse-battery of ours on 25th October, “and that the shell burst and blew the officer commanding it and his horse to pieces.” He was greatly astonished when I told him that the man he thought he had disposed of was then standing within a few feet of him.

had been lowering on the ridge, burst, in the shape of a storm of Cossacks, on the Turks, running from No. 2 and No. 3. We could hear the yells of the fugitives, and had to witness the work of lance, sword, and pistol on the unfortunates. The image that occurred to me at the time was that of autumn leaves careering before the wind—it comes back to me again. It was curious thus to assist at such a study of Cossacks and their ways at our feet. Pity for the Turks was at the moment deadened by unreasonable anger at their abandonment of the redoubts, aggravated perhaps by seeing them plundering the camps and the bales and bundles they were carrying on their way towards Kadikoi.

On our left, behind the Turk and the Cossack, there was slowly developing a great menace to our hold on the plain. Tens of thousands of cavalry and infantry could be plainly seen pouring down from Komara, up from the river and valley of the Tchernaya, and out of the recesses of the hills near Tchorgoun to challenge our grip on the Chersonese. The morning light shone on acres of bayonets, forests of sword-blades and

lance-points, gloomy-looking blocks of man and horse—giving, as we were soon glad to see, a false impression of power.

The pursuit of the Turks was soon over. The Cossacks, who pursued, were coming near to the plateau, and looking up they must have seen a long line of bayonets, and the generals, the staffs and escorts making a brave display on the sky-line. They began to fall back and close up in the direction of the redoubts. Presently there came in view from the lower ground a dense column of cavalry and squadron after squadron deployed, expanding into an array, capable apparently of sweeping into the sea our pretty, brilliant-looking little regiments. We had caught sight of these horsemen as they emerged from the valleys behind Komara, but had no idea of the force they were in. Columns of infantry were behind them on the march down the hills near the Tchernaya, batteries of artillery ascended the ridge, from which fire was opened at our Heavy Cavalry. These latter were moving back towards their camping-ground in two columns. One column, the Inniskillings and Scots Greys to the left, were marching apparently towards



Kadikoi, where the 93rd Highlanders were posted ; the other was passing near the vineyards by their camp.

I have seen a good many battles and I have assisted at a considerable number of manœuvres, field-days, and reviews. If I were asked to point out any marked difference between the movements of troops engaged in actual fighting and those of troops employed in mimic warfare, apart from the plain visible effects on the ranks of shot, shell, and sabre, the collision of hostile squadrons, and dead or dying horses, I would say that in battles there are pauses which do not occur in carrying out "general ideas" and programmes, and that there are more "fuss and feathers," as the Americans have it, about peace manœuvres. Feathers, indeed, are eschewed by generals and staff in action, and in real business fuss is subdued, if not entirely "squelched," to use Mr. Carlyle's forcible verb. A spectator at a field-day, generally in a state of helpless ignorance of "what it all means," may well be on the verge of insanity when he looks at a stricken field and observes the movements preceding and following the *concursum virorum*.

There was no mistaking the purpose of the Russians. They were making a bold *coup* for Balaclava, and there were good grounds for fearing that they might effect it before there was force enough in the valley to frustrate them. A thousand horsemen, two batteries, one regiment of infantry, some invalids, the Marines on the heights—these were our present strength! There was, to be sure, the broadside of a man-of-war to be reckoned with by any enemy advancing straight on the harbour; but if the Russians established themselves on the heights, the ships were at their mercy.

I looked at the group of officers representing the military mind of England close at hand at this crisis, and I was not much impressed with confidence by what I saw. I cannot recollect if Sir John Burgoyne was there at the time—but there were few, if any, of the officers around their chief who had ever seen a shot fired till the morning of September 20th at the Alma. Lord Raglan was by no means at ease. There was no trace of the divine calm attributed to him by his admirers as his characteristic in moments of trial. His anxious mien as he turned his glass

from point to point, consulting with Generals Airey, Estcourt, and others of his staff, gave me a notion that he was in "trouble." Perhaps he alone, of all the group on the spot, fully understood the gravity of the situation.

The French infantry below, lining the shallow trench along the edge of the plateau, were much exercised by what they saw. Their lively comments, mingled with many expletives, reached our ears now and then. Presently, an animated outburst of "*Voilà!*" spread along the front. All heads were turned to the right. General Canrobert had made his appearance with his staff, and Lord Raglan seemed to be explaining to the Frenchman the nature of the situation. Off flew *aides-de-camp* presently to quicken Vinoy's brigade, and to hurry up the cavalry, of which arm our allies had but a scanty supply. I edged away from the Headquarters Staff to the left a little lower down the slope, close to the epaulement lined by the French. The Light Cavalry were back once more near their old position. They seemed very much at their ease. I could see the officers, flask in hand, munching whatever they had, and smoking, and the men, as they stood by their

horses, were chatting as if they were off duty. Little they knew that they were on the eve of being "heroes" or of being reckoned among the dead, wounded, and missing of a famous fight in a forthcoming Gazette! Lord Cardigan was standing with two or three officers apart in front of the line near me, easily recognisable by his figure and bearing, and I could make out many others—Lord George Paget, Douglas, Shewell, De Salis, Morris, Lord Fitzgibbon, big Cook, little Trevelyan, Seager, Heneage, Mussenden, Portal, Palmer, Wombell, &c.

"What are they buzznacking about like that for, I wonder?" asked a young commissariat officer of Vacher.

"Probably for missing rations," was the answer—the curious word "buzznacking" in the question sticks in my memory.

Here, in parenthesis, I may say that the "Lion's Providers" as they were called, and the doctors were not in much consideration till provisions were scarce, and sickness and wounds were rife! The Light Cavalry to the left dismounted were almost below me in two lines as if they were on the best

possible terms with the dark-coated columns trotting up from the valley at the other side of the Woronzow Road, which, however, I believe, they could not see. They had fallen back from the vicinity of No. 2 Redoubt, and when they had nearly reached their own lines they halted and fronted E. and N. Presently my attention was directed to the right by the exclamations of the French officers near me. A body of horse, detached from the main force of the Russian cavalry, was advancing towards Kadikoi under cover of their field batteries, as if minded to dash into Balaclava. From my point of observation, the 93rd Highlanders, with some Turks huddled at the flank, looked like a "thin red line." It seemed as if the horsemen would ride over the frail fence of men. They appeared to be on top of it, when a burst of whirling smoke obscured the scarlet streak, and the Russians, wheeling round, pursued by the fire of Barker's battery and the guns above, drew off towards the ridge. A buzz of voices, cries of "Bravo! Well done, Sir Colin! Bravo, 93rd!" greeted the repulse. But we were to see something more exciting still.

Up to this point it was evident that our attitude

was defensive. I saw an officer ride down from Lord Raglan's staff at a break-neck rate to the plain, and gallop across it to the group of mounted men—Lord Lucan and his staff—on a slight rise in the ground at our side of the redoubts. Next I saw with astonishment the greater part of the Heavy Cavalry wheel to the right towards their camp—turning their back, as it seemed to me, to the Russian Cavalry, now crowning the ridge of the redoubts. That order produced a commotion below. The officer rode rapidly to the Heavy Cavalry staff, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, a squadron of Inniskillings and two squadrons of Scots Greys were soon on the march towards Kadikoi. We looked at each other in astonishment, for it appeared as if the Light Brigade was a “a negligible quantity” in the situation, and that our Heavy Brigade was absolutely abandoning the ground to the Russians, who were now almost below us. I now know that Lord Raglan directed Lord Lucan, who was taking up a position to defend Kadikoi, to move back towards the redoubts; and that then, perceiving the isolation of Colin Campbell's force, he sent orders to counter-march the Heavy Cavalry, or at least eight squadrons

of them, towards Balaclava, to support the Highlanders. The first order was brought by Wetherall; the second was, I think, conveyed by General Sir Arthur—then Captain—Hardinge. I cannot be certain if he was the bearer of the second order, but I remember meeting him immediately after the charge, flushed and triumphant, his tunic in disorder, the straps of his overalls broken. “Did you see it all? Was it not glorious?” he exclaimed, as he pressed his horse up the slope which I was descending. The main body of the enemy’s horse had not only crossed over the ridge, but were descending into—nay, their advance was in—the valley under us. Some said they were 4000, others 3500 or 3000. Unaccustomed as I was then to see large bodies of cavalry, I thought they must be at least 5000, but there is reason to think that they were only about 2000 strong—25 squadrons—and it is a curious instance of the difficulty of arriving at truth in such matters to remark, that observers like myself declared they had no flankers, whereas, though they fell in when the Cavalry moved down the slope, I saw flankers distinctly. It was with a gulp in the throat that we now saw the six squadrons suddenly wheel

right about—Inniskillings and Greys in front—and face the enormous mass bearing down upon them. No man said a word, but there was a low murmur like a great sigh. The Russian Cavalry, which, once over the ridge, had advanced at a good pace, now came to a halt in a curved line and fronted our squadrons, the centre bulging in, and the flanks craning slightly forwards. Then they trotted on, but not so fast. The Greys, the Inniskillings on their right, were moving towards them, at first at no very rapid pace. The Russians, instead of taking advantage of the ground, for some inscrutable reason halted once more, and some of their horsemen fired pistols. Then they moved on at a quick walk or a very gentle trot. The Greys quickened their pace and seemed to distance the Inniskillings. Then, in less time than I write the lines, the bearskins, scarlet tunics and grey horses, with a halo of bright steel above them, closed on the enemy. The Inniskillings attacked the left flank. They burst through the Russian front, where the centre bulged in, and we saw them engulfed in the vast mass. It is no exaggeration to say that it appeared impossible that they could come out again! The huge blocks of



Cavalry were heaving like a sea ; some waves of it were indeed advancing. The right flank of the Russians wheeled round, as if to cut off all chance of escape from the horsemen, who, buried in the sombre multitude, were busy cleaving their way through it—bits and patches of scarlet. We could hear the clash of swords, the shouts, the pistol-shots below ! At that critical moment we saw the 4th Dragoon Guards dash at the right flank of the Russians and roll them up. The 5th Dragoon Guards and the Royals fell upon them next, and completed the work ! In five minutes the Muscovite horse, beaten out of all shape and formation, disintegrated and pierced by Greys and Inniskillings, reeling from the shock of the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards and the Royals, retired in disorder. It was a marvellous sight ! There arose a great shout from the spectators. Curzon was sent down by Lord Raglan with the condensed eulogy “ Well done ! ” Officers and men, French and English, all greatly elated, clapped their hands with delight. For a few moments the Heavy Cavalry were in broken masses, but the officers made energetic attempts to rally them. In two or three minutes I was on the

battlefield. The surgeons were busy. Helmets, swords, and pistols on the ground rendered it necessary to move carefully. One trooper of the 5th Dragoons running to join his squadron held up his sword, which certainly was not bright blue steel, and said, "The villain dismounted me, but I ran him through the body!" Others were showing their wounds, or relating what they had done and suffered. It was not possible to obtain any particulars of the fight. Our long-expected reinforcement was at hand. The Brigade of Guards, the 79th, and the 42nd, descending from the plateau and marching towards Kadikoi, deployed in the plain; the Heavy Cavalry moving forwards toward the redoubts. In half an hour afterwards Cathcart's Division filled up the gap in the line in advance of Balaclava. The Russian Cavalry were falling back in a leisurely manner within a few hundred yards of the Light Cavalry Brigade, who could have inflicted on the retiring enemy, whose flanks were exposed to them, a crushing blow. What was Lord Cardigan about? What were the Light Cavalry doing? They had been dismounted for nearly an hour and a half on the ground they occupied facing towards the east. The

enemy showed no signs of any intention to resume the aggressive. Apprehensive rather of attack, they withdrew from the advanced redoubts, blowing up the magazines. Their batteries, however, continued firing on the Heavy Cavalry and on the Infantry at long range.

The advance of the Russian Infantry ceased. They were forming up in the valley, the battalions nearest to the ridge retired to the slopes of the redoubts, the defeated Cavalry taking up ground in the rear near the Tchernaya. Notwithstanding the exultation caused by the overthrow of the Russian Cavalry, there was a feeling of dissatisfaction.

When the 4th Division formed up near the redoubts, two squadrons of the 4th Chasseurs d'Afrique, particularly smart and soldierly, their light blue uniforms showing with great effect, passed onwards and took up ground to their left, cheered by "the hill men"—English and French.

An hour passed. What were we going to do? The plain at our side of the Woronzoff Road was held by a force certainly equal to that of the enemy at the other side of it. But it was not the intention of the allied generals to take the offensive. They

were becoming aware that they had tried to do too much.

It was noticed with pleased surprise presently that a little band of Turks, led by a resolute Pasha on a grey Arab, coming out from the great array of British and French Infantry in the plain, boldly advanced and took possession of redoubt No. 5.

The Russians, on the other hand, appeared to expect that a movement would be made to retake the redoubts. They proceeded to remove the guns they had captured. I confess I did not notice that they were engaged in doing so. Anyway, their proceedings moved Lord Raglan to give the order which caused the glorious disaster of a charge which did not rescue the guns, and which "lost the Light Brigade!"

I do not understand, even at this moment, how the Light Cavalry could have succeeded in doing that which, it is said, Lord Raglan intended they should accomplish. The guns were in Redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3. The first was plainly inaccessible to horsemen—to have charged 2 and 3 in the face of the force of Infantry, Artillery, and Cavalry, the enemy had within supporting distance of it, would

have been quixotic in the extreme. In fact, the Heavy Cavalry Artillery, which got under fire of No. 2 Redoubt, had to retire. Lord Raglan, we are told, had meditated the recapture of the redoubts before the overthrow of the Russian Horse, but the tardiness of the Guards and of the troops summoned from the front had not permitted him to make an offensive movement. However, he was now animated by the defeat of their Cavalry to risk his own. Here we come to the orders—to those most unfortunate orders of the British General. I do not know, even to this day, who wrote the first order despatched to Lord Lucan. It ran thus: "*Cavalry to advance and take advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights. They will be supported by the Infantry which have been ordered. Advance on two fronts.*" Will any one say that such an order could have been taken by the Cavalry General down below to mean that he was to advance against the enemy without Infantry?

Lord Lucan mounted his Cavalry, altered the position of the Light Brigade, and halted on the rising ground facing towards the redoubts with the Heavy Brigade. There were no Infantry at hand. Lord Lucan waited for them. Ten minutes, a quarter of

an hour, half an hour passed! The Infantry came not! Three quarters of an hour elapsed! Lord Lucan still waited. "By Jove," said some one of the Staff up above on the plateau, "the Russians are taking away the guns!" And then Lord Raglan dictated to General Airey the fatal order: "*Lord Raglan wishes the Cavalry to advance rapidly to the front and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of Horse Artillery may accompany. French Cavalry is on your left. Immediate.*" The front! The guns! I am going to thresh out the shreds of the wretched controversy about that order. It has been supposed—indeed, Lord Raglan was under the impression—that Lord Lucan was influenced by a "*rancune*" against Captain Nolan, which caused him to assume an offensive attitude to that officer when he brought him that order. We never can hear the other side. But there is, I think, no reason to doubt Lord Lucan's version of what occurred between him and Captain Nolan. But no one can pretend that Lord Lucan spoke anything but the truth when he said that to him "neither enemy nor guns were in sight." They who saw the Russian battalions, squadrons, and guns disposed in

the valley in front of the Light Cavalry could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw the Brigade move forward, and presently break into a charge, of which the pace, quickening every moment, carried them into the smoke of the guns and of the rolling musketry, which opened at once on them.

The lines of horsemen had a perceptible interval between them as they vanished into "the war cloud rolling down," but ere the impetuous flood swept over the plain, the "specks" which speedily dropped behind in their course dead and dying man and horse told the story of the desperate adventure. Then all became a blurred vision of dark figures and white wreaths of smoke. The full extent of the possible calamity of that charge was not grasped at once by the beholders on the plateau.

When I saw our troopers emerging from the fatal valley I rode down to the plain. It was a sorry sight indeed. Of the brilliant squadrons that had gone forth little more than half an hour before, there were now but a few groups of mounted and dismounted men gathered behind the Woronzow Road. There was no distinct image, on the minds of any of the survivors with whom I conversed, of the actual events.

Guns in line, gunners hiding under them, figures emerging and disappearing in the smoke wreaths—Cossacks here, Lancers there, and Infantry on the hillsides in the brushwood, and battalions drawn up behind the batteries firing. They had a confused memory of comrades fighting fiercely or falling from their horses—riderless horses galloping about. So many poor fellows “done for!” Bob White cut to ribands! Morris slashed to pieces! Halkett! Winter! Oldham! Goad! Lord George Paget could not account for the proceedings of the 8th Hussars, which went off altogether to the right, away from his line. He said, “I saw nothing of Lord Cardigan after the guns opened till all was over.” But Lord George was leading the second line with his regiment, the 4th Light Dragoons. The 13th Light Dragoons and the 17th Light Dragoons, in the first line, had in fact been led so fast by Lord Cardigan that they got away far in advance of the supports, and were lost sight of in the smoke of the guns among which they charged. Whilst I was speaking to Lord George, I saw Major de Salis with some of the 8th Hussars returning from looking for the bodies of some of their officers, and I rode for a few minutes with him; he



was very sad and silent. Lord Fitzgibbon was killed or taken prisoner,\* three or four officers of the regiment were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. And indeed all I spoke to—and I rode from regiment to regiment looking for officers I knew—all spoke in the same way—of the losses of comrades, rank and file, and horses—"all for nothing!" They had not the least idea of the immense *kudos* they had gained for ever! There was the same outcry as from the Heavy Cavalry—their swords were so blunt that they did not reach the skin of the thickly coated Russians or cut through their shakoos. Whose fault was that? Surely it was some one's business to see that the edges of the troopers' swords were sharp enough for work! Many Russians on the flank, dismounted by the shock of the chargers of the troopers, were unhorsed and escaped unhurt.

The rumour soon ran that Lord Raglan had given Lord Cardigan a tremendous wiggling, and had "given it hot" to Lord Lucan too. Now, I was

\* His fate was never cleared up. His body could not be found, and the Russians knew nothing of him—he was not among the prisoners.

not very far off when Lord Cardigan rode up to the Commander-in-Chief. I saw him rein up and speak to Lord Raglan, who, judging from the way he shook his head as he spoke, and jerked the armless sleeve of his coat, was much moved with anger. But when Lord Cardigan turned to rejoin the fragments of his brigade he seemed in no degree depressed, and as he cantered away on the charger the tail of which was plucked so bare by the Londoners when he returned home, he bore himself proudly. I did not see Lord Lucan to speak to till the 27th of October, for on the 26th I was busy writing my letter. He told me that "he was quite content with *his* charge—he had ordered the Heavy Brigade to charge the Russian horse, and he had nothing to do with Lord Raglan's charge, except to pass on the orders he had received, that the Light Brigade was to charge—that *he* had not lost them, he had obeyed orders." He was "very angry with the Royals. He would have brought Yorke to a court-martial, only he was so badly wounded later on," &c.\*

\* Lord Lucan appears to have been quite wrong about this. The evidence is strong that the Royals had no orders, but that they did charge valiantly and effectively when they saw the

I think it right to clear the memory of Lord Lucan, who was the scapegoat of the day, from the imputation that he was on bad terms with the officer who bore the order, and disliked him so much that he lost his temper and the power of self-control and the exercise of his judgment. Lord Lucan, in a letter to General Airey, says :

*“ Lord Raglan was totally misinformed when he was told that, prior to the action of the 25th of October, I entertained any bad feeling whatever towards Captain Nolan. I had never up to that time heard that he had said or done anything to give me annoyance : his contradiction of the accuracy of the report made by Sir Colin Campbell and myself respecting the advance of the enemy was certainly improper, but unimportant. From the time of our landing in the Crimea, I do not*

Greys in danger of being cut off, and two officers—Robertson and Glas Sandeman—still alive, give distinct accounts of the part taken by their regiment in the action. I also had accounts from Col. Yorke himself and the late General Wardlaw, who were very much incensed with Lord Lucan for his unfairness, and in consequence of their statements I corrected, in a subsequent edition of my “Letters from the Crimea,” a passage relating to the Royals, resting on Lord Lucan’s authority.

*recollect to have exchanged half a dozen words with him ; since his death, I have certainly learnt that he had held language about the cavalry in the presence of and to some of the Headquarters Staff, and to others, most offensive towards that branch of the service, and in his position most improper ; his manner, again, when delivering your instructions on that day, was very disrespectful ; but I repeat most positively, that prior to the action of the 25th I never had any bad feeling towards Captain Nolan, nor did I know that I had cause for any."*

There were, as all the world knows, two orders relating to this bad business, and there was an interval between the first and the second order of more than half an hour. In No. 1 (loosely written and conceived: no one can make head or tail of it!) Lord Lucan's Cavalry was "to advance" (where to?) "*and take advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights.*" (The word "redoubts" might have well been substituted for "heights.") It is not indicated how far the cavalry were to advance—and they could not go very far in front without coming under fire—but the dominant factor in the conditions under which

any advance at all was to be made was that the support of "*infantry which have been ordered*" was to be afforded in making it. It has been argued by an eminent historian, who was also counsel learned in the law, that although there was no "to" before the word "*advance*," and although there was a full stop after "*ordered*," and that "*advance*" was spelt with a capital "A," Lord Lucan must have understood what was meant. Did Lord Raglan order the Duke of Cambridge and Sir G. Cathcart's infantry to support? If he did, the orders were not obeyed. No advance of the First or of the Fourth Division towards the Cavalry, either light or heavy, was in evidence. They were not, as far as I could see, put in motion during the time, nor does Lord Raglan say that he gave them orders to support the Cavalry, nor is there any allusion to this "Infantry support" to be found in any despatch. The First Division was near Lord Raglan—the Fourth Division was further to the right, in the plain down below him. The second order was sent to Lord Lucan some thirty or thirty-five minutes after the first order. Let us see wherein the second differed from the first order. In the second order there is no mention made of "*infantry support*."

That condition ceased to exist. In lieu of it there are two curious elements introduced. "*Troop of Horse Artillery may accompany.*" What does that mean? Was the accompaniment to be a possibility dependent on the will of the Artillery officer—or on the will of the General—or on chance? The "*may*" surely is mysterious. The other element is the statement of a fact then quite obvious, I presume, to the Earl of Lucan. "*French Cavalry is on your left.*" The executive and potential part of the order, however, is only conveyed in a wish. "*Lord Raglan wishes the Cavalry to advance rapidly to the front.*" Here are two variants—they are now to advance "*to the front*"—they are also to advance "*rapidly*"; they are no longer to "*take advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights*";—they have a specific object of a different character—they are to try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Emphatic vagueness! Fatal misdirection! In *front* of the Light Cavalry were the *Russian* guns, the *English* guns were on their right in the redoubts on the heights. It was towards the valley, where the Russian guns were, that Nolan pointed—it was in that direction Lord Lucan believed Lord Raglan

"wished" the Cavalry to "rapidly advance"—it was in that direction Lord Cardigan led his devoted squadrons with—he told me—the words, as he drew his sword, "Here goes the last of the Brudenels!"

Well! It was all over—that famous day—and we had only to count the losses. Save on that side of the national ledger where gallant deeds and high achievement figure under the head of "*prestige*," and leave a balance to the credit side which cannot be over-estimated and can never be effaced, there were no gains whatever. The day was over early too—an hour after noon—and there were five good hours of daylight left. The aspect of the plain filled us Ignorantins with expectation. Nothing could be finer than the appearance of the infantry now formed in blocks of scarlet or blue below, and filling the valley with the solid-looking masses. Cathcart's division—two fine brigades—were menacing the Russians' hold on the redoubts, and his skirmishers were maintaining a smart fire on the face of the hills. The Brigade of Guards were drawn up on the left, near the western slope of the Woronzow Road, and the Highland Brigade (save the 93rd) nearer to Inkerman.

The French cavalry, further on the left—a brigade of infantry in support—made a fine show; two of Bosquet's brigades formed on the right, covering Balaclava, with the support of those Turks who had not been engaged, secured the position of Sir Colin. It was difficult for us who were looking down on the field to believe that our generals were about to accept the situation; for there was, as a result of the combats of the forenoon, a distinct gain for the enemy and a material disadvantage to the Allies, and apparently there were ample means to reverse the fortune of the day. Whatever the objects of the enemy may have been—to destroy an imaginary artillery park in the valley, which is probable—or to obtain possession of Balaclava, which is not likely—they were not successful; but, as a reconnaissance in force, their enterprise had enabled them to ascertain how soon the Allies could move down from the camps in front to the plain, and it had also put them in possession of the Woronzow Road, the importance of which neither they nor we quite appreciated, perhaps, at the time. The sufferings of the winter would have been immensely alleviated—indeed, the relief to us would have been incalculable—by the retention of



the Woronzow Road. The Russians seemed to have shrunk back to the gorges of Tchorgoun and Baidar, leaving the cavalry to connect the two wings of their army, but they held a force of some 3000 infantry close to the third redoubt, from which their artillery kept up a desultory fire on our Heavy Cavalry. "When are we going to begin, I wonder? We are not going to let those fellows stay there?" I am sure that was the general feeling; but not the feeling of the generals, it seemed. Perhaps they were right and we were wrong. It was the neglect of a golden rule for any general who sends an order to a distant subordinate—"Put yourself in his place"—that caused the disaster of the Light Cavalry Charge. No attempt was made to repair it. If at 1.30 o'clock the British and French troops in the plain, with their fine and numerous artillery, with D'Allonville's Cavalry Brigade, and Scarlett's victorious troopers, had been ordered to advance against Liprandi's Army, there can be no question, I think, but that they could have not only recaptured the redoubts and recovered the Woronzow Road, but that they could have driven the Russian Army, split in two, across

the river towards Mackenzie's Farm on one side, and into the Baidar Valley on the other. Then, relieved of their presence, and warned of the faults previously committed, the Allies could have put the redoubts in proper order for defence, and effectually dishearten the enemy, instead of permitting them to boast, with some reason, of a victory, and to exhibit captured British cannon and Turkish standards in Sebastopol.

Balacava was one of the few fields the epochs of which I was able to time by my watch. I had none that would "go" at the Alma, and it was but a few days before the Bombardment of October 17 that I received one from Constantinople. When I hurried into the fiery mist of Inkerman on November 5, I left it behind in my tent, but at Balacava I marked the time of the movements with it. Thus I noted the arrival of the news of the attack at Head-quarters at 7.30; the time of Lord Raglan's turning out "soon after 8 o'clock"; of the arrival of the First Division, 10 o'clock; of the Fourth Division taking up position, 10.40; of Canrobert's conferring with Lord Raglan, 10.50; of the arrival of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, 10.55; of the advance of

the Light Cavalry, 11.10; of the return of the survivors, 11.35 to 11.45; of the Russian retrograde movement, 11.45; of the first general advance of the Allies towards the redoubts at 12 o'clock, and again at 12.40; and of the cessation of the cannonade between the Armies, which began at 12.15, at 1.15. The watch was, I believe, a little slow.

The British Cavalry, after it had inscribed its name on the roll of history at the battle of Balaclava, although it entered an appearance at the Tchernaya, ceased to exist for the army of Sebastopol. There never was, I believe, such a brilliant feat of arms with such little loss to the victors as the charge of Scarlett's Brigade performed. The Greys, Inniskillings, and 5th Dragoon Guards each had 2 killed, the 4th Dragoon Guards had 7 killed and wounded, the Royals 13 killed and wounded, the Greys 57 wounded, the Inniskillings 13 wounded, the 5th Dragoon Guards 11 wounded. Of the Cavalry Staff, Lord Lucan and Scarlett were wounded, Charteris and Lockwood were killed, Maxse and Elliot were wounded; but, as a whole, the Heavy Brigade was efficient after the fight, whereas the Light Brigade, though the remnants

of it appeared on the field and suffered loss at Inkerman, could scarcely be regarded as a coherent force. But, shattered as they were, the pieces were put together, regimentally, before the day closed, and were kept on the ground for hours. Why were the "remains" of the Light Cavalry kept on the ground famishing within 500 yards of their lines till five o'clock, nearly four mortal hours, after the charge? It was a question which was asked of me, to which I could make no answer. Some of the men and horses, according to Lord George Paget, had had nothing to eat since the night before!

The 4th Light Dragoons had 2 officers and 32 men killed, 2 officers and 22 men wounded, 7 prisoners wounded, and 9 prisoners unwounded. The 8th Hussars had 2 officers and 26 men killed, 2 officers wounded; prisoners, 1 officer and 6 men and 17 men wounded, 3 unwounded. The 11th Hussars had 32 men killed, 3 officers and 23 men wounded; prisoners, 5 wounded, 2 unwounded. The 13th Light Dragoons had 3 officers and 24 men killed, and 14 men wounded; prisoners, 9 wounded and 2 unwounded. The 17th Lancers had 3 officers and 3 men killed, 4 officers and 34 men wounded; pri-

soners, 1 officer and 11 men wounded—no unwounded prisoners.

I spent the rest of the day “meandering about”—now upon the plateau to see if any change was taking place—now down below—in search of news—and, shall I admit it? food—for I was excessively hungry—my horse browsed whenever he had a chance, and there was still grass in the valley, but I had had but a light and very early breakfast, and I could not return to Headquarters, lest “something might happen.” Very grateful was I to Barlee, who gave me a biscuit and a pull at his flask. These comforts were supplemented by similar “scraps” and “supps” from poor Seymour’s haversack, and from Joliffe and other benefactors whose names I forget, so that I was enabled “to keep the field” till evening, when the Guards marched back to camp and Lord Raglan returned to Headquarters. I rested on the shaft of an araba near the cavalry camp for half an hour, and made up my notes—the abstract of which appeared as a postscript to my letter to *The Times*. As darkness came on, I went back to my tent—shared, as my readers may remember, with others. It was filled with

officers discussing the events of the day, amid clouds of tobacco smoke, talking of Cardigan, Nolan, Shute, Hodge, Mouat—a surgeon who distinguished himself—and many others—heroes as yet unknown to the world.

It was not a favourable place or moment for literary composition, and yet it was absolutely necessary to write, and that at once, for the mail would be leaving in a few hours! My head was aching and my heart was sore, but there was no help for it, and to work I went; my writing table was my knee, my seat a saddle, my lamp a commissariat candle stuck in a black bottle. Many years later, one evening after a long march on the road to Paris, as I was writing in very different circumstances, the Crown Prince said to me, "You are the hardest worker among us all! When our work is over and we can go to sleep, you have to begin again and describe what has been done." My companions were not inclined to silence, and they were full of information and of comment and advice—"Mind you put in this, &c. &c.," "Don't forget to say that, &c. &c." But they had had a long day as well as myself. One by one the interlopers retired with friendly advice to me

to "Shut up and go to sleep," and soon all the sound that came to my ear was the sonorous breathings—the *spiritus asper*—of my friends in the straw beside me, and I struggled on till my candle end disappeared in the bottle like a stage demon through a trap-door, and left me in darkness to settle down into my welcome blanket till *reveille* sounded.

## CHAPTER VII

### INKERMAN

WHEN I look back on the Inkerman Day, and recall the incidents of the fight, and of the days before and after it, I raise up my hands in wondering thankfulness! Heaven indeed deserted Holy Russia on November 5, 1854. A special providence saved the Allies from the consequences of their neglect of every military precaution, and of the very law of self-preservation. For once God was *not* with the "*gros bataillons*," and our parson that night had good reason to exclaim, "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side," &c. The day of November 4 was dull, raw, and rainy, and when I left my tent after breakfast to go down to Balaclava in search of creature-comforts and news, I was glad to put on poor Nolan's waterproof which I purchased at the camp sale of his effects a few days before. I say "my" tent, because I lived under cover of it;



but the lawful tenant was an officer on the Staff with whom I shared it. When I reached the knoll over against Kadikoi, on which John Brandling's troop of Horse Artillery was quartered, I had leisurely survey of the valley through the very good Dollond telescope which Mr. Kinglake had left me when he went home. I could see the Russians manœuvring a large force on the ground extending from Canrobert's hill towards the Tchernaya north-westwards—some 15 battalions of foot and some 2500 or 3000 horse—marching, wheeling and exercising, now hidden in the mist and drizzle of rain, and now quite visible. A little to the left Bosquet and a group of Staff officers, dismounted, were taking note of their proceedings; and a gathering of Turkish officers, on the top of their earth-works, was engaged in an animated observation of the doings of the enemy. The moment I left the plateau and lost sight of the Russian positions there was a complete change of feeling. I cared no more about the siege or the front—the boom-boom of the cannonade, the sputtering crackle of the rifle-pits, dulled by the distance. I thought of letters, possible parcels, from

home; of the arrival of friendly transports and men-of-war, from the former of which I could buy provisions, and from the latter receive hospitality. I drew rations; but the biscuit was not palatable, the beef was tough, and the mutton goaty. They needed condiments and supplements. Ah! in a month more how welcome even they would have been!

The *Col* road was in pretty good order as yet, and all the day long there was a stream of officers and men walking or riding up and down, horses toiling with shot and shell to the parks, and commissariat carts. The front and Balaclava were wide as the poles asunder, and news from the former was always welcome down below. I do not think I very much wrong the gallant Highlanders and the Marines if I say they were content with their lot at Kadikoi and on the heights, for what they heard of life in the trenches was not calculated to make them enamoured of it, and the Russians were near enough to give them a fillip at any moment. At this time the great bazaar which was later to be seen at Kadikoi had not come into existence, for the idea of the army wintering in the Crimea had never entered the

head of the respectable "*publikum*." Mother Seakole had not 'stablished her store; Oppenheim had not set up his booth for the sale of hams, jams, whisky, beer, and the like; nor had Crockford arrived to seek to retrieve the fortunes of his house. As I rode down the path between the hillside and the beach, into Balaclava, I encountered two horsemen—one in hussar uniform; the other, an unlovely gentleman, in a flat-brimmed bell-topper, frock-coat, and overalls strapped over patent-leather boots. The first was Lord Cardigan; the second, his friend, Mr. De Burgh, known to the London world as "the Squire." They had just landed from the yacht whence the General commanded the Light Cavalry Brigade. "Haw! Haw! Well! Mr. William Russell! What are they doing? What was the firing for last night? And this morning?" I confessed ignorance. "You hear, Squire? This Mister William Russell knows nothing of the reason of that firing! I daresay no one does! Good morning!" They rode on.

There was unusual animation in the port; more sailors had landed from the fleet. The 42nd and

79th had come down from the front to join the 93rd and complete Sir Colin Campbell's brigade, and for some days the *Sans Pareil* had been lying broad-side on to Kadikoi. On the beach I met Eber—a Hungarian who had been a patriot in '48, and who was a correspondent in '54, now with the Turks, afterwards General under Garibaldi, Member of Hungarian Diet, and of the mixed Committee of Austro-Hungarian Dual Government on Military Business—querulous, sarcastic, capable, and despondent, though brave as a lion. "There shall be another damn surprise soon!" quoth he. "Vy vill Lord Raglan pay no heed to de Turks? Dey hear from the Tartars everywhere dat Menschikoff and Gortschakoff have got tens of thousands, and more coming—and de Pasha send word to Lord Raglan and offer his Turks—here are 6,000 as brave men as ever live! No. Bah! vat dam nonsense you make because dree batallyons did not beat sevendy batallyons! You have not enough men, I tell you, and I know de war, and you shall want de Turks."

I got back to Headquarters after dark, and Eber came up with me. My Staff friend, Stopford, Eber, and I feasted on our rations, to which I added a

tin of curried rabbit and some cheese, drank our "tots" of rum, smoked our pipes, and broke up the tobacco council to retire for the night. Before I did so, I went across to the lines where the horses stood under shelter of an old wall, saw that some fodder I had brought up had been equally divided, and then turned in—*i.e.*, kicked off riding-boots and got in between the tarpaulin coverlet and the rug, which was spread over a layer of straw—listened for a while to the drip of the rain, the thudding of firing in the trenches, the stamping of horses near at hand—and so to sleep and to dream.

"Hallo! What is it?" The light of a lantern was flashing in my eyes. "Get up! We are attacked!" The noise I had heard in my sleep was not "the cannon's opening roar," not the ordinary cannonade between trench and fortress, but quick outbursts of artillery, with an underlying rattle of musketry. What a struggle with those boots! How difficult it was to find anything before I was ready! The grooms and batmen were busy in the lines, and in a few minutes my horse was saddled. I put all the biscuit I could lay my hands on, a lump of cheese in one holster, a revolver and

a flask of rum and water in the other, mounted, and rode outside the enclosure to listen. Lights were flashing in the tents—the Hussars were turning out—candles glaring in the Headquarters' windows—lanterns in all directions—no light in heaven—a drizzle, half mist, half rain, obscured all things. "It is an attack on Balaklava!" said my Staff friend. "It is on the French!" said Eber. "I think it's on all sides," said I; "but the firing seems heaviest towards the Windmill. Let us go that way." Easier to say than to do. It was black as pitch. True Cimmerian darkness! There were no bearings to take. Although we knew the general direction of every point on the plateau from our camp, we had to grope very slowly through the fog; but we could no longer doubt that the firing was from the right front of our position, for the gloom was lighted by the flashes. As we rode towards the Windmill there came a gleaming of the dawn!

There were four of us, as I said, hastening in the dark from the Headquarters' Camp towards the battle-field, "making for the sound of the enemy's guns"—the Staff officer, Surgeon Fowle-Smith, the Hungarian Colonel (afterwards General) Eber, and

myself. The road which we were following—a beaten track on the undulating plain of the plateau—led past the encampment of the First Brigade of the Light Division, and then, dipping into the hollow, or narrow valley, in which the Windmill, used for the storage of ammunition, was situated, ascended the slope of the opposite fall. On the plateau, above the Windmill, the road divided, one branch running northwards to the Second Division camp, another striking to the right to the camp of the Brigade of Guards, in rear of the Second Division. The bugles were sounding all along the front, and we could see the dim outlines of the companies as they fell in and marched towards the right, or disappeared over the dip of the ridge. When our little party reached the camp of the First Brigade of the Light Division, in front of which was the Lancaster Battery; the continuous sound of musketry, the impetuous outburst of heavy guns, and the noise of bursting shells came at frequent intervals out of the ravine between the camps on the right of our position and Sebastopol, as if from some great crater in eruption. We have all seen the play of lightning amid the thunderclouds as the evening

closes on a sultry day : what we beheld now flashing along the grey horizon to our left and right was very like it. Eber sniffed the air. "Don't you smell de powder?" he inquired; "we are getting very close. Ha! Ha! I am so glad ve are not lade." There was no doubt about it! "We were not late." The sulphurous canopy was rolling over us, the tumult of battle was trebly thundering every moment. Although the musketry had a muffled sound, an increasing volume of it rolled up from the ravines : spattering, dropping, shots very near at hand indeed. The night was yielding to the advancing day, but there was no "morning." A company or two (of the 88th, I think) were on the sky-line. We cantered down the road towards the Windmill, around which were some men of various corps listening to the tumult. "It's very hot above there, gentlemen!" said an artillery sergeant; "two of our chaps were knocked into smithereens a minute ago," pointing to the rising ground. As he was speaking he exclaimed, "Here come some more of the poor boys, anyway!" There was a small irregular column of men in grey coats coming down the path to the Windmill. As they got near we could see there were



among them six or seven wounded men—one shot in the thigh, another in the arm, one with a broken leg, another with a face wound, another in the hand, and so forth. But it was not pleasant to observe that each of them had three, four, or five *sympathisers* to help him! The Staff officer had just been inquiring how our artillerymen found themselves near the Windmill, and heard about their “losing themselves in the fog on their way back from Gordon’s trenches.” He was roused to great indignation when he beheld the new mourning procession. He could make allowances for helping a man with a wounded leg, but here were four men clustered round a soldier with his hand bleeding and with limbs intact.

“What are you doing with that man, all of you?”

“He’s in great pain, sir, and we’re supporting him!”

“Be off to your regiment at once! The doctor will look after them. They’re quite safe here.”

Then said one, “We’re all out of ammunition!”

Their pouches were examined—they were in truth empty.

“The enemy burst out of the brushwood in

thousands on us, but we never gave an inch till we fired our last round."

There is reason to fear the man did not quite speak the truth. Our party, reinforced by an officer of a regiment of the Second Division on his way back from Balaclava, where he had gone the night before with letters for Sir de L. Evans, mounted the gentle ascent from the Windmill.

As I gained the summit, an awful spectacle presented itself. Most of the tents of the Second Division camp were on the ground ; some were on fire—loose horses were careering about. Our troops were engaged with an enemy as yet unseen, but not unfelt—the ground was torn up by shells and round shot, the wounded were streaming out of the fight. The swish of the shells through the air, the hurtling of the fragments of iron, were parlous plain. One special favour came bounding like a football right for us, and ere one could say "Look out!" its pieces were flying about, one smashing the head of an unfortunate man of the 95th who was hobbling away with a wounded leg. As the Irishman said, "there were more where that came from." The lines of a widely extended fire were converging on this ground, and giving

notice to its occupants to quit. But where to go it was not easy to determine. I kept to the left, and enjoyed a cessation of the fast bowling to which we had been exposed for a time. For a few minutes the volleying artillery was comparatively silent—probably they were shifting the position of their guns. The number of wounded and of their friends, however, increased. It was somewhere about this time that I saw the Duke of Cambridge, with his staff, conspicuous among whom was “Jim Macdonald,” and the Guards hurrying up from their camp behind the Second Division. They were intent on work—no talking.

Here was I in a raging battle—no place where men were not falling, where death was not flying on leaden or iron wings. And, let me say, it is—for a man who has no orders to obey, no orders to give, to find himself under heavy fire, a strange position—very uncomfortable, to say the least of it. He cannot, if he cares for his own good opinion, or for that of those around him, gallop off *ventre à terre*. If a bullet finds its billet in his body corporate, he knows that the general verdict of his combatant friends will be: “Serve him right! What business

had he to get in the way?" If a correspondent is involved in the thick of a battle, he has to consider whether he ought to trust to his imagination for his facts, or whether he will run the chance of dying without emolument or glory, present or posthumous, and of depriving his editor of "any account of the proceedings." A soldier in battle, whether he be officer or private, is engaged in his proper business; he has nothing to think of but the discharge of it. If he lives, he has credit, promotion, and honour; if he dies, it is in the service of his country. Always, while there is an enemy before him, he has something to do, and his thoughts are engaged in the execution of it. In the trenches there was fair cover. You could look out now and then and see what was going on without great risk, unless it was in the fury of the bombardments. In the open the case is very different. The atmosphere was heavy with smoke reddened by incessant flashes—the rattle of musketry was constant—the cannonade sounded like the thunder of surf on a rock-bound coast—and through the "war-cloud rolling dun" bodies of men flitted ghostlike. As I trotted on towards Inkerman my horse plunged aside to avoid

a dead man. It was poor Allix, with whom I had ridden part of the way from Balaclava the day before—killed on the road close to his own tent by a round shot! At the edge of the plateau, where there was a steep, almost sheer descent, dense with brushwood, I dismounted and tried to peer into the valley, where there was a hellish turmoil below me. My field-glass was quite useless—the smoke and vapour were too dense; I could see better without it, and what I did see was not pleasant, for men—not always wounded—were falling back from the fight. I rode back to the left, the Second Division camp. I arrived at the ridge in front, where Lord Raglan, with the Headquarters' Staff—among whom I recognised Sir J. Burgoyne, Brigadier-General Airey, Brigadier-General Estcourt, Brigadier-General Strangways, Lieutenant-Colonel Steele, Lieutenant-Colonel Paulet Somerset, &c.—were reconnoitring the field. Pennefather, full of energy, who was directing the defence of the ravines leading to the heart of our position, was explaining something to the chief, and his staff were listening. They were grave and silent, but the Brigadier was alert, cheerful, and vociferous. Lord Raglan and his staff and Penne-

father presently moved off towards the road leading to the Barrier. As I—now all alone—was deliberating what I should do, a French Staff officer galloped out of the fog, and pulling up his horse and saluting, said: "*Mon Général! Pouvez-vous me dire où se trouve le Général Brown?*" (I was wearing a Commissariat officer's cap, and among our allies a *galon d'or* on the *casquette* was regarded as the insignia of a British General.) I answered that I had not seen Sir George, but that the camp of his division, with which he was sure to be in the field, would be reached by following the road back to the Windmill and ascending to the plateau on the other side. The Frenchman saluted and vanished. Scarcely had he disappeared ere another horseman rode for me—this time Pearson (commonly called "Dick" by his friends), with whom I had come from Malta to Gallipoli, Aide-de-Camp to the very Sir George Brown for whom the French Staff officer was looking. He was charged with a message from his chief to Lord Raglan, of whom he, too, was in search. I told him all I knew of the situation, which was not much, and as he rode off he cried: "I advise you to be off out of this! We are in a bad way, my boy!"

The ridge was now a shamble. I had no watch—or, rather, the article I wore as one, had struck work in Bulgaria, and I could not get it repaired; but I think it must have been nearly 8 o'clock, and the day was then as light as ever it was till the night closed in upon us.

It would seem to a casual reader of Kinglake that Lord Raglan had ordered up the two 18-pounders very soon after he perceived the real state of the affair in front. Now it so happens that, when the firing became heavy, Captain Fellowes was sent up to Inkerman by Lord Lucan, who was near Kadikoi, to learn what was going on, and on his return he reported, among other matters, that Strangways had lost a leg, that Carter (41st) had been killed, and “that he had seen Gambier trying to drag up two big guns to the front.” Fellowes was not a man to let grass grow under his horse’s feet: not more than half an hour elapsed between the time he left and his return. I hailed him as he rode back, “What are the Russians in the valley doing?” “Come along and see! I think they’re coming to attack us!” Fellowes was a large man, and rode a very tall, powerful charger. I had no chance of

keeping up with him, particularly in the scrub. As I was working along after him, I saw the Light Cavalry Brigade drawn up, the men standing by their horses, and turned off to have a look at them. I was hailed at once: "Come over and tell us the news, like a good fellow." Lord George Paget, who was in command, and most of the officers—the survivors of Balaklava, Low, Douglas, &c.—were dismounted, and were "discussing" their biscuits and rum-and-water. "And what in Heaven's name are we doing here? Did you ever see such ground for cavalry?" What could I say? "I believe," said Douglas, "the Russians will get hold of Balaklava! There's an enormous force of them in the plain." I had not much to tell, except what they knew—that there was a most furious engagement not far in front, and that we were losing heavily. I bade my friends "Good morning," and rode towards the *Col.* Two brigades of infantry, some squadrons of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and several batteries of artillery with the horses hooked-in, presently came in view, drawn up near the Woronzow Road. As I approached, a general officer on a grey horse and several other French



officers cantered towards me: "*Est-ce que vous venez de Lord Raglan? Nous sommes tout prêts.*" I told him I did not bear any orders. He seemed surprised and disappointed. "*Ces gaillards là*" (pointing to the valley where the Russian troops were visible—cavalry, artillery, and infantry—drawn up in formation like the squares of a chess-board), "*ces gaillards n'ont pas d'intentions sérieuses. Nous les avons surveillés toute la matinée! Vous autres, vous devez être pressés, n'est-ce pas?*" "Yes! But the enemy are still held in check." As we were talking, the thunder of the battle waxed louder and nearer. Raising my imposture of a cap with the *galon d'or*, I rode by the edge of the plateau, took another look at the "Rooskies," and turned once more towards the front. On my way I saw Chasseurs, Zouaves, and Indigènes under arms, and certainly they looked eager and willing—"the light of battle on their faces." I met the litter-bearers carrying wounded men to the field-hospitals, pitched in such sheltered spots as could be found: others were moving about the fringe of the fighting-ground—the ridge was dotted with men unable to move, waiting for help. I renewed the painful experiences of the night after the

battle of the Alma, when with some others I went out on the field to try to be of some use to the wounded. Where could I now get water, lint, bandages? Oh! the sad, the pitiful sight! The haunting eagerness of the wistful eyes! The outstretched hands! The imploring looks! The aspect of the unstaunched, gaping wounds—mute signals of distress! The low moans, audible amid all the din of the fighting armies! None of the officers or men whom I troubled with questions could tell me anything except that the Guards, the Second Division, and one brigade of the Light were nearly destroyed. I learned that I had lost many acquaintances and some friends. Every instant the ambulance men and litter-bearers came thronging about us. Some time—how can one count minutes or even hours in such a hurly-burly, ere “the battle’s lost or won”?—some time, then, after I saw the scattered groups of Guardsmen clambering up from the Inkerman ravine, and the rapid advance of the French to aid them, as the Russians for the sixth or seventh time assailed and finally took the sandbag gun-emplacement (miscalled battery), there was left to me some little hope that the balance would incline to our side. For, looking

back towards the Telegraph, I beheld battalion after battalion of Bosquet's corps coming up through the brushwood, cheered by the knots of our soldiery who had fallen back for ammunition, &c. The fury of the attack was burning out for the time—the hail of shell and shot on us was temporarily diminishing—the tide of fight, so long in the flow against us, was seemingly on the ebb. Now and again a wave of men like a great breaker came from the depth of battle in front and burst upon us, and when the smoke cleared a little, these obstinate flat-caps might be seen as if meditating fresh onslaughts, or retiring in discomfiture.

The rise of the ground at Cossack Hill and the ridges over the Careening Creek, hid the front of our lines—Chapman's and Gordon's Attacks—from view. As there was now heavy firing in the direction of the Redan, I rode to the left of the great ravine, threading my way between ambulance men, litters, men maimed and halting, quartermasters with ammunition cases, and numbers of soldiers of different regiments. In this medley I saw a civilian horseman riding in the same direction as myself. It was Mr. (now Sir) H. Layard—whom

I met on the beach at Old Fort with Delane and Kinglake, and afterwards several times in Balaklava—a constant visitor in camp, the writer of the description, in *The Times*, of the Battle of the Alma as seen from the masthead of the *Agamemnon*, which created a sensation at the time. We rode together to the Picket House, a ruined house with a loose wall of stones in front, whence there was a good view of the city, the Malakhoff, the Redan, the Flagstaff and Quarantine Bastions, to the extreme left of the French on the sea. We had not been long watching the duel between the allied batteries and the fortifications, ere our attention was called to a tremendous cannonade from the works near the Flagstaff Battery and the French. And now a strange incident occurred. The fire suddenly ceased, and we saw swarms of Russians sweep over the parapets of the trenches in front of them, and, in spite of a violent fusillade and cannonade, drive the French out of the first parallel, carry the batteries, and make their way into the labyrinth of traverses and approaches. The French were taken by surprise. But the troops in the rear, reinforced by the columns from the brigades in reserve, stood firm, resisted

further advance for a good half-hour; then, their lines marked by the smoke of musketry, they moved forwards. Presently, we could make out the Russians retreating from the entrenchments and making their way back to cover of their works. But the French were at their heels. They drove them helter-skelter past the outworks, mounted the parapets of the bastions, and actually got into Sebastopol! Sir H. Layard saw these things as well as I did. I have often spoken with Sir Henry Layard about it since, and he is as positive as I am about the matter. I saw the red breeches, blue coats, and kepis inside the works through my glass as plainly as if they were close at hand! Then mines were sprung—masses of earth and timber flew into the air. When the smoke cleared away there were no French visible except a few running back under the fire of the Russian guns! The French certainly were inside Sebastopol for perhaps five minutes. Kinglake says the French penetrated into the nook which divided the lines of Sebastopol from the Quarantine Fort; and, passing over the whole affair, which cost the Russians 1200 men, in a page, insists on it later on that the French ought to have

assaulted Sebastopol whilst the battle of Inkerman was going on ! De Lourmel, the general who led the counter-sortie, was killed ; so were two *chefs de bataillon* and many officers and men. De Bazancourt, who seems to have acquired very little knowledge from personal observation of the matters he wrote about, says that the French got inside some suburb. What we—Sir H. Layard and myself—saw was an absolute French occupation, very brief indeed, but indisputable, as far as the evidence of our eyes could be trusted, of the bastions in front of their trenches. It was some time yet before we had the delight of witnessing the initial effect of Dickson's two 18-pounders on a line of Russian artillery which had been volleying shot and shell on the whole of our right front from Cossack Hill with impunity, and with immunity from our fire—the first demonstration of our power to make answer to that murderous cannonade, that gave us hope. The booms—one, two ; one, two—of Dickson's 18-pounders were dominating the sound of artillery and the volumes of the universal musketry !

It matters little now what time it was when Lord Raglan reached the field. In "Letters from

Headquarters" it is stated that he "reached the camp of the Second Division at ten minutes before 7 o'clock" (6.50). Kinglake says it was "soon after 7 o'clock." In my letter, written the evening of the battle, I say: "It was 6 o'clock before the Headquarters Camp was roused by the musketry and the report of field-guns. Soon after 7 A.M. Lord Raglan rode towards the scene." Considering the light and the state of the ground, it must have been at the earliest 7.30 when he got up to the Second Division. Mischievous enough had been done before he arrived. Bosquet, who was watching the Russians in the Valley of Balaklava from the Telegraph Station, hastened to the front when the firing became serious, and at once offered help to Sir G. Brown and Sir G. Cathcart, whom he met near the Windmill. His offer was declined with thanks! time—invaluable time, every second costing a life—was lost ere Lord Raglan summoned the Frenchman to our aid. When Bosquet was summoned he did not lose a minute before he put his column in motion again. But more than two miles of roadless country lay between his camp and that of the Second Division, and ere the General came up, the Guards

had been forced out of the Sandbag Battery, and the 41st and 49th (Adams's Brigade), terribly mauled, had been forced to retire. But help came at last. It was pitiful in these moments of hopefulness to be obliged to recognise the price at which they had been purchased—to hear on every side of dreadful losses and of signal mercies, akin to disasters.

At this distance of time, without being able to divide it always into periods or sections, I have before me the panorama of the battle as it was unrolled to my gaze. It is blurred here and there in some parts; it is clear and distinct in others. The more striking episodes were personal, not as to myself, but as to others who were engaged in the field, or whom I encountered in the course of the day and saw at various epochs of the fight. There was, I well remember, no joyous exultation such as a brilliant historian delights in ascribing to our soldiers—“*bello gaudentes, praelio ridentes*.” On the faces of those I saw—many of them familiar to me—the strain and stress of such a trial and such a danger as they had been exposed to were too serious for the “rapture” of which Mr. Kinglake writes. Bentinck, as he went from the Sandbag Battery



towards the camp with a shot through his arm, was like a dying man—and a man dying in despair and grief. Sir George Brown, with head uncovered, was carried past me on a litter, so white and wan that I thought he was dead, till he waved his uninjured arm in recognition of my salute, for I took off my cap as the soldiers bore him by. In answer to my inquiry if he was badly wounded, he said :

“I don’t know!—nor care! Our men are overpowered!—that’s all! You’ll have a bad story to tell if you live to tell it.”

The towering figure of Adams, blood streaming from his boot, was propped on his horse, on the shoulder of which he leant, bowed with pain. His countenance was anxious, but he was quite composed. After answering a question as to his wound, he said :

“Unless we are helped, and that very soon, my brigade will be destroyed! Your old friends of the 41st and 47th are suffering terribly! Good-bye!”

And so on—Torrens! Goldie! Harry Smith! Hardy! Ingilby! Gubbins! Harding! Mauleverer! Haly! Warren! and Champion! all carried off the field from the ceaseless tumult—an irregular, trailing exodus—not streaming, but dropping. There were

no prisoners coming in—only our own officers and men wounded, a very few on horseback, many on foot, many on stretchers. The number of runagates—Kinglake's "spent forces"—was considerable. But after the French appeared and joined our sorely tried "squads," the character of the scene changed, and the only joyous sounds I heard that day were the cheers from the crowd of British soldiers which greeted the Zouaves as they strode in company-columns towards the ridge to the sound of the bugles, which rang out the well-known notes. "*As-tu vu la casquette au Père Bugeaud?*" But for the 6,000 French who came to our aid, it would not have been possible for us to have held the Inkerman position. The arrival of the French changed the fortune of the day. After Cathcart's overthrow in the valiant attempt to create a diversion, which cost him his life, the right of the Inkerman ridge was absolutely defenceless, and it was speedily occupied and held in force by the Russians. A French regiment charged them and freed the position. What our allies might have done afterwards, and did not do, I do not know. They are accused of neglecting golden opportunities, and of disregarding sage

counsels of the English General who had never seen a shot fired since he lost his arm at Waterloo, and who never commanded a battalion in his life. But Bosquet and Canrobert were experienced soldiers, fresh from other fields, and they thought that they had something more to do than to "inflict losses" on the Russians. When Todleben was in London, I took occasion to ask him one night at Captain Blakely's, whether he thought the Allies might have turned Inkerman to better account by a close pursuit? He answered:

"I would have desired nothing better! I honestly think you would have incurred disaster. The batteries—our works—the forts—the ships—and an army of 40,000 men, which, though repulsed, was not demoralised—would have inflicted tremendous loss on you. A retreat in front of us then, might have lost you your trenches. Though Gortschakoff was incompetent, he must have come up from the Tchernaya on your flank with 20,000 excellent troops. No! You did very well—too well! I only wish you had come on."

He added that the attack manifestly failed when the Russian artillery on Shell Hill was subjected to

the fire of the heavy guns of the Allies, and could not overcome it so as to permit the deployment of the columns in which the Russians were compelled to march to the ground which they were to occupy. "You had a wide front of fire converging on the heads of the columns, and, small as your regiments were, they had immense superiority in armament, and as our officers came to the front to lead the men they were killed or wounded. You were hidden by the fog, and you had a thin front. But your fire into our dense masses was deadly. Then, again, our men fancied that they had all the siege-guns playing on them, and could not appreciate the work of their own artillery on the hills. Every little obstacle appeared to be a fort or a battery. Your men knew the ground. It is strange but true—the regiments engaged with you were altogether ignorant, officers and men alike, of the *terrain*. They had no *elan*, and they could not use the bayonet on which they rely." And it is true that the Russian infantry were for the most part armed with wretched muskets—converted flintlocks, badly stocked and balanced. They had a certain number of men armed with a heavy, large-

bore Liège rifle, of which I took one to my tent. In many trials afterwards it failed to make good or even decent practice. The Minie, on the contrary, was a very straight and very powerful shooter. The immense number of the enemy killed and wounded proved, not the accuracy of our fire but the range and strength of our fire on men in column.\* . . . . On my way from the Picket House I came up with Sir De Lacy Evans, who was speaking to a Staff officer I did not know. He seemed exceedingly ill, leaning his right hand on the pommel of his saddle. His face, usually severe, was stern and angry. I had come from Varna to the Crimea with him in the *City of London*, and had seen a good deal of him before the army left Bulgaria and after we landed; and I had reason to think, from expressions he let fall, that he felt hurt at the preference accorded to Sir George Brown by Lord Raglan, and at

\* Lord Raglan estimated the loss of the Russians at not less than 15,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The Russian account acknowledges a loss of 10,729; but they give the dead at little more than half the number estimated by Lord Raglan. The English loss was 597 killed and 1760 wounded. The French lost by our side 143 killed and 786 wounded; but the sortie on the left cost them 1200 men.

his own practical ostracism at Headquarters, considering that his experience and long service entitled him to greater consideration and respect.

"I expected this!" he exclaimed; "I warned them of it again and again! But no! they would do nothing, and now it is a mercy that we are not driven into the sea. The danger is not over."

"But, Sir De Lacy, we have won; the Russians are retreating."

"Yes, they are! But suppose they come out on us in greater force whilst we are suffering under this loss: I tell you, sir—but you are not to put this in your letter, or to quote me—we cannot remain here! Even if we could trust the French or the Turks—I trust neither."

He went on to speak of the losses of his division, the position of the army, the death of Allix, &c., in a tone of despondency, and asked me what I had seen. Presently, descrying the *guidons* of the French Generals, and Lord Raglan's escort, De Lacy Evans rode off to them, accompanied by an officer who came from Pennefather—Colonel Wilbraham, as well as I can recollect—in a very downcast humour.

As the troops moved on—English and French

together—I rode on mechanically till they halted, the artillery fire gradually slackening, but never ceasing. Lord Raglan and his staff, and General Canrobert (his arm in a sling from a recent wound) and his staff, were on the rising ground in front of the road from the ravine, examining the movements of the Russians, now in full retreat.

When the advance of our troops, so long on the defensive, enabled me to reach the hillside and the Sandbag Battery, and I beheld the result of the many fights around it, I was overcome—I cannot say whether it was with horror or with pity. But soldiers who had seen many battlefields declared they had never witnessed such a concentrated slaughter! English—Russian—and French—they were literally lying in *strata*, and I could well believe that the Russians had made a parapet of their own dead, and had mounted up on the corpses of their comrades to attack the Sandbag Battery, which was taken and retaken six or seven times, and finally held by the Russians until they were driven out by the French and English advance. For many a day I could not get the battle-

field out of my head—for many a night the horror of it haunted me.

I spent the whole of the afternoon in making inquiries and in collecting details from those officers I knew of their share in the day. It was weary work! They knew very little except that "So-and-So" was killed, and "So-and-So" was wounded, and that they had lost half their men! They were tired and sad—very, very downhearted. No exultation over the victory. The fog and mist had gone, but the smoke still lingered over the field. Two or three officers rode up to the hill where the Russian artillery took up its position in the early morning, and on which was now spread out the wreck and ruin of carriages, tumbrils, &c., wrought by Dickson's 18-pounders. But not a gun was left behind. I dismounted to rest after some seven or eight hours in the saddle, and to take note of the *débris*. Suddenly there was a cry, "Look out for shells!" I saw a huge missile with a hissing fuse coming downwards right on top of us. Every one was on his face in a moment. Right over my head, as it seemed to me, the shell burst with a thundering crash. The earth was torn up by fragments, one



of which cut the end of my frock-coat. In a second another shell burst, this time a little in rear of the group; by a simultaneous movement every one rose and retreated from the sky-line. No one was hurt, but one horse was badly wounded, and the flap was cut off the saddle of another. The *Vladimir* in the creek below had got our range, and was determined to make it very unpleasant for the curious people on Shell Hill. Passing back by the ruin of the Second Division Camp, I came on a strong working party of Turks! They were casting up a trench across the road by the Barrier. Too late! too late! They were shutting the stable-door—the steed was gone. Close at hand a battalion of French troops were busy cooking by their piled arms. Others, French and English, were moving the wounded from the hillside, many of our people carried in French mule-litters or *cacolets*. A few hundred yards to the rear, the Guards—what remained of them—were drawn up. The litter-bearers were depositing their burdens in front of the tents. A group of officers was collected around a row of litters. The Grenadiers had lost Neville, Newman, Pakenham, and six of

their officers, besides, were in the surgeon's hands. In the camp of the Scots Fusilier Guards, Hunter Blair lay dead, and eight officers lay wounded. Dawson, Cowell, Eliot, Ramsden, Mackinnon, Bouverie, Greville, and Desbrowe were killed, and five officers were wounded of the Coldstreams. I uncovered my head, silently saluted, and rode back to Headquarters. The tents were dark, a light or two burned in the windows of Lord Raglan's house. As I entered our tent, my friend and Eber looked up from the biscuit-box, on which there was spread on a newspaper a "dainty" dinner of ration-beef and biscuit, lighted by a ration-candle stuck in the neck of a bottle. "My God! wasn't it an awful day?" "Awful?" exclaimed Eber. "No! a most bewdiful day—fine baddle as ever vos. No men ever fide bedder! But oh! such a vickedness! De Generals, I dink, should all be shot. Ve shall be addacked to-morrow or de day afder, and be swept into de sea or prisoners." I sat down, ate what was left of ration-beef and biscuit, &c., and then wrote out such notes as I could decipher as long as the candle held out, after which I laid down to rest, but not to sleep, thinking of the wounded and the dying out on that dreadful

hillside and in those red ravines, and of the dead who were at rest, the news of whose "glorious" fall would carry sorrow to many a happy home. I remember much more, but I have said enough in this retrospect of Inkerman. Who was in command whilst the battle—a continuous series of detached combats and isolated engagements—was consuming the weary, dismal, anxious hours? No one in particular, I think! No one could judge of the progress of the fight, least of all those who were in the midst of it, and perhaps it was as well that "giving orders" was not much indulged in. Every one was fighting for his own hand where he stood. Wherever a grey cloud of Russians emerged in whirling columns from the mist, and became visible to any body of our infantry in valley, ravine, or hill, it was assailed by fire—fiercely resisted!—aye! charged with the bayonet! Every foot of ground was disputed by handfuls of men led by the officer of the moment, the accidental chief who became master of some vital spot, unknown perhaps to him in its relation to the safety of our whole position, but which was held with bulldog tenacity till death or numbers asserted their power. And so it was

that mere subordinate personalities, inspiring the obdurate and resolute handfuls with their own power and resolution, without orders of general direction, carried out the great purpose or resistance, and as rocks meet the onset of the angry sea, broke the rush of the waves of Muscovites as they rolled on from the void. At times the tide, it is true, rolled round and over them; nor were the fore-fighters always of the same heroic mould and material as the magnificent majority of the British forces—less than a legion in number—which withstood Scimonoff and Pauloff's columns for five long hours. In a few short weeks most of those who had held the ground which their valour consecrated for ever, perished in the hospital or the trenches and in the famished, storm-swept tents. Their memory should be dear to England, for never did she send bolder soldiers to die for her than the men who confronted the myriad of the Czar on November 5th, 1854.

By midnight of the 5th the English wounded had been brought in, and there was, for the time, a prison-tent filled with Russians in the Headquarters Camp. A strange thing happened two

mornings afterwards. An hospital orderly came to the tent as we were at breakfast and said: "There's an awful sight, sir! One of the prisoners is picking out his brains!" We all hurried out, and found a Russian soldier seated on the ground at the entrance to the prisoners' tent, with a tin basin full of water between his knees, in which he moistened a sponge which he pressed to the side of his head over the ear, where there was a hole made by a bullet, which appeared also to have broken through at the back and loosened a piece of the skull, for as he pressed with the sponge there came out of the hole in front a whitish substance like *riz de veau*, which the man pulled away with his finger and rubbed off on the side of his boot! It was a horrible sight, and I rushed off to Sir John Hall to tell him what I had seen. He was busy with his "returns," but he listened to what I had to say, and without any appearance of interest or emotion he remarked: "It's not so very extraordinary! Baron Larrey reports the case of a man, an Artilleryman, who lost a great part of the cerebellum, but who recovered and served efficiently as a gunner afterwards! In this case, from what you tell me of the position of the injury, I doubt if

the man can live." But he did live for several days, and was thought to be going on well, till one morning, when he managed to get a long pull at the grog for the wounded, that was inadvertently placed within reach, which brought on furious delirium and put an end to his sufferings. On the afternoon of the 6th I was walking over the ground by the Sandbag Battery, where the men, wearied, worn, and sulky, were at work burying the dead. I shall not endeavour to reproduce the impression of scenes which I described as well as I could in a letter I wrote to *The Times* under the date of 7th November. For a mile and a half in length by half a mile in breadth, the hillside had been converted into a great cemetery, in which French, British, and Russians, lying in heaps as they fell, were interred in trenches 30 feet long by 20 feet broad and 6 feet deep. The Sandbag Battery was of course a central point, and there were many officers of the Guards and others looking over the ground, and I was hearing from them what they knew of the great struggle, when I saw Colonel Cunynghame and Lieutenant-Colonel Wilbraham riding towards the burial parties, whom they

were superintending, to note the number of the dead who were interred in the pits. As I joined them a party of four men passed us carrying a body covered with a blanket towards one of the pits, and as they went by there came a groan from under the blanket! Wilbraham instantly called, "Halt that party! What have you got there?" "A dead Russian, sir." The groan was repeated. "Uncover the man and let me see!" And there indeed lay a Russian, quite alive, his finger pointed to his tongue, which was like a chip of black wood, his eyes open, one side of his face covered with clotted blood. "You dreadful men!" exclaimed the Colonel, "you have justified the worst excesses of the enemy! I will see that you are all severely punished! Corporal, what is your name?" The man stood erect, saluted, and gave his name and number, adding: "I hope, sir, you'll not be too hard upon us. The men and I consulted over him, and we made up our minds that it was a hopeless case!"

The night before the battle, Captain (afterwards Sir William) Peel came to dine with some friends of the 30th Regiment, and slept in the tent of Captain Conolly, one of the officers of the 30th, where the india-

rubber bed he had sent up from his battery was laid down for his reception. When the firing began with the dawn next morning Peel hurried off to his guns, and remained at his post till it was evident that there would be no more need for his presence that afternoon at least, and that he could return to the scene of the early morning. He was horrified by what he beheld. The camp of the Second Division was almost destroyed—many tents burned, canvas torn by shot and shell, lying in heaps on the ground. Especially had the tents of the 30th suffered. Peel soon learned that many of his joyous comrades of the night before had fallen, amongst them poor Conolly, his host. He could not find even the *débris* of the tent in which he had slept, and as he was anxious to recover his india-rubber bed, he made inquiries of the soldiers whom he saw cleaning their arms or repairing damages as well as they could, “where he could find Captain Conolly’s servant.” No one knew, till at last a corporal of his company inquired, “Is it a red-headed man—Cassidy—you’re asking after, sir?” “Yes, I think that was his name. I know he had red hair.” “Well, sir, no one knows what’s become of him. He’s not among



the wounded, and all the killed have been pretty well found and buried. Cassidy is not reported as missing, and he was not a man that would let himself be taken prisoner." "But surely something must be known about him?" "No, sir; all we can tell you is this, that after the Captain was killed, Cassidy went off, about two o'clock yesterday, in pursuit of the Russians, and that he is pursuing them, for he hasn't come back yet." I do not know whether the bed was recovered, but Cassidy was found dead far down the ravine.

The Russians indeed behaved very badly then, for, although Lord Raglan sent in a flag of truce early in the morning, to say that our working parties would be busy interring those who had fallen, our burial parties were shelled by the ships in Careening Bay, whilst they were out on the hillside. I dismounted, and was looking through my glass, when the two Staff officers appeared above the sky-line. I saw a puff of smoke from one of the steamers in the Creek, and presently came a whistling noise right over us, increasing in sharpness, till an enormous shell burst on the hillside close at hand, so near that a piece tore my overcoat. Scarcely had we

got ourselves together when a second shell, following closely upon the first, burst with a tremendous bang over our heads, and the air was vocal with the sharp hum of the fragments; so I thought it well to make for my horse—which, by the bye, had broken loose—and to escape from such a bad pre-eminence, in which movement my conspicuous companions in cocked hats participated. Years afterwards a Russian officer told me that he knew perfectly well that, under pretence of burying the dead, we were selecting sites for batteries to shell the ships down below. "I know your Engineer officers wear cocked hats, and I beheld myself your men carrying fascines." They were carrying dead men on brancards, sometimes made of the brushwood and stunted trees on the hillside. I do not think the Geneva Cross will ever be a thoroughly efficient protection to its bearers. In the last great war, Germans and French alike inveighed against the brutal enemy who fired upon their ambulances.

That night closed on me in the darkness of grief. For three days afterwards I was busy going about from camp to camp to pick up tales of the fight, returning to my tent to write the details with a saddened heart.

I dwelt in that tent till the hurricane of November 14th blew it to ribands. That dreadful morning every tent at Headquarters was beaten to the ground or carried bodily away. Chairs and tables were whisked off like feathers. A wall under which we sought shelter was blown down, and, but for a preliminary shake which warned us to fly, the stones would have crushed us. Romaine's tent was pitched within the walls of an unroofed building, and there, hearing dreadful tales of the sea brought in from Balaclava, and listening to the roaring of the wind, my friends and I harboured for the day. At night I took shelter in a stable among the horses of the escort of the 8th Hussars. The Russians kept up a heavy fire on our camp. The stable was lighted up by the incessant flashes of the guns and shaken by the blast of the expiring gale. The horses were nervous and uneasy. One of the officers of the 8th Hussars, Eber (a Hungarian Colonel), and myself made a bed of litter, and cowered beneath a tarpaulin not wide enough to cover the three of us, so that the outsiders were engaged in constant struggles to "get a little more over," and, as I was in the middle, the sawing of the tarpaulin across my body was an

effectual antidote to sleep. Ever and anon the *Hussar* and Eber, who were longer than I was, were in danger from the horses' hoofs; we dared not turn our heads towards their heels! It was altogether an excessively miserable night after an awful day: a foretaste of what was to come. This is an interpolation; it has nothing to do with Balaclava; but I mention the incident because the hurricane of November 14th put an end to the comparatively pleasant time I had at Headquarters, where, though I was not *persona gratissima* or even to some of the staff *grata*, I had friends, and food, and shelter.

## CHAPTER VIII

### *AFTER THE STORM*

THE tempest of November 14th gave for the time the *coup de grâce* to our hopes. By the end of the same week there was a great change in the *personnel* of the chief in command. Lord Lucan never relaxed his vigilance as General of the Cavalry Division night or day, and did his best to secure the Valley with the remnants of his Cavalry Division, which he never left for a moment; but he was recalled in February to fight his enemies at home. I have already shown, from his general and divisional orders, what an indefatigable officer he was, and I verily believe he had as little to do with the "glorious" Balaclava bungle of the Light Brigade as I had. As I was riding down to Balaclava from Headquarters the day after the storm of November 14th, I saw him sitting on a camp-stool in front of his dilapidated tent, examining returns, up to his knees in mud,

with his son, Lord Bingham, by his side. "How are they all up at Headquarters?" he shouted out to me in his far-reaching voice. "Are you ——?" The word I omit was an adjective, descriptive of the condition of many in camp at the time, from the attentions of the "familiar beast to man that signifies love." I was able to answer, "No, thank goodness!" "Well, I am! And so is Bingham! Your turn will come!" Lord Cardigan, "in delicate health," clung to the comforts of his yacht in Balaklava. The Duke of Cambridge, sorely shaken by the ordeal of Inkerman, gave up the command of the Guards to Colonel Upton, and went on board ship, where he remained until his departure for home, after the dreadful storm in which the *Retribution* was nearly lost. Sir De Lacy Evans, sick almost unto death, threw up the command of the Second Division, and Pennefather reigned in his stead. Pennefather was only at his best in a Tipperary fight. The Fourth Division was commanded by a Brigadier, Sir J. Campbell; the Light Division was in charge of Brigadier Codrington. Of the senior officers, De Lacy Evans, Sir George Brown, Pennefather, and Sir Colin Campbell were the most

efficient and experienced. The stern old Radical member for Westminster was never *persona grata* at Headquarters, and he was glad to get away from "these fine young gentlemen there." Sir George Brown was obliged to nurse his wounds on board ship; and Colin Campbell was watching Balaclava down below with his Highlanders; so that on the plateau we had only Sir R. England ("Gentleman Dick," not much else), and, barring Pennefather and J. Campbell, inexperienced Brigadiers to command the troops wearily engaged in the languishing siege.

The only officer who was in friendly relations with any of the French commanders was Sir Colin Campbell, who was an intimate and close ally of Vinoy, to whom he bequeathed £500 in his will, thereby profoundly moving the admiration of the French army. Sir Colin, wounded and taken prisoner in the Peninsula, was interned for some considerable time in France, and was so kindly treated that he conceived a regard for our "hereditary enemies," which was by no means shared by Lord Raglan, Sir George Brown, and Sir De Lacy Evans. The latter, indeed, was

particularly inimical to our allies, and when the right of our position was handed over to them at Inkerman, his indignation knew no bounds.\* "I warned them at Headquarters in vain. They would not strengthen my flank at Inkerman. Better a hundred times to give up our left attack to the French altogether and let us keep the ground we have held! It is shameful! An English army to be covered on both flanks by the French! That I, who have seen their backs so often, should live to see them in the place of honour!" He certainly would not have yielded to them as Lord Raglan did on 18th June, for he was a stern, strong-willed, grim old man.

There never were six generals in command of divisions who had so little personal intercourse

\* There has been even very recently an attempt made to excuse—nay, to justify—the "*procrastination*" of Lord Raglan on that point. Well, then! The neglect was due to "*indolence*!" The excuse—or justification—for leaving the Inkerman position exposed, and for neglecting the vulnerable flank of an army made at the time and since put forth under very high authority was, and is, that Lord Raglan had not the means of entrenching the ground in front of the second division. Of British troops there were certainly none for the purpose. But why were the Turkish soldiers who began to entrench the Inkerman position *after* the battle—why were not they engaged in doing so *before* the 5th November? There were 5,000 men doing nothing.



with each other as our original "lot," but then there was little *camaraderie*, and there was a good deal of jealousy, I believe, between our "divisionaries" in the Peninsula in Wellington's time. The rivalries of Napoleon's marshals were active ; but then these men had great prizes to win—kingdoms, principalities, dukedoms.

Of our chiefs before Sebastopol, only Sir George Brown was "intimate" with Lord Raglan.\* The Duke of Cambridge was young and inexperienced, Evans was rough and sour, England was simply gentlemanly and "judicious," Sir George Cathcart was "forward," positive, and unmanageable. He was "put out" at the beginning by being left in the rear at the Alma, and he urged an instant attack on the city when the Allies reached the plateau ; indeed, I was told that he declared the flank march to be "a —— mistake—utterly wrong—hazardous and foolish, and certain to lead to mischief." Then again he was wroth because it was considered at Headquarters that he delayed unnecessarily in marching down his division to Balaclava on October 25th ; but he was a good officer and a gallant soldier, and he

\* See Appendix, "Sir George Brown."

met a soldier's death in the midst of the enemy soon afterwards on the field of Inkerman.

Sir Colin Campbell was of a fiery temper, but he had a post of honour needing constant care with his Highlanders down in the Valley, and he was so far away from Headquarters that he was not molested by staff interference, and exercised as guardian of Balaclava a sort of independence without any harassing trench duty, for he and his men were not engaged in the actual work of the siege. He was trusted and he was content; but when Sir W. Codrington was appointed to succeed Sir James Simpson in the chief command, Sir Colin became volcanic—he blazed with anger, and his anger was something to see. His face became terrible, and his frame quivered as he spoke of his supersession by his junior.

Sir Colin Campbell was gazetted to the local rank of Lieutenant-General in Turkey on 23rd January, 1855. He was then a soldier of fame and service, distinguished in China and in India. He was selected as the brigadier of the Highlanders to afford the Duke of Cambridge, who commanded the First Division, the advantage of his professional

knowledge, experience, and coolness under fire, in his Royal Highness's first campaign, and to atone for the deficiencies in those respects of his brother brigadier in command of the Guards, and he had rendered even more material service by his counsel at the battle of the Alma than he performed in command of the Highlanders towards the close of the fight. His way of handling his "thin red line" in front of Kadikoi, on 25th October, was but an illustration of the military capacity he displayed on all occasions while in charge of the defence of Balaklava. He left the army in May 1856, a disappointed, angry man, but his turn was to come very speedily, and it must have been with exquisite satisfaction—of which, be sure, he did not give outward token—that he obeyed the earnest command, which was almost in the nature of an entreaty, of the Queen herself, to take command of the army in India in the crisis of the great mutiny and rebellion of 1857, where he gained a peerage and a bâton.

Sir William Codrington was gazetted to the local rank of Lieutenant-General in Turkey on 30th July 1855. He had seen no service till he found himself in front of the Russians at the Alma on 20th Sep-

tember, and he led his brigade of the Light Division to the attack of the gun entrenchment with signal gallantry, and subsequently acquired the reputation of being a very vigilant, brave, and zealous officer. But when he was gazetted to the command of the army in succession to Sir James Simpson, it was asked how it came to pass that the selection was made, and then there went abroad a rumour that Sir William Codrington's letters to a lady at Court in attendance on the Queen had created a very favourable impression in the highest quarters, where they were eagerly read. He was, moreover, a man of family—son of the famous "Ned" who commanded the British Fleet in the "untoward accident" of Navarino—well connected and a Guardsman. What chance had a poor Scotch line officer of no fortune or family—*filius nullius*—against such a competitor as Codrington? It must be admitted too that, though the Highlanders were disgusted, the Guards were pleased, and so were the Light Division, where Sir William was esteemed and popular. Generally in the infantry divisions, with these exceptions, the nomination was received with shrugs of the shoulders or expressions of mild wonder.

Many years after the war, Sir Colin Campbell called on me one day in London, and, after a few remarks about the weather, startled me by a most sudden and furious invective against his old bosom friend, Sir Anthony Stirling—so sudden, so furious, that I remained in speechless wonder. They had been close friends in the Crimea and in India till the end of the Mutiny. Then there arose a difference, and Sir Colin Campbell was an ill man to quarrel with. Sir Anthony Stirling thought he should have been recommended for higher honours than he was awarded, and he was not a pleasant man in his way of expressing himself. But that sore was healed up. The gaping wound that was now open, spirting out nitric acid, was of recent origin, though the weapon which inflicted it had been sheathed for many a year. It was some time before I could understand the grievance, and it was a strange one. Toward the end of February 1855, after an awful month of trial for our men, there was a lucid interval in the long night of wintry weather, and Bosquet (in command of the French Army of Observation) thought it would be well to turn it to account to see what the Russians on the Upper Tchernaya there were doing; so he proposed a joint

reconnaissance of the Valley by Vinoy's corps, 4,000 strong, and 2,000 men under Colin Campbell. On the morning fixed for the expedition there came abruptly a cruel change. An icy gale charged with snow swept over the plain. Canrobert at once countermanded the expedition. Major St. George Foley was despatched to inform our Headquarters that the French would not move. He lost the road in the darkness, but got to Lord Raglan's at last, and a staff officer was sent off to direct Sir Colin Campbell to stand fast. On his way he informed General Vinoy, but that gallant officer said "he would, at all hazards, move down his men to support Sir Colin in case of need." Our aide-de-camp reached the Highland camp at 4 o'clock in the morning; Sir Colin was already off into the night! The aide-de-camp set out in search of him, and after many casts through the snow struck upon the column as it was struggling towards the Russian position. When he heard the order to return Sir Colin was very wroth, but when he was told that Vinoy had resolved *coûte que coûte* to help him—"those confounded Frenchmen, you never can trust them!"—his first exclamation—was followed by "Vinoy is a d—— fine fellow! Vinoy is a

capital comrade!" However, down came the snow thicker and thicker. The horses refused to face the storm. The Highlanders, frost-bitten in ears and noses, were scarcely able to hold their rifles and unable to fix bayonets. The Russians were put on the alert by the fire of a picket against which our men stumbled; so it was a *coup manqué*. Sir Colin, in the worst possible temper, led back his exhausted column to camp, which was reached at 11 in the forenoon, with many cases of *gelatio* among the men.

I had a most unpleasant experience of that day, as I related in my letter. I set out in a blinding storm and soon lost my way. I might as well have tried to ride through a wall of cotton-wool; above, around, below, like a white sheet drawn close to my eyes, came the snow; no camp, or tent, or creature visible; lines, trenches, army, Sebastopol itself, clean gone; still I went hour after hour ploughing and plunging on. Was I on the plateau, or on the plain? Was I down on the Tchernaya, or at Inkerman, or at Komara, or Kamiesch? Suddenly, through a rift in the fall of snow, a church dome and spire appeared for an instant! Surely I must have got into Sebastopol! I must bear away to

the left. Then came through the storm that great overpowering voice that never can be mistaken—the roar of the sea, down, far down, hundreds of feet in the black void at my horse's hoof. I was on the edge of the tremendous precipice which rises sheer from the ocean at Cape Fiolente, near the monastery of St. George from which I had just turned away. At last I was *sur la piste*, and after many ins and outs I made my way to Headquarters with a party of French cavalry, and dropped in more dead than alive, half frozen and whole hungry, at a friend's tent at 4 P.M.

While the staff officer, who had two Lancer orderlies with him, was poking about the plain in his search of Sir Colin, he came, it seems, again and again on a horseman, whom he supposed to be one of the Russian vedettes, who vanished at once. To his great amusement, Sir Anthony Stirling told him, "I had the most wonderful escape from the Cossacks this morning. Three of them were after me for hours, and I don't know how on earth I escaped." The "phantom horseman" was thus revealed, but Sir Anthony did not let out the whole of the facts, and it was the revelation made in a very strange



way that produced the effect on Sir Colin that I have described.

General Vinoy, having an attack of gout, went to Vichy for the waters, and Sir Colin, being *en disponibilité* at the time, paid a long visit, during which the two old soldiers fought their battles over again in many a pleasant ramble. One day, Vinoy, in reference to their experiences together in the Crimea, remarked to Sir Colin, "I always thought it was lucky you did not come to grief in the snow-storm that night when you sent off Colonel Stirling to beg me to come to help you." "But I never did anything of the kind, *mon cher*, never! You are under a misapprehension." "Not a bit of it—nothing more certain! Stirling, after a narrow escape of capture by the Cossacks several times, came to me from you to ask me to march to your assistance, as you were held in check by a large force of Russians!" "Then Stirling be——d! I never sent him! How did he dare to do such a thing? How, &c. &c. &c." Thunder and lightning! Vinoy could not understand it. "What more natural than that an officer in command should send, if in a difficulty, to ask for aid?" But Sir Colin would not hear of

it! The thing was monstrous! "No British officer who took such a liberty with his General should remain in the service for an hour. He would call him to account for it as a personal outrage and insult—an offence to his honour."

Some such words as these were repeated to me with extraordinary vehemence. With a thump on the table that made the things on it bound, Sir Colin exclaimed, "I would give all I have to stand face to face with that man. In any other country I would have him out and shoot him!" It seemed to ease his mind to come to me, as he did pretty often afterwards, and expatiate on his wrongs, but I rather think the wound was healed at last.

When Sir Colin was made Field-Marshal I called on him in the Albany to congratulate him. He was in his old tartan jacket and trews, exceedingly glum. "My God, sir! It's all too late! What's the use of the bâton to me now? There's scarcely a soul alive that I would care to show it to! Thank you! thank you! It is too late!" On the engagement of the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Princess Royal, Sir Colin was selected to proceed to Berlin with an Order, and was commanded to Windsor for an

audience with the Queen. The Princess said next morning she had a little present for the Crown Prince which she hoped he would be good enough to take to Potsdam for him, and it was arranged that it should be delivered at the Albany together with the insignia next day, when the mission was to set out for Germany. Sir Colin, accompanied, I think, by Sir Anthony, went off in a hurry, nearly missing the train, as the case from Windsor was late. They arrived in Berlin, and, after the usual formal visits, it was arranged that Sir Colin should proceed in state to Potsdam with the Order next day. Fortunately it was thought advisable beforehand to have the case opened to get the insignia ready, but instead of finding them, the British officers were greeted with the sight of an enormous cake, prepared by the Princess Royal for the good and gallant Prince who was about to be her husband, and which had been sent specially from Windsor. Hurried representations of the case were made to Court officials. Badge, jewel, riband, and robe arrived in due course, but Sir Colin said "the sight of the cake fairly staggered him." He always said that I would "find he had not forgotten me for the

good work I did," and when he died, General Eyre, to whom he left the bulk of his fortune, sent me an ivory paper-cutter, inscribed "A Souvenir of Lord Clyde," which I have to this day—*in memoriam*.

## CHAPTER IX

### *THE WINTER CLOSES ON US*

As winter closed in upon us, the miseries, to which the tempest of November 14th was the fearful prelude, accumulated to the suffering and disease which, with daily accessions, afflicted our camps.

And yet there was "a salt of our youth" left, and amid all this ghastly business, shaves and jokes, quips and quiddities were not unknown. One very miserable day an aide-de-camp came down from Headquarters to Balaclava to await the arrival of the *Caradoc*, which was coming from Constantinople with a consignment of stoves for Lord Raglan's house, and to escort an Irish baronet and his daughter, a lady of great fortune and personal attractions, who were visiting the Crimea to see a relative in a cavalry regiment. With teeth chattering, and watery eyes, the shivering aide-de-camp was complaining of his errand to the cosy officer who was acting as cap-

tain of the beach. "You fellows have a fine time of it down here! Look at me! I am sent down this charming morning to land his Lordship's stoves, and to conduct Miss P—— to Headquarters." "My dear fellow," quoth the joyous captain of the beach, "you must not complain—you have only come out to do your duty—'*pro aris et focis*,' like a British soldier." The Latin for "altars," pronounced *à l'Anglaise*, sounded very like "heiress." From "altars and hearths" there was an easy transition to "the heiress and the stoves." Generally, however, there were very few rays of light, or any flashes but those of the cannon and the musket, to light up the gloom of that most dismal winter.

Among the admirable sketches of Mr. Simpson, which form, perhaps, the best history of the Crimean expedition in its picturesque aspect, there is a representation of the Christmas dinner of the Guards, which must certainly have conveyed an impression of much rude plenty, if not luxury, to the public; but the Guards formed an exception to camp-life that winter. The officers of the Brigade had plenty of money, they were close to supplies, they had no difficulties of road or transport, and they took that

care which British officers generally, I am bound to say, bestow on their men, and provided as far as they could for the wellbeing of their wasted battalions—so wasted indeed that when Lord Rokeby saw them paraded, after he arrived to take command of the Guards, he burst into tears. I was pretty well able to form an opinion on the question of privation myself. The quarters I occupied formed part of one of the houses, something like Swiss *chalets*, which were surrounded with trellis-work covered with grapes, and provided with gardens, full of flowers and fruit trees, stretching down to the harbour, when we entered Balacava. But in a very short time every trace of vineyard, tree, or garden was obliterated. The trellis, wood-work, and verandahs were torn down and destroyed. The gardens trampled into a black slough. The open gutters were converted into filthy sewers. The front door of my residence opened on the street, which was parallel to the shore. The basement story served as stables for horses and cattle, and as store-rooms for family provisions, wine, oil, &c. Access to the rooms on the first floor was furnished by a broad wooden stair leading to a wide verandah, from

which the apartments were lighted. The room I occupied was about fifteen feet square, very low, and the first fall of rain proved that the roof was not watertight. Not only was the roof rotten, but the flooring was so bad that I could look down between the boards and see what the Tartars and their cattle were doing below ; nor could I shut out the horrible effluvia of the stables, and of those who shared them with the oxen and the horses, till an edict went forth which banished Tartars and Greeks from Balaclava, and so deprived us of much useful assistance just as the time of our sorest need was approaching. Two windows looked out on the harbour : one at the back commanded a view of a court in which there was a well with a bucket—very deep—and supposed to contain excellent water, which I drank with much satisfaction till an accidental discovery prevented my use of the spring.\* How I got into that room, however, I cannot remember. In theory every house in the place belonged to the Queen of England and her Army, and I had no right to occupy a square inch of any habitable or uninhabitable dwelling without leave.

\* See pp. 243-44.



But there I was, and presently charitable skippers fitted boards to the windows, closed up the chinks in the walls and floor, tarred and tarpaulined the roof, and made a substitute for a fireplace—for the stove had been carried away—which was oftentimes without fuel. Then in came the friendly *Firebrand* one day, and the ship's carpenter knocked me up a deal table and a bench and cupboard, a plank for a dressing-table, and a kind of writing-stand: I was content to sleep on the floor, and all my earthly goods were hung from nails in the wall. I had no duties to perform except those connected with work which involved no dangers over and above those to which all camp-followers are exposed in the field. It was my habit, as soon as I had eaten my biscuit and drank my coffee, to ride out every day that it was possible to do so, to hear what was going on. One thing I could hear always—the cannonade, now intermittent, now incessant, never ceasing altogether. I could hear it all through the night. Sometimes, reverberating from the lofty hills around, it seemed as if it were in the very town itself. The days were very short, the roads beyond description horrible, so that it was necessary to make the most of the

few hours ere the black Cimmerian darkness of the night fell. There were the Rifles and the 93rd, a Marine friend or two at Kadikoi, and the cavalry in the plain beyond, to call on, and thence a detour to the ineffable *Col*, "the neck" by which the plateau was gained from the plain below. There, as the winter stretched in weary monotony day after day, was the "headquarters of desolation." Many exhausted men and horses never recovered from the efforts they made in struggling over this *Col*, which was bisected at the lowest part by a very tiny sluggish watercourse, amply sufficient, however, to convert the soft earth into a frightful bog. The Zouaves and other French experts made the most of this "Slough of Despond." When a horse succumbed irretrievably, they pounced upon the animal and cut steaks from his haunches, which were presently converted into soups and roasts. I had leisure to forage, to board the transports which arrived in harbour, and I could buy, at high prices it is true, from the pursers and stewards, whatever they had to spare. I had a right to draw rations, and I drew them whenever they were to be had. And yet there were times in which I underwent dire dis-

comfort and was pinched by cold and hunger. It was with the greatest difficulty I could procure intermittent help to cook my food when I had it. My servants disappeared; one, indeed, the gallant Virgilio, bolted with the excuse of sickness; the other set up for himself in Pera as a provision merchant. Now and then I had the services of a hospital orderly, whose attentions were generally bestowed upon my small stock of stimulants. Occasionally I was lent a weakly soldier as a boreman, who was recalled to duty when convalescent, or who was demanded for regimental duty just as he was beginning to make himself useful. I picked up Croats, Armenians, Greeks, who were now finding their way to Balaclava, but they were not "permanencies" or comforts. One of these, the Armenian, Agapo, whom some of my friends remember as a *cordons-bleu*, made excellent forced-meat balls out of ration-beef, but indiscreet curiosity as to the preparation of these delicacies forbade my further indulgence in them, and eventually Agapo "gave me notice," set up an obscure little bakery in a hovel in Balaclava, and charged me double for the crusts and biscuits he occasionally furnished to me.

The first use I made of my "elegantly furnished" apartment, and of a solitary consignment from Constantinople of poultry, fresh meat, butter, bread-biscuit, vegetables, wine, &c., was to give a house-warming, to which I invited as many of my friends as I could find seats for. Would that I could remember their names! Some indeed I do recollect, but the list is scanty, and few of them are now in the land of the living. That dinner, cooked by Agapo, and the cook of one of the regiments, furnished a basis for the stories I heard afterwards about my magnificent establishment and Lucullian entertainments! Indeed, Lord Blomfield, our Ambassador at Berlin, asked me "if it was not true that I obtained a great deal of my information from hungry officers whom I fed at my table during the winter?" It was called "the Feast of the Blood Suckers, or the Brethren of Balaclava," and it was my first and my last banquet. An enormous Frenchman, Napoleon Bertrand, of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, was among the guests, and I have a painful memory connected with him and a box of cigars which had just arrived—a rare luxury indeed. I offered him a few as he was going.

away, and he proceeded deliberately to insert a cigar between each of the small round buttons of his interminably long jacket; he was some 6 ft. 4 in. in height, so that my box was sensibly diminished before I had the presence of mind to shut it. My horse and pony were kindly kept for me by a neighbour, or I should not have long had anything to put saddle or bridle on, for horse-stealing took root very rapidly. The unfortunate Turks quartered in and about the town, neglected of all men, were dying like flies. They scarce seemed to pity themselves; I am sure no one else did. Their resignation was as great as their misery. But they were unpleasant neighbours. Looking out of my window one morning, I saw a Turk at my well, which was also used by Harding, the Commandant of Balaclava, in the next house, and I was so angry at what I saw, that I fired my gun—it was only loaded with snipe-dust—which happened to be handy, and sent him off howling. But I was soon aware that I had committed an indiscretion. The cries of the wounded soldier summoned his comrades, who swarmed into the enclosure, and would doubtless have made themselves exceedingly disagreeable but that some of the 71st, stationed

in the guardhouse under Captain Macdonell, came across the road and drove the angry multitude away. I was very glad indeed to get quit of them. Measures were then taken to clean out the well, and, to the horror of those who had drank what had appeared to be the pure sweet water it contained, the remains of a body, apparently a Turk or Tartar, were found at the bottom!\* However, the unsweet home I had found shelter in was taken from me very speedily. One morning a Commissariat officer presented himself with an order, signed "R. Airey," for the surrender of my quarters, it being "required on her Majesty's service." At that time I could have aroused a great outburst of anger in England by the mere statement of the fact. But I said nothing; I wrote not a word of remonstrance. I walked out into the wilderness of mud, saddled my horse, carried off my bed to the front, and became once more a Rechabite sheltering in the tents of my friends, who were not afraid to receive me, and now and then finding refuge on board a vessel at Kamiesch or in Balaclava.

It is possible that some of those who went through

\* See p. 238.

the agony which every man of the smallest feeling must have endured at the sight of wretchedness he could not alleviate, may have forgotten, or may be disposed to make light of, the scenes which were afforded by the camps, by the *Col*, and by the trenches. Indeed, not very long ago I heard a Guardsman who served with distinction, and who had been severely wounded at Inkerman, remark that "he always thought the sufferings of the Army in the Crimea were greatly exaggerated." I did not think it necessary to remind him that he really knew nothing about the matter, because after the 5th November he had had no personal experience of the hardships to which the troops were exposed. The Brigade of Guards, reduced to a remnant by that pitiless ordeal of steel and fire, was moved down to the vicinity of Balaclava and there recruited its strength, free from the fatigues of war, from the toils and wearing labours of the open trenches in winter.

The Arabs have a proverb that the belly has no memory, and it is an English saying that "eaten bread is soon forgotten." Probably, therefore, the converse may in some cases be true, and semi-star-

vation may cease to be remembered when plenty follows. A few figures from the official returns will, however, enable my readers who did not suffer in "the winter of our discontent" to judge for themselves of the effects produced by sickness on the Army as compared with losses in the field. In the month of April 1854 the number of sick in Lord Raglan's Army, quartered in Turkey, and in Bulgaria then an integral portion of the dominions of the Sultan, was 503. In July, when the Army was concentrated around Varna, and camp-sickness of various sorts became marked before the cholera was thoroughly developed, the number of sick increased to 6,937. In the month of September the sick increased to 11,693. In November, the sick numbered 16,846. In December the number increased to 19,479! In January 1855 the sick cases reached the appalling figure of 23,076!! Under the head of "Died in the East," the figures are 390 officers, 20,707 men; invalided home 1,407 officers, 14,901 men—a total decrease of 35,598. There were 2,755 killed in action, died of wounds 1,619, total 4,374. In other words, the loss from the fire and steel of the enemy was less than one-eighth of that which



resulted from the hardships of a winter campaign, which were needlessly aggravated by want of care in providing for its exigencies. The condition of our army was indeed "miserable, pitiable, heart-rending." No boots, no great coats—officers in tatters and rabbit-skins, men in bread-bags and rags; no medicine, no shelter; toiling in mud or snow week after week, exposed in open trenches or in torn tents to the pitiless storms of a Crimean winter; confronted by a resolute, or at times an enterprising enemy, and watched by the sleepless Cossack night and day from every ridge and hilltop; flank and rear encamped on a plateau which was a vast black waste of soddened earth, when it was not covered with snow, dotted with little pools of foul water and seamed by brown-coloured streamlets strewn with carcases of horses. And I had to chronicle the daily miseries and horrors around me, for I was bound above all things to tell the truth and fear not. The response was immediate. I need not mention the political or the administrative consequences and the popular anger and excitement. It was to the immense efforts which were made at home in the early part of the winter of 1854 that

the remnants of the British owed their salvation. Public and private charity (if the word be applicable in such a connection) vied in the generous emulation to "save the army," and the whole energy and power of the Government were at last directed to the one object of the nation—the succour of our soldiers before Sebastopol.

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## CHAPTER X

### *THE CAMP OF MISERY*

As the accounts I wrote came back in type in *The Times* I perceived that the faces of some of my friends were darkening and freezing like the winter weather around us. I was told, indeed, that I was "doing mischief." One day Colonel Rose (afterwards Lord Strathnairn) found me out and informed me with much concern that "he had reason to know that my letters were regarded at the Conference of Diplomats" (then sitting at Vienna, I think) "as great impediments to peace, because the Russians used my statements in support of their pretensions that the Allies were yielding to their valiant soldiery, and he said that he believed—indeed, it was quite possible—that the French Generals would make representations to Lord Raglan on the subject, and induce him to cause my expulsion from the Crimea." "What

would you have me do, then, Colonel Rose? Write that all was well—that the army was healthy—that we wanted nothing, and that the Allies were passing quite a pleasant winter before Sebastopol?”

“Well, no! not exactly that, you know! But there is no necessity to tell all the world about these unpleasant shortcomings. Things will soon come round, depend on it. And meantime you are doing no good.” It so happened that I had just received a letter from the editor of *The Times*, in which he told me that suggestions for subscriptions for the help of the army, and offers of assistance, were coming in from all parts of the kingdom. “The tide of popular feeling here is setting in strongly against the Government, and you must not hold your hand.” I mentioned the facts in the letter to Colonel Rose. I said: “You see I am here as a newspaper correspondent, not as a diplomatist. I am writing for *The Times*, and it is for the editor on the spot to decide what ought to be made public and what ought to be suppressed in my correspondence. As for the terrors of expulsion, just look round and judge for yourself what pleasure I can find in my life here!” I was, at the

time, sitting on an old store box, in a pit about ten feet long and six broad, dug in the ground and roofed by a battered tent doubled at the top. Access to the cavern was obtained by a flight of steps cut in the earth, for the roof was nearly level with the ground. There was a fireplace constructed with iron cask hoops at one end, the smoke (when there was any) being conducted through a hole in the canvas roof. The floor was mud, impure and simple. My bed (a Commissariat blanket on a truss of straw) was rendered luxurious by a buffalo robe, a gift from Dr. Rae, the Arctic traveller, which had just arrived. A camp port-manteau on trestles served for dressing-table, eating, and writing. Colonel Rose looked round, shook his head. "Exactly!" he said, as was his habit, "I agree with you! It is very uncomfortable; it must give you rheumatism. If I were you I would go away! I would indeed!" But I did not. That was not the first hint I had had that my departure would be welcome. Long before that, Mr. Romaine, the Deputy Judge Advocate, with whom I was always on friendly terms, came to me, as he intimated in a round-about way, on behalf of Lord

Raglan, to express the Commander-in-Chief's serious displeasure at the information afforded to the enemy by *The Times*. In a letter written from camp ten days before the bombardment of October 17th, I mentioned among other matters that a stone wind-mill near the Woronzow road had been turned to account as a powder magazine. "You actually told the enemy where our powder was stored!" I at once admitted and regretted the fact. "But, in justice to me, recollect that when that letter was written, Lord Raglan, in common with all our Generals and officers, was cock-sure we would be in possession of Sebastopol long before the letter could reach London." And finally, I assured Romaine that no greater boon could be conferred upon me personally than the issue of an order from Headquarters for my immediate departure from the Crimea. I offered to send my letters to Headquarters to be examined ere they were sent off. "I must, however, let *The Times* know the fact." The offer was not accepted.

Neither in Turkey, Bulgaria, nor the Crimea, though I had occasion to meet him often, especially when I was at Headquarters, did I ever exchange

a word with Lord Raglan.\* Perhaps it was better so. When the Duke of Newcastle came out to the Crimea he asked me one day "if Lord Raglan had ever made any remark to me about the attacks of *The Times*?" His astonishment was unbounded when I said "Lord Raglan never spoke to me in his life." "What! He never had a word with you all the time you were here?" "Never!" "That is indeed extraordinary—most extraordinary!" I did not think so. I was regarded as a mere camp-follower, whom it would be impossible to take more notice of than you would of a crossing-sweeper—without the gratuitous penny. It never came to my mind to feel either surprise or indignation on that score. I never regarded myself as the father of "the curse of modern armies," which, like the typhus, plague, cholera, or other terrible *lues* in ancient days, decimated the hosts of the Lord or of the kings.

There was plenty of straw for my bricks, and mud galore. I baked my tale post after post, and sent it off to be treated by other hands at home during the dreadful winter. Presently there came

\* See Appendix—"Lord Raglan."

from England evidences of the interest my brick-making was creating—letters full of suggestions, of abuse, of praise, from people I never knew; articles from newspapers, accounts of public meetings. Soon there arrived to the address, "*Times* Correspondent, Crimea," boxes, bales, cases full of what I may call "fancy articles," to be distributed among the soldiery. As for myself, I had many flannel dressing-gowns and nightcaps; but I would have given all of them for a pair of boots.

One thoughtful friend had sent me out a beautiful pair of Cording's long boots, coming well above the knee, uncomfortable to ride in, but exceedingly delightful to wear in snow and sludge. Coming in one day, thoroughly wet, to the hole in which I was quartered, I told my man to put my boots to dry, and lay down to sleep. I was awakened by a horrible odour. The wretch had placed the boots close to the fireplace, which was made of iron hoops and the bottom of a cooking-pan. The boots gracefully inclined as the warmth softened the india-rubber, and what I smelt was the remains of one burning in the embers, whilst the foot of the other was half liquefied.

I had great chests full of comforters, and mufflers,



and strange Arctic appliances of wool to be worn like masks by soldiers in the trenches; boxes of pickles and sauces to people who had the best sauce of all and nothing to eat with it. Sometimes it was indeed matter for wonder and irritation to see what things good people at home thought likely to be acceptable or serviceable.

It never occurred to those benevolent persons that the difficulty which pressed upon the whole army was felt severely by my humble self. I had no means of carriage. Bales and boxes were landed on the beach at Balaclava, to be taken or left. One day I received a notice from the Quartermaster-General's office that a box, "Medical comforts and appliances," had been consigned to the storekeeper at Balaclava, and as space was limited, I was requested to remove it in twenty-four hours. What could I do? Every animal, including the Turks, in camp and out of it, was employed in the transport of shot, shell, ammunition, and food, up to the front, from day till night. In my need I went to my friend John Brandling and told him about my case. "I'll have it up for you. It's most lucky. Our cart is going down in an hour, and if it's not too heavy we'll get it up as

far as this anyway." And so he did. The box was haled up to the camp of the I troop R.H.A. It was a heavy, square wooden box, solidly bound and nailed. It soon yielded to the armourer. The lid was raised, underneath was a sheet of tin with the words "Open with care." When that was removed some strange-looking articles were visible, disposed neatly in parallel rows, wrapped in paper.

"They're splints, by Jove!" exclaimed the surgeon, "Fagin" (I beg his pardon—Thornton). And so they were. There were splints; lint, diachylon, &c.; goggles of green and blue glass, bottles, neatly wrapped in folds of wool, of useful, if not popular, forms of medical preparation. "Medical comforts!" Confound them! But they were of use for all that.

It is impossible to imagine the state the army had come to as regards clothing and appearance in December, January, and February. The only troops which preserved the appearance of soldiers in their uniform being the Royal Artillery, who were equipped by the Board of Ordnance, and the Naval Brigade, as they had none of the heavy work which fell upon the Infantry, and acted solely as gunners, and that right nobly, in the batteries they manned in the trenches.

The War Office had sent out an immense assignment of rabbit-skin overcoats; they were appropriated by the officers as fast as they could be served out. Happy were the men who could encase their legs in bread-bags or sacking! That is a sketch—not at all a caricature—of a sentry on duty. At the time it may be fairly said that he had some ten thousand comrades of the same kind. The efforts to supply our wants were persistent if not always successful. It would be difficult to determine whether the men suffered more from deficiency of food—short commons in fact—or from want of proper clothing, but of the two evils I certainly had greater experience of the latter, though I had at times to dine with Duke Humphrey. There was a lamentable want of principle exhibited in the camp with regard to the rights of property in provisions.

Shortly before Christmas Day a sailor with a large bag on his back made his way up to my tent. He had come up from my good friend Archibald Fletcher, of H.M.S. *Triton*, at Balaclava, with a present for me. As he deposited the sack on the ground, something moved inside.

“What is it? A pig, or what?”

"No, sir. It's a fine turkey we got up from Constantinople for you, and as we had a turn up in the front, the Captain sent it up in the bag."

It was a tall turkey. But what was to be done with it? The turkey, though it stood high, was not in very high condition. The donor of the bird soon appeared, and with sailor-like readiness at once settled the difficulty about the keep of it. "I'll get a gabion,\* and you can keep the turkey in it, close to your quarters and fatten it up." And before evening my noble bird, after a remarkable feed of oats and other things collected by my servant, who was immensely interested in the addition to our establishment, was comfortably housed. Taking time by the forelock, I arranged my Christmas party. There was to be Norcott of the Rifle Brigade, Fletcher himself, Lacy Yea, and Hobson of the 7th Fusiliers, Dickson, Dormer, Dallas, &c. From time to time one of the intended guests would come round to have a peep at the turkey through the hoops of the gabion. The beautiful bird was occasionally led forth by my

\* I may mention that these gabions were treated with contempt by the sailors, who generally designated them "b——y war-baskets."

man, with a string round its leg, for an airing. Dainties were lavished upon it, and the "bubbly Jock" grew visibly under our very eyes as the day drew near. The preparations for the feast were liberal and various. A tin of sausages was contributed by one friend, a Black Sea turbot was promised by another—the materials for a plum-pudding were consigned to the hands of Dickson's cook, and we promised ourselves a banquet of Sardanapalus. On the afternoon of the day before the turkey was to die, Hobson came round to have a chat and a pipe.

"How's the turkey getting on?"

"He has not long to live," said I; "he is to be killed when my man comes back from the canteen."

"Let's have a look at him!"

There was the gabion. Hobson stooped down and looked through the wickerwork. "He's asleep!" said he; "at any rate, he's not moving."

"Oh, tilt up the gabion," said I; "but don't let him loose."

He lifted up the basket, and looked at me. There was the head of the turkey, the back and wings, with the two legs carefully hung upon pieces of wood. Grief is for little wrongs. There were no

words for mine. "By Jove, you're done! The Zouaves or the sailors have bested you!"

I sent round to announce the dreadful news to my friends, "The turkey has been stolen;" but they came nevertheless, not all of them, and one way or another contentment and a good appetite caused us to forget that the *pièce de résistance* had vanished, though after the Queen's health and "Absent Friends," we did drink to the woe, lasting and inexpiable, of the villain who had deprived us of the expected delight of our feast.

I have mentioned a "dug-out," as it might be called, in which I had been obliged to take refuge, in which I believe I would have remained till I died, but that I became aware at night of a dreadful odour close to my head, which at last became intolerable, in the daytime. Making an examination of the spot, I saw an oozy moisture trickling to the ground, and on approaching closely, I was almost knocked down by the smell. What could it be? I applied to my friends of the Commissariat, and a handy man was sent to look into the matter. A stroke or two of the pickaxe revealed a horror! A dead camel, rotted thoroughly, lay within a

foot of my straw. Any one who has smelt a dead camel will know the results of the decomposition. But, wonderful to relate, no one was the worse. The pit was filled in, and I was taken in for a time by the officers of the Commissariat of the Division to which I was attached, of whom not one is now alive, as far as I know, except Colonel Wellesley Robinson.

There are two bodies of men on whom combatant officers are wont to crack jokes in peace-time, who on active service become persons of much importance, entitled to deference, and sometimes, indeed, assailed by flattery—the doctors and the Commissaries. But it must be admitted that the former, who become a first necessity when sickness and wounds demand their care, are generally regarded with less anxious attention when short commons prevail, than the Commissariat officers, who can favour a friend with a kidney, or a delicate heart, or a chosen pound of flesh. When, much later on, I was fortunate enough to obtain a servant from England—a handy Cockney, used to horses, and pretty well versed in the ways of men—I was astonished by the choiceness of the viands he brought

in as rations at times, and I did not inquire too minutely into the relations he had established with the sergeants who presided over the distribution. Long after the war was over I was persecuted by the authorities at Somerset House for a little account which was alleged to be due for rations supplied to me before I left the Crimea. I could not dispute the claim, but I did not believe that I owed it. The Duke of Wellington was harassed, long after the Peninsular War, by the Audit Office at Somerset House, for money due on account of the expenditure of the Commander-in-Chief and his Headquarters Staff. The Duke bore the annoyance year after year, but he brought the matter to an end by threatening that if any further application was made to him he would bring the matter to the attention of the Government and the House of Lords. I submitted.



## CHAPTER XI

### *WINTER SKETCHES*

It would be impossible to exaggerate the discomfort and wretchedness, moral and physical, which I endured in the early winter. Want of everything but money. Money was often useless, because there was nothing to buy. But for the right granted by the Government at home without the consent of the military powers in the field to draw rations, the position would have been untenable. The right to what? A bleeding chunk of flesh, a piece of goaty mutton or of tough beef; to be applied for at the Commissariat and brought to quarters to be cooked, and, if possible, eaten; a pound of ill-baked bread; a handful of coffee berries; another of brown sugar; a candle of tallow; a measure of rum; now and then a dole of vegetables. Quite enough to sustain life. But what when the supplies failed?

when there was no meat to be had, and only half-rations of necessaries of any kind?

"Dear me," said little Mr. Commissary-General Filder, "it is very awkward, you know, giving you rations when we are all so hard pressed! Certainly you pay for them, but the money is no object to us. However, I must obey orders." The story ran in camp that Mr. Filder was the Commissariat officer who complained to Lord Wellesley in the Peninsular War that Sir Thomas Picton had threatened to hang him if the supplies of his Division fell short, and who was not comforted by the rejoinder: "If Sir Thomas Picton said that, sir, I think it very likely he will keep his word." But that story was a myth.

Little Mr. Filder was a Napoleon of the Commissariat, a head and shoulders above his military chiefs. A dry, spare, bright-eyed little man, as cool as a cucumber, who rated very soundly one of the clerks in his office at Balaclava one day because he was led by curiosity to desert his desk and "to go off to look at a battle!" That office was, next to the Commandant's house, the most comfortable winter residence at Balaclava; there were stoves in it, there was glass in the windows, the doors shut, the roof

was rain-proof. There Mr. Filder sat, ruling the roast, when there was any, over his host of writers, regulating contracts and orders for the supplies of the army, with the most perfect indifference to bombardments, sorties, assaults, actions, and so forth, at the front.

The "ships that passed in the night" through the Black Sea and appeared in the morning at Balaclava were our arks of refuge during the winter. When a friendly man-of-war like the *Firebrand* or the *Triton* appeared, there was a saddling in haste of anything that could be saddled, by every one who could get away, to gain the deck before everything was gone.

One evening, very famished, I made my way down to Balaclava, and went off to the *Caradoc*, which, after a rough passage from Constantinople, had just come in with despatches which the Commander, Derriman (now Admiral), had taken up to Headquarters. All lights were out, but the officer on watch told me I would find "Daddy Skead" below to give me a "chip" of grub. The gun-room was deserted, and every one had turned in. I made my way to "Daddy Skead's" bunk, and informed him I was starving. "Go to the locker,"

he said, "and you'll find a mutton-chop I intended for breakfast, biscuits, and cheese on the shelf. You had better take a light."

Unfortunately I tripped across a piece of matting, fell, and put out the light, just as I reached the store-press. But my appetite and my case-knife were ready. I groped about, felt a mutton-chop on a plate, discovered biscuits, and sat down with immense satisfaction to my repast. The chop was delicious. Then, with a pull of rum and water, I turned into a spare hammock, and lay down to sleep.

"You must have been hungry," said "Daddy Skead" next morning at breakfast, "for hang me if you didn't eat a raw mutton-chop! The one that was cooked was on a plate on the shelf above!"

The pursers of the transports made small fortunes, but no matter what they charged, the market was never overdone. Purchasers were always ready, and I have often felt a pang since when I reflected upon the sums of money which our poor friends in the Navy, when they paid their angels' visits to the harbour, must have expended on the presents they made to their friends of all kinds of good things. I dwell upon these details because they touch

the life—or rather the death—of the British Army in that winter.

There came a bitter, carping spirit into men's minds. A regiment encamped in the low-lying ground believed that they were exposed to extermination, because somebody at Headquarters hated their Colonel! Such foolish superstitions, as they might be called, prevailed extensively. The feeling mounted very high. Sir Colin Campbell did not attempt to conceal his contempt for the Headquarters Staff. When the exodus of wounded or invalided Generals and senior officers after the battle of Inkerman and the storm of Nov. 14th took place, those who remained were filled with indignation. The Guards sulked in their tents at Kadikoi. "Lord Raglan had not shown due sympathy for their losses in the battle of Nov. 5th." They partly laid the blame on "Tom Steele." De Lacy Evans went away angered exceedingly at the neglect of his counsels, and at the utter indifference exhibited by Lord Raglan in his regard. And through the Divisions there was a want of good accord between Generals and Brigadiers. The pressure of the Engineers in the trenches was resented

by the Infantry officers; the Artillery were rather envied than beloved; the Sailors' Brigade was looked upon as the *dii majores* were regarded by the *minores*, since Jack was not called upon to dig or delve, and had merely to shoot or fight in battery.

The incidents of the siege are all known to the world which cares about them; many indeed have ceased to have any human interest. An old Crimean friend said to me some time ago, "I've given up ever mentioning the word 'Crimea' in society! I see it casts a gloom over every one. Crimeans are terrible bores, except to each other, and we are so few that it's not much use in our cultivating our traditions." There were, apart from the actual combats in the trenches when the Russians made a night attack, very few personal adventures to record, but now and then incidents to talk about varied the monotony of the life of one who, like myself, was a mere spectator—an *auditor tantum* of cannonading and musketry.

One evening, as it was becoming dark, I overtook outside Balaklava a young officer who had been foraging like myself, and who was making his way back to camp with his marketing. Bags

were suspended from his saddle front and rear, he was hung around with "parcels," his holsters were crammed, and his stout cob seemed to think that the addition to the weight of "Piccadilly Jim" was rather a large order. I was fairly well garnished too—a couple of hams (only 52s. each), a Dutch cheese, some tinned meats, and an assortment of "various"; I was mounted on a great gaunt grey charger that I bought from Piggott of the Scots Greys, nearer seventeen than sixteen hands high. As we rounded the neck of the harbour on the road towards the Col, I proposed that we should ride across the plain for the Woronzow road, beyond which our cavalry patrolled every night. It would save a mile or so; the moon was rising and the proposal was at once acted on. Beguiling the way with tobacco and talk, we spurred on, Jim's pots clattering against his sword, my grey stumbling over old vineyard stumps; we had got more than halfway when Jim said, pointing to his right, "What are those chaps, I wonder?" I looked, and saw pretty close to us some eighteen or twenty horsemen, looking quite black, all save their lance points, which were silvered by the moonlight.

"They must be our Lancers," I said.

"They're not our Lancers, I'm sure!" said Jim. "I think they're d——d Cossacks."

"Cossacks here? Cossacks inside our lines? Nonsense!"

But the cavalcade, turning rapidly, came right in the bee-line for us. If they were enemies they could certainly cut us off from the Woronzow road; if they were not, at all events we could not go wrong by making for the Col. We wheeled three-quarters round, and made tracks at an easy canter back. Whether Jim's pots and pans betrayed us or not, there could be no doubt that they were after us! The thud of their horse-hoofs, the jingle of their accoutrements broke the silence of the night. "Gallop!" I cried. "Ride as hard as you can! They're Ruskies!"

My grey had a great stride; Jim's cob was not quite an Eclipse; I had to rein in to let Jim come up, which he did with a great clang of metal-work.

"For Heaven's sake, Jim, cut away the deck-load! Throw everything overboard!"

"Are they coming on?" he gasped.

"Yes—nearing us! Ride for your life!"



And Jim, as he rode—never looking behind, but asking from time to time, “Are they coming?” always to hear the ready answer, “By Jove, they are! Ride for your life! Closer and closer! Not one hundred yards away!”—cut away his hamper.

Looking over my shoulder, I could see the officer in command waving his sword in the moonlight, within fifty or sixty yards of us. The cob was nearly done. It was critical. Just at that moment a musket-shot was fired in front of us, and in an instant we had the honour of receiving the fire of a picket of Turkish Infantry. The Cossacks wheeled round and made off; and after explanations and apologies we were allowed to proceed on our way by the Col, rejoicing at our escape from captivity, leaving the *jetsam*, or *jettison*, of our cargo on the plain to be enjoyed by the Cossacks.

Death in the field and in the hospital, invaliding from wounds and sickness, had made daily gaps in the ranks of friends and acquaintances in camp during the winter, which were filled by new-comers as spring approached. Strange regiments and officers were arriving continually or week after week, eager to share in “the glory of taking Sebastopol.”

"Travelling gentlemen," many of whom had once been in the army, and who bitterly regretted they had left it, began to make their appearance, bringing with them welcome supplies to the friendly tents which sheltered them. There was also developed a curious sort of *camorra* in camp—a half jocose, half serious association of certain stalwart officers, such as Ben Hallowes, Armstrong, and others whose names I forget, who made it their business to discover any extraordinary supplies of good things received by comrades from England, and to descend upon them and levy blackmail thereon. They called themselves "The Harpy Birds," and did their best to deserve the name; and whether they bribed the N.C.O.'s in charge of the Quartermaster's stores or not, they were wonderful in smelling out consignments of wines, hams, and *delicatessen* to men in the front soon after they were landed at Balaclava. Then "The Harpy Birds," on the first convenient opportunity, swooped down on the tent or hut, and were either regaled on the premises or carried off their spoil, it being understood that in due season they would be called on to suffer in like manner in their turn. Sometimes there were bores on the

wing who settled down too long—men who groped about for bullets and curios, and were full of zeal about "the trenches." I found generally that a visit or two was enough to satisfy them. One of these, a crack shot, was burning "to draw a bead on a Ruski," and he was quite displeased because he could not be gratified by having the use of a rifle-pit for himself. I accompanied him early one morning on a little exploration to the advanced parallel of the Right, or Gordon's Attack. A company of the 88th, under "Tommy" Gore, whom I knew, formed part of the trench guard, and just as we turned into the covered way from the last zigzag, the Russians, in accordance with their usual custom then, opened a heavy fire from the Malakhof and Mamelon and proper left face of the Redan for the benefit of the reliefs. Shot hurtled overhead or thumped against the gabions and sandbags; shells burst and sent their fragments humming through the air; the riflemen in "the pits" lent a running commentary to the text of the big guns. Our friend was immensely excited. I had the greatest difficulty in persuading him not to pop his head over the parapet "to see what was going on." His appetite for

slaughter was only rather whetted by the sight of three wounded men who were being carried off to the second parallel for medical attendance. As he had a "pass for the trenches," I could do no more than caution and counsel him, and when I had installed myself, and had taken a look through a chink between two sandbags at the rifle-pits and the Russian works in the advanced parallel, I turned to the enthusiast to explain matters, but he was nowhere to be seen. He had crept down along the trench towards the sharp dip into the ravine with a young Engineer officer, so I had a chat and a pipe and a "tot" of coffee with Captain Gore, and awaited my friend's return. In about twenty minutes he came back, very pale, with a handkerchief tied round his hand and arm, from which the blood was trickling down his jacket. It seems that when he got to the end of the sap he could scarcely be induced to keep his head down by his companion. "If you show here, ten to one you'll be hit by some of the fellows in the rifle-pits across there." "How far away are they?" "Well, two hundred yards, perhaps." "I should like to see them;" and so saying he took off his grey pot-hat and held it

above the parapet. Ping! Ping! Ping! came the rifle-bullets, and in a second more an angry exclamation from the experimental philosopher. A ball had carried away the tip of the third and part of the second finger of the right hand, and a splash of lead, which must have come from another bullet striking a stone, cut the wrist of the uplifted arm—a rude and very practical lesson for the occasion, and a very cheap one, considering.

The best shots were placed in the rifle-pits, as they knew the ground to an inch; it was unsafe to play tricks with them. One Russian sharpshooter—posted in a cave at the other side of the Inkerman ravine—who wore a red cap, made it very risky to appear in sight near the Aqueduct; and as he was continually exposed to return fire, it was surmised at last that the "*bonnet rouge*" must have been killed or wounded once a week, and that the head-dress was transferable from one good shot to another. But there were, fortunately for us, many bad shots—I dare say equally divided on both sides—among them and our own people.

One day in the spring of 1855, when the Russians had retired from the left bank of the Tchernaya, I

sallied out to test the truth of my theory that there must be trout in the river. I never went abroad in those days without a rod and tackle, and even now, when I can barely walk, I carry them; and sure it is that whenever I omitted that part of my outfit I had reason to regret it. When I was at Constantinople, however, this time I left my "Martin Kelly" and fly-book, and it was not till the end of spring I sent for them, and received them from Messrs. Hanson, having been told that all the streams from the Tchatir Dagħ held fish, and hoping some day to be able to try them. I set out from Balacłava with my tackle, and rode to the camp beyond Kadikoi in high spirits. Leaving my pony with a friendly Highlander, I struck out across the plain, exhibited my pass to the officer at the Sardinian outposts, and put my rod together, mounted a cast of likely flies, and, to the astonishment of the Bersaglieri sentries, descended towards the river amid "*Corpo di Bacco! Che un Inglese matto!*" and admonitions to "Look out! There are Russians among the hillocks!" &c. I went over a likely pool carefully—not a fin! Changed my flies—no response. I put on a phantom minnow, and saw, or thought I saw, a gleam in the

water as it spun across the pool! As I was raising my rod for a second cast, a bullet whistled close to my cap. I saw, about 150 yards away, a puff of smoke and a bullet head below it, which went pop down in the bushes. Another bullet head to match popped up a little nearer to me—a second puff of smoke and an uncommonly near “whizz!” There was no time to be lost; I turned and ran for it, followed, as it seemed to me, by a platoon fire. But my minnow had caught in the bank, and as I ran up the rising ground my reel whirled as though I were playing a mighty salmon. I would not drop my rod; the line ran out from the reel and broke at the knot, and I had to leave it and a broken top to the enemy who had so rudely spoiled my sport. The Bersaglieri, however, had come into action, and were popping all along the line; the clarions were sounding in the camps behind. I had unwittingly created an *alerte* among the Sardinians, and was subjected to a smart reprimand from the Brigadier, before whom I had to go to show my papers and account for myself.

Some sportsmen had the greater honour of drawing gun-fire on themselves when they ventured too near the Russian batteries in the pursuit of duck

and teal in the marshes of the Tchernaya—nothing less than shell and cannon-shot! Among the most ardent of these on our side were Chetwode (now Sir George), 8th Hussars; Sullivan (Greys, I think); and Portal. Quail, plover, and woodcock in winter-time were to be found between Balaclava and St. George, and at one time a descent of bustards almost among the tents—great fat fellows as big as turkeys—provoked a veritable *battue* of an exciting and not entirely harmless character at Kadikoi and the vicinity.

At a dinner-table in London one evening, where there were a number of people all very anxious to cross-examine me about the war, from which I had just returned, there was a middle-aged gentleman who spoke little, but who had his eyes fixed on me, I observed, very constantly. After I had been well heckled about the battles, the assaults, the Generals, &c., this gentleman said: "I would like, sir, to ask you one question." There was a tone of severity in his voice, and I thought that I was about to have a *mauvais quart d'heure* with an enemy. I bowed, and he proceeded: "What, sir, could have induced you to put in one of your letters that the 'Summer Duck,'



the *Anas Sponsa* of Linnæus, frequented the harbour of Balaclava?" I told the gentleman that Dr. O'Hagan, of the *Firebrand*, to whom I showed a bird I had shot, gave it that name. "Dr. O'Hagan, or whatever his name was, sir, who told you that, made a mistake or told a lie!" "Nay, my dear Gould," quoth Dr. Gray of the British Museum, "don't you think it quite possible——?" "No, I don't," snapped out the great ornithologist; it's impossible, I tell you," &c. And as there were many learned persons there (it was at Dr. Gray's table, where I was introduced by his nephew, Mr. Smith, our excellent Postmaster for a time ere poor Angell relieved him), the subject was threshed out, and I was saved from the angry naturalist, with whom I had many a pleasant day's fishing afterwards in the Thames and at Mr. Bidder's on the Wandle.

"It is always the darkest the hour before day!" The winter of our discontent was not made glorious summer all at once, but by early March the improvement in the situation was as marked as that which we welcomed in the weather about the middle of February. A Railway Corps made its appearance with a great flourish of trumpets early in that month.

The warlike ardour attributed to the navvies at home did not carry them as far as the trenches, but they made good progress with the railway from Balaclava towards the front. Then came Col. McMurdo at the head of a splendid corps for the Transport Service.

As far back as November a subscription was opened at the *Times* office for the relief of the suffering soldiery, and in a short time the sum of £30,000 was collected, the disposal of which was confided to Mr. J. C. Macdonald. It could not have been placed in better hands. Large-minded, sagacious, warm-hearted, and judicious, my dear old comrade and friend resolved to come out to the East and preside personally over the application of "The *Times* Fund," and large bales of flannel of inestimable service to the hospitals and invalids arrived in Balaclava, and saved, I believe, many lives—the first-fruits of his communications with me. But he began before that. He actually provided proper underclothing and trousering for the whole of the 39th Foot, whom he found after their embarkation at Gibraltar or Malta for the Crimea utterly destitute of proper equipment for the change of climate and for the exposure to which they would be subjected in the

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trenches. Bales and cases full of warm clothing and medical comforts arrived from his stores at Scutari. At the very end of January, greatcoats, jerseys, boots, mits, fur coats, provided by the Government, were distributed at Balaclava; charitable associations began to work; individual members of Parliament—Mr. Aug. Stafford, for example—thus came out to see with their own eyes what truth there were in the stories which moved their pity. Lord Blantyre equipped a ship with stores for officers and men at cost price, to the indignation of the sutlers and store-keepers. And finally came, what I asked for in a letter from Gallipoli before a shot was fired, a *plethora* of doctors, and—blessing ineffable to all but them—the *Avatar* of Florence Nightingale and her nurses, angels of mercy ministering to sick and wounded as they were never tended before!

Swarms of Croats, Maltese, Greeks, Syrians, descended on Balaclava. A plague of sutlers also fell upon us. The provost-marshals' duties became arduous. As if to cheer us up, when spring burst upon us at the end of February, crocuses, hyacinths, snowdrops sprang wherever they had a chance all over the plateau. The first submarine cable was

laid down between Varna and the Crimea. Telegraphic communication was established from Headquarters to Balaclava. Later there came to me the news that a hut was on its way for my own particular use, though what I was to do with that hut when its component parts were landed, exercised my thoughts and baffled my powers of divination for weary weeks! A hut! I could think of nothing else! Where was it to be put? Would the authorities allow me to have it in camp if I could get it carried there? I gloated over the sketch which preceded the structure, accompanied by directions for putting it together, and I prowled about vacant spaces among the camps for a favourable site. At last it came, packed up in great cases exceeding heavy. They might as well, I thought, have sent me St. Paul's or the Tower of London! But help came when I least expected it. The Army Works Corps, which was organised to put up huts and to make roads, had for its chief a most able, energetic, and kindly countryman of mine, Mr. Doyne. Soon after his arrival, hearing of my distress, he came to see me, and took away my breath with the question: "So I hear you can't get a hut put up? Tell me where it is and

where you want it erected, and I will send up a party of men, in the off-hours, who will make it all right, and you can pay them a little for their labour. They will be only too glad, I am sure. Will that do?"

There was behind Cathcart's Hill a vacant space in rear of the Fourth Division lines, not very far from the curious cave in which Sir John Campbell had established his headquarters. There, with fear and trembling, I directed the first waggon-load of cases to be deposited one evening, and day after day I hovered round the place, dreading every moment to have an officious visit from some staff officer with a peremptory order to remove the humble edifice, which rapidly assumed the resemblance to a "châlet" without a verandah or upper story. It was square, with a sloping roof, with windows about 18 inches square at two sides, and it was divided by a partition, thus constituting a room about 8 feet by 6 feet, which was the reception, dining room and study; and a smaller section, which was to be my bed-room. The material was of zinc and iron plates fastened on a stout wooden frame. It had a fireplace and a chimney and a deal floor. At first it seemed very hideous, as the paint had been rubbed off and the iron was

rusted, but probably the dingy aspect of the erection favoured the furtive erection, for when it was painted by Doyne's men a brilliant white roof and walls with paint supplied by a friendly skipper, I often heard envious officers remark: "That's the *Times'* correspondent's! I wonder why he is allowed to have it here?" To it was added, by and by, a stable with two stalls, and a small hut for the groom who came out about the same time. I actually had a small bed of flowers by the middle of summer, but I was exposed to a very considerable inconvenience when the Russians took to long-range firing, for many of their shot fell close to my hut and one struck the end of my stable and smashed it. I left a collection of some twelve or thirteen at my door when I went away home. In summer the hut was very hot, and in winter it was exceedingly cold. It was sonorous to a degree, and it became almost musical when there was any firing. Any heavy gunfire at night shook up all the flies, which were in swarms, on the ceiling, and added to the difficulties of my enjoying sound sleep. The workmen put up shelves, made a deal table, supplied two chairs, and, when I had procured canvas to nail on the walls of

the room, which were papered before the summer ended, I was installed *en prince*. Soon after I entered into possession there was an alarm of a sortie at day-break one morning. I started from my camp-bed half dressed, put my head out of the window, and shouted to John to saddle my horse and bring me a cup of coffee. I finished my toilette and tried to open my door, which swung outwards, but could not succeed. It was not locked. I pushed in vain. I heard John's voice outside, and going to the other window I perceived that he was making prods, with a stick, at a camel, which the beast resented by growling and snapping at him savagely. It was a huge Bactrian which had escaped from a commissariat yard, and had lain down outside my door so as to completely bar exit or entrance. John, in evident terror, said: "I can't make the beast move: it could take my arm off!" I suddenly bethought me of a box of pipe-lights which lay on the table. The camel was underneath the window, and lighting two of the fusees I dropped them on his flank. The effect was instantaneous. With a noise between a growl and a roar, the camel stumbled up upon its legs and lumbered off in the direction of the commissariat yard. The hut in

which I passed some pleasant hours and many wretched weeks was taken to pieces, repacked, and shipped at Balaclava after I left, and it was unshipped, as far as I could ascertain, and landed somewhere in the Isle of Dogs, but I never could trace its remains, though I made every effort to find them, as I wished to erect it on a little patch of ground which the late Duke of Wellington offered me near Strathfieldsaye "*in memoriam*." It was almost the last "dwelling" before Sebastopol in which there was an inhabitant on the day I left. The plateau was abandoned to Russian camp-followers and Tartars who revelled in the wilderness of huts. These huts were sold by the Russian Government, I heard, to Jews at Odessa, who made a fortune out of the well-seasoned deal by using it for matches! The cannon shot and shells were also turned to account by the Government, which came into possession of them. The abrupt way in which "the peace broke out," as the Irishman called it, was ruinous to some of the sutlers, who had laid in great stores, calculating on a fine healthy run of war. They had to sell at a loss what they could not send away, as transport was scarce and dear. As the authorities issued orders



that wines and liquors were to be destroyed if not otherwise disposed of, there were, at the last moment, "appalling sacrifices" of the "finest brands and vintages"—Clos Vougeot, Chambertin, Veuve Clicquôt, and Lafite of the most famous years; cigars, liqueurs, and spirits; and the provost guards and military police were busily employed for the fortnight preceding the surrender of Balaclava to the Russian Guard, in measures of repression. I have a recollection of buying a case of very fair champagne, marked ———, for 18s. a dozen, and a hamper of Marsala for 10s. ! a little too late for enjoyment, as I had no one to share it with.

## CHAPTER XII

### *FINAL*

THERE is little more to be said in connection with the personal "Retrospect of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman," which was at first all I intended to place before my readers. I do not think it necessary to ask them now to accompany me day after day, week after week, and month after month in the narrative of events from the 5th November 1854 till the Armistice of 28th February 1856 was announced, as a preliminary to the Peace and to the settlement of the Treaty of Paris. That period will furnish, perhaps, matter by and by.

I may say, however, that I accompanied the expedition to Kertch which was followed by a wanton and barbarous destruction of an invaluable museum, and the ruin by fire and pillage of an interesting and undefended town, which I duly described in fitting terms, and I returned to find the gifted colleague,

Mr. Stone, whom the *Times* had sent to assist me, dying, almost uncared for, in my hut. He wrote during my absence the brilliant "Attack on the Quarries" and on the Mamelon, which he witnessed, and immediately afterwards he was attacked by the malady to which General Estcourt and Lord Raglan and many others succumbed, and although I had him sent to the Balaclava Hospital at once, he lived only a few hours after his arrival. In his last letter to the *Times*, dated June 11th, he recorded the prevalence of cholera and the death of Colonel La Marmora, brother of the General-in-Chief of the Sardinian army. Eleven days later, the Allies were repulsed in a general assault on the defences of Sebastopol, with great slaughter of the French and severe loss to ourselves *pro rata*. My dispatch, written on the night of the 18th June, never reached London. I sent it over by the orderly in charge of the mail-bags to Kansiesh. In a subsequent letter, on 20th June, I gave many details of the English attack, and I wrote then what I now believe with all my heart and soul to be true: "Had the three hours' cannonade and bombardment which Lord Raglan decided on administering to the Russian batteries before we

assaulted been delivered to them, it is very probable that we should have found but a small body of troops prepared to receive us at the parapets, and it must be considered a very unfortunate circumstance that his lordship was induced to abandon his intention in deference to the wishes of General Pelissier." The "ascendant" of which Mr. Kinglake speaks so earnestly was gone. For the assault Sir George Brown was responsible, and Lord Raglan placed all the arrangements in his hands. It was, I grieve to say, some sort of consolation to us that the French attack failed ultimately at all points, because it was felt that if they, with all their guns, advantages in point of numbers and position, could not keep the Malakhof, we might not be held so much to blame for failure at the Redan. But failure it was, absolute, complete, and almost immediate. Of the five columns of assault, two never advanced at all, and the others were driven back with terrible loss considering their strength, without reaching the ditch of the Redan, in front of which we left nearly 1500 men killed and wounded. There were many aching hearts that night in our tents; perhaps none felt the bitter grief more than our chief, who sickened and died ten days

later. Of officers I knew, Sir John Campbell, Croker (of the 17th), Col. Shadforth (57th), Lacy Yea and his adjutant Hobson (7th), killed; Pack, Jones, Lord R. Browne, Lt.-Col. Lysons (23rd), Johnstone (33rd), Gwilt, Harman (34th), and others wounded. There came a wave of cholera again over us, and on the 28th June the over-worked, wearied, and sorely-tried chief, who had a commanding place in the hearts of our soldiers and was beloved by his officers, passed peacefully away, to the grief of both armies, in the Russian farmhouse where our Headquarters were from the beginning to the end of the siege.

There were still fifty days of preparation, expectancy and effort before us. There was still a cup full of bitterness to be drained by us to the dregs!

One day in the winter of 1870, I was walking with Mr. Odo Russell, as he was then, in the wood behind the H. de Reservoir at Versailles, talking of that 8th September: "It was very dreadful to see, I suppose," he said, "but you can't imagine how dreadful it was to read about it. John Bull can't eat humble pie! It sickens him, and he feels very much inclined to kill the man who offers it to him! We were all sick and angry everywhere when the news

came." "What would you have had our General do?" "How can I say? I am not a soldier. But however it was to have been managed the General should have sent every man he had in that army to take the Redan or to die in it ere he allowed the French to claim, as they had a right to do, that they took the Malakhof, and with it Sebastopol, and to let them see the backs of our soldiers in retreat." And General James Simpson was not destitute of soldierly qualities of an ordinary kind. But he was as unfit to command a British army in such a crisis as any sergeant in the trenches.

It is painful to write thus of a most gallant, high-minded, and worthy gentleman, incomparably superior, probably, in many ways to the bulldog Pelissier, but wanting in the one quality which was needed by England on the 8th September, and which the Frenchman possessed to the fullest degree. Sir James Simpson's dispatch is an indictment. He, General-in-Chief, divests himself of chief command and "entrusts to Lt.-General Sir W. Codrington and Lt.-General Markham the arrangements for the attack." But he selects the divisions from which the assaulting columns should be taken, and gives a

reason for it which was as bad as could be, and he furthermore decided that the columns should be directed against the Salient—*i.e.*, on the projecting angle of the Redan, where they would be exposed to concentrated fire, and whence they could only deliver a divergent fire. Then he sets forth the storming of the parapet and the entry into the salient angle. "A most determined and bloody contest was here maintained for *nearly an hour*, and although *supported to the utmost*, and the greatest bravery displayed, it was found impossible to maintain the position."

I was told by great people at home, "Windham is your General," because I related what he did on the 8th of September at the Redan, but it was "the public" who insisted on making him a hero, not I. As to his leaving the Redan, I expressed no opinion in my letters, though I had and have one, and that which I formed at the time was strengthened by what Windham told me when we were at Simla together in the summer of 1858, before Sir Colin crossed the Ganges to complete the pacification of Oude. The capital error which Sir W. Codrington committed on September 8th should, I think, have disqualified him altogether from the command of the

army. He it was who made all the arrangements for the assault. He saw the check at the Redan. The trenches were crowded with men. He beheld the struggle, which lasted nearly an hour, unmoved ; not one effort did he make. When Windham appeared on the top of the parapet of the fifth parallel and entreated him to give instant support, Sir W. Codrington seemed to have lost his presence of mind. "If you really think you can do anything with the supports I can afford, take the Royals!"

If any officer wishes, in assaulting a great earth-work defended by valiant soldiers, to know how not to do it, he will study the "arrangements" for the assault of the Redan by Sir W. Codrington. A column of 1000 men, consisting of 500 men from two divisions (the Light and the Second, both of which had been engaged in the unsuccessful assault of 18th June), one column of 500 to lead and to be followed by the other! each composed of "scraps" of six different regiments! finally no supports! *There* is organised defeat for you!

I was shocked and grieved exceedingly—I never spent a more wretched evening and night. What must have been the feelings of our Commander-in-



Chief, who, in a letter to Lady Raglan, with his usual moderation of language, merely described the result as a "disappointment," when grief was "heavy at his heart?" I was much vilified for the strictures which were often the echoes of the opinions of the experts around, but I had not told all I knew.\* That day disposed of many of my old acquaintances in the Light Division. I confess that my interest "in the subsequent proceedings" was much diminished from that day forth.

General Sir John Codrington succeeded Sir J. Simpson in the command of our army, but its work was done. I was delighted to get away from camp and to accompany the interesting but rather inoperative expedition of the Allies to the Liman of the Dnieper, which was opened by the bombardment and taking of Kinburn, where the French made use of ironclad floating batteries, and thus took the first move in the new era of naval warfare, and I did not return to my hut till the first week in November.

\* Since these lines were written Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley has called our attack "crazy, ignorant, and childish, conceived badly and badly executed." See p. 104, *United Service Magazine* for November.

The day that the news of the Armistice reached us (February 28th)—and it came from the Russians to Sir W. Codrington—I met Colonel Windham, Chief of the Staff, on his way to Headquarters from Balaclava, to which I was going, and drew up to speak to him.

“You have heard the news, of course?”

“Yes, and I am very sorry for it.”

“Are you, indeed? Well, I am not! *You* gentlemen of the Press think it is fine fun to be out here writing about battles and fights for your papers at home, but *we* have had quite enough of it.”

I was very angry. “I don’t know, sir, what pleasure you think I can find out here! I have neither promotion, honour, rank, nor pay to expect, as you have, sir. I am astonished that any soldier can rejoice at the idea of peace before he has wiped the dust of the Redan off his jacket.”

We were on the top of the road near the Col. It was a bright, clear winter’s morning, and the Mackenzie Farm heights, with the Russian huts on the ridges, were clearly defined, and a large force was also indicated by the smoke from the camps in the valleys below, and in the country behind Komara.

"Look there," said Windham, stretching his arm with pointed finger; "look there, and tell me what you think we could do! Do you know that Mouravieff is in command there with 100,000 men, in addition to the 70,000 men on the north side? There is not a more gallant fellow on earth than Cuddy; but, by Jove, if he were to move into those ravines and defiles, Mouravieff would double him up in an hour." He used, indeed, stronger and coarser words, but his opinion of the military capacity of his chief, as compared with that of the conqueror of Kars, was expressed in the most emphatic and intelligible manner.

I honestly confess that, anxious as I was to return to a very uncertain future at home, I wished to see the war end, as it had begun, with an increment of credit to our arms, but I somewhat distrusted the capacity of our Generals and felt in my heart that they were overweighted by the French, whose army very much exceeded ours, and whose way of treating their allies had certainly become less considerate since their success and our failure on the 8th September. A change was perceptible in that respect even before the taking of the Malakhof. The French

had won the battle of the Tchernaya on the 16th of August, in which they were assisted by the Sardinians, but the British were not engaged, though we had cavalry and artillery on the field. I had ridden down from my hut in front in considerable alarm in the early morning, for my wife, in company with another lady, had come out to see me a short time before, and was then on board H.M.S. *Triton*, commanded by my old friend Commander A. Fletcher, in Balacava, and I could not tell what would happen if the Russians obtained any advantage and fired on the harbour. I could see, as I galloped along the rising ground, they were in great masses beyond the river, and I went as hard as I could to the harbour, got into a boat, and boarded the *Triton*. "Where are the ladies?" I asked the Quartermaster at the gangway. "The Captain, sir, has taken them off to 'ave a look at the battle that's going on over there!" Fletcher was very near-sighted and very daring, and I thought at the moment that he must be mad. I rushed off to the shore, mounted and rode *ventre à terre* towards the Tchernaya, the line of which was traced by continuous rolling white smoke, and presently came on the *Cacolets*, ambulances, wounded

men, &c., and to my great delight I encountered Fletcher and the two ladies, the latter dreadfully pale and frightened, for they had actually reached a place which the Russians had only been driven from ten minutes before, and had come on the dead and dying on the ground, a sight one of them at least never forgot to her dying day. After I had seen them safe on their way back to Balaclava I returned towards the Tchernaya and arrived in time to see the last feeble stand of the Russians near the bridge ere they retired under the fire of their artillery, and to hear the tremendous cheers of the French at their victory. When I was going over towards our cavalry on my return, I heard, as General Simpson and his staff passed, the jeering, mocking remarks of the Zouaves, unrebuked by their officers, the first outward and audible note of that spirit which was stronger in high places, and it was well indeed that Scarlett's horsemen did not hear and understand the manner in which they were spoken of.

On the 2nd April the proclamation of Peace was announced by salutes of 101 guns from the English, French, and Sardinian batteries and from the allied fleets at Kamiesch and Kazatch, and all the shipping

dressed in flags. But from the Russians not a gun was fired nor a flag displayed! For two months more I waited on the plateau, making excursions to Sebastopol and its ruins, to the Alma, to Baidar, to the lovely coast which extends on the south, from the Phoros Pass to Alupka to Bakshi Serai, Simferopol, and Odessa, going to camp banquets and reviews and races and reunions of Russian, French, Italian, and British officers. I witnessed our armies' celebration of the armistice of February in the blowing up of the Barracks on the south side, and saw many interesting phases of our arrangements in connection with the evacuation.

On the 12th July, at 1 p.m., the main guard of the British troops, consisting of a wing of the 50th, was relieved at Balaclava by the Russians, and I succeeded with great difficulty in obtaining a passage with the last of our army to Constantinople, and thence, after an absence of two years and a half, I went home and made the acquaintance of my children. In September, on my return to England from the Coronation at Moscow, I revisited the Crimea—not for the last time.

## APPENDIX

### THE ALMA

It takes twenty years to find out the truth about a battle—so says some German. It has needed more than that time to find a “historian” bold enough to tell it. What newspaper correspondent who described Lord Raglan’s proceedings at the Alma in the terms employed by the English Jomini, General Sir E. Hamley, in his recent book “The History of the War in the Crimea,” written after full investigation and knowledge of the facts, would have been listened to at the time? Having sketched the preliminaries of the fight, General Hamley says :

*“The order to attack was thereupon given to the Second and the Light Divisions. Having issued this command, the English General took a course too extraordinary to remain unnoticed. Accompanied by some of his staff, he rode round the right of the burning village, and descending to the Alma, crossed it by a ford close to the left of the French army. Proceeding up the opposite bank, he reached a knoll between the Telegraph Hill and the post-road, from whence he*

*looked for a distance, which was at the moment beyond the effective range of field artillery, upon the flank of the Russian position on the Kourgané Hill, and also, on his right front, on the columns of the Russian reserves. He was thus in the singular position for a commander of occupying, with a few officers, a point well within the enemy's lines, and beyond the support, or even the knowledge, of any of the rest of his army ; and Kinglake, the historian, who accompanied him in this excursion, and who records it with applause, says, also, he was too far from the scene of the main struggle on which his army had now entered to be able, for the time, to direct the movements of his own troops."*

Truly it was extraordinary ! It was fortunate indeed that the Allies were far more numerous, far better armed, and, man for man, better trained, if they were not better handled, than the enemy ! The loss would have been frightful in that uphill front attack, even if the battle had been won at all. The Allies, English, French, and Turks, numbered 63,000 men ; the Russians numbered in all 39,000 men. Of the 39,000 Russians, 3400 were cavalry who were not engaged, and 2600 were artillerymen. There were also included in the fighting force four battalions of Militia. There were, moreover, a battalion of Sappers and two battalions of sailors ; so that of Regular infantry the Russians could not have had 26,000 men. Making allowances for the



cavalry and artillerymen on the side of the Allies, and for 8000 Turks not employed, it would seem as if the French and English had nearly 50,000 men to deal with 26,000 Russians; and if some 15,000 of the Allies were not engaged, there was still a great preponderance on our side. The Russians were mainly armed with smooth-bores converted from flint to percussion; the stocks were of deal or other soft wood; the bayonets bent; the guns were badly served; the cannon of position could not be manœuvred. As to generalship, there was none at all on their side, and very little on ours, and that little decidedly bad; there was no reconnoitring—no manœuvring; the French executed a turning movement on the Russian left, and were then hung up—the English made an attack straight in front on a partly fortified position.

Under the quaint heading of "*The spell which had been governing the battle!*"—as if battles were managed by witchcraft or sorcery—Mr. Kinglake attempts to account for the withdrawal of the Russian guns from the earthwork in the funniest way: one would think he was writing a fairy-tale! The first link of the chain of events was Lord Raglan's avatar on a distant knoll, the second was the work of the two guns he ordered up, and the third was the victory! Major Turner told every one afterwards that he was taking his battery forward to get into action, and was mounting

the slope by the road which led to the knoll, when he received a message "to hurry up," which only hastened his pace, but that he would have been on the spot anyhow very soon, whether he had it or not.

Without the smallest warranty for it, Mr. Kinglake declares that Kvetzinski and the other Russian Generals abandoned the key of the position on the Alma and withdrew the guns because they saw, on a knoll on the field on their left front, "a gay-looking group of horsemen, whose hats and white plumes showed that they were Staff officers, exactly on the spot where the van of the French army might have been expected to be had they beaten the left wing of the Russian army!" Of course the gay group was Lord Raglan and his Staff—and that was "the gain of a battle!" Kvetzinski himself expressly says that he withdrew the guns because the Kazan Regiment, which defended the earth-work, was beaten by the English (the Light Division).

But it was a famous victory, and, as I wrote on 21st September 1854 (if I may quote myself), "the name of this little river shall henceforth be celebrated in history to the end of time."

#### *THE BRITISH LOSSES*

The losses in the English battalions give pretty good evidence of the share each had in the fighting. The

Highland Brigade (42nd, 79th, 93rd) had 15 men killed and 83 wounded ; the Grenadiers had 10 killed and 119 wounded ; the Coldstreams, 1 killed and 29 wounded ; the Scots Fusilier Guards, 20 men killed and 161 wounded ; total, 31 killed and 309 wounded. The 7th Fusiliers had one officer, 2 sergeants, 38 rank and file killed ; 11 officers, 16 sergeants, 5 drummers, 139 rank and file wounded. The 23rd lost 8 officers, 3 sergeants, 1 drummer, 39 rank and file killed ; 5 officers, 9 sergeants, 4 drummers, 139 rank and file wounded. The 33rd lost 1 officer, 3 sergeants, 52 rank and file killed ; 6 officers, 16 sergeants, 159 rank and file wounded. (This was Codrington's brigade.) The 19th (which joined in the attack on the guns) lost 2 officers, 1 drummer, 38 rank and file killed ; 5 officers, 4 sergeants, 2 drummers, 168 rank and file wounded ; 6 rank and file missing. Of the two other regiments of "judicious" Buller's Brigade, the 77th had 3 rank and file killed, 17 rank and file wounded ; the 88th, 4 rank and file killed, 1 officer, 2 sergeants, 14 rank and file wounded, 1 rank and file missing. The 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade had 2 sergeants and 9 rank and file killed ; 1 officer (Lord Errol, shot in the hand), 1 sergeant, 3 buglers, and 34 rank and file wounded. On the Second Division the loss fell heavily. The General, De Lacy Evans, severely contused ; of the Staff, Percy Herbert badly hurt—Thompson, St. Clair, and Macdonald wounded. The

30th lost 1 officer and 11 rank and file killed; 4 officers, 2 sergeants, 1 drummer, and 60 rank and file wounded. The 55th had 2 officers, 1 sergeant, and 10 rank and file killed; 6 officers, 4 sergeants, and 92 rank and file wounded. The 95th lost 6 officers, 3 sergeants, and 42 rank and file killed; 11 officers, 12 sergeants, 1 drummer, and 115 rank and file wounded. This was Pennefather's Brigade. Adams's Brigade lost about 110 in all. Practically the Third Division (England's) and the Fourth Division (Cathcart's) were "out of it." The cavalry had one horse wounded. The artillery had 3 officers and 9 gunners killed, and about 20 men wounded.

#### LORD RAGLAN

There was a personal charm about Lord Raglan which fascinated those around him. The handsome face, the sweet smile and kindly glance, the courteous, gracious, gentle manner—even the empty coat-sleeve that recalled his service in the field under his great master—attracted attention and conciliated favour. And if his winning ways captivated strangers at once, it may easily be conceived that to family and friends, to his young relatives on the Staff, and to those whom he admitted to his confidence, Lord Raglan was an object of the most affectionate admiration and regard. Mr. Kinglake became his devoted friend and eulogist in

a few days, and thought the war in the Crimea ceased to have any interest after Lord Raglan's death, for with that event he terminates his brilliant history.

There is a very characteristic photogravure in General Hamley's history of the expedition, representing Lord Raglan and Pelissier together at a table in front of Headquarters. Lord Raglan is in mufti, wearing a soft felt hat with a puggaree—an easy jacket or cut-away coat, vest and walking trowsers—the image of a kindly English gentleman; the French marshal is in uniform, tightly buttoned up and buckled in, a gross *epicier* sort of man, his bulldog face full of vigour. Contrast his features with the amiable lineaments of the English General, and you will recognise the difference between the two chiefs who sent their columns to assault Sebastopol on 8th September.

#### SIR GEORGE BROWN

Lord Raglan and Sir George Brown had served under the Duke, and had worked for years in the same building at the Horse Guards—one as Military Secretary, the other as Adjutant-General. Sir George was a very gallant, irascible old Scotchman of the school of Abercromby, somewhat like his countryman, Sir John Moore—a martinet rather than a general, a stickler for drill and regulations, as brave as man could be, but

rather nervous withal, especially after the surprise at Inkerman. When he returned to the Crimea, after his wound was healed, he kept one of his A.D.C.'s—Pearson or Whitmore—to do duty outside his tent turn about at night, and on any unusual outburst of musketry in front he was on his feet at once to demand the reason of it. The answer was not easy. (Indeed, I often heard officers saying, the day after some sharp attack, "We don't know anything about it. We must wait till the *Times* arrives.") But Sir George would insist on precise information, and the ingenuity of his quick-witted, pleasant, and most genial *aides* was taxed for possible explanations. He made a desperate attempt to restore the "stock" in the spring of 1855, and a very earnest—but, I regret to say, abortive—attempt to enforce regulations with regard to dress in the army at the time of the scarecrow and rabbit-skin dispensation. While the expedition to Kertch was at sea, Sir George issued an order prohibiting the landing of any one who was not on duty with the forces, and so it came to pass that I was unable to judge for myself who were to blame for that stupid and brutal destruction, pillage, and burning which disgraced us on the occasion. I had reason to believe that the order was especially intended for my special benefit. But I saw enough from the transport in which I had a berth to write an account of the scene. It was, therefore, with considerable satisfaction that I was en-

abled, the very next time I met Sir George Brown in mufti, to recall the facts to his mind. He was much stung by the just censures which the excesses at Kertch had evoked all over Europe and at home, and he lost no time in calling me to account for my letter to the *Times*. "You have made me appear to the world as a barbarian, a leader of banditti and plunderers! You should have known, Mr. Russell, that I was in no way responsible for what happened at Kertch—no more than you were!" "But how should I have known, Sir George? Don't you remember that you issued a positive order that I was not to land?" "I? Never!" he exclaimed. "I never did anything of the kind, sir!" "Pardon me! The copy of your order was placed in my hands at Kertch at the time. It forbade the landing of any person there who 'was not on duty with the troops,' and I was refused permission accordingly. So, you see, I am not to blame." He made no answer for a moment, and then said, "Yes, I never thought that you could turn it to account that way," and dropped the subject.

## CALUMNIES

Soon after the close of the war the Earl of Dartmouth thought fit in a speech to his tenantry to accuse me of using the most offensive language about Lord Raglan in my correspondence. I immediately challenged his

Lordship to point out a single passage in any of my letters in support of his charge. The Earl of Dartmouth's reply was disingenuous. He sought to fix on me the responsibility of articles written in London when I was many hundreds of miles away, and of which I knew as little as he did. "You were the correspondent of the *Times*! The *Times* attacked Lord Raglan! *Ergo* you attacked Lord Raglan! *Q.E.D.*!"

It was a false and scandalous imputation. I was led to look out every passage in which Lord Raglan's name was mentioned in "Letters from the Crimea," and to submit them to calm and impartial men for their judgment, and I am prepared to do the same to-day. Not one sentence, not one line, not one word, is there to be found in my letters in which Lord Raglan is mentioned in any way but with the respect that was his due. And subsequently, in "The British Expedition to the Crimea," referring to the silly, vague, and baseless babble in vogue among certain sections of society on the subject, I set forth with all the force of words of which I was capable the sense I entertained of the nobility of Lord Raglan's character; but I did not shrink from expressing the opinion that he had the faults of his virtues and of the amiable disposition that shunned argument, contention, and stern resolves, and gave way under pressure—and that he was not a great general.

All the letters I wrote from the Crimea as corre-



spondent of the *Times*, down to the death of Lord Raglan, were published in 1855-6. They are in every public library, and can easily be referred to; and the same remark applies to "The British Expedition to the Crimea," to which there is an index. I say to any one who desires to know the truth, "Take and search them through, and judge for yourself." *Litera scripta manet.*

## THE FLANK MARCH

I am not about to indulge in unprofitable disputation, but in the interests of historical truth I am desirous to show that Mr. Kingslake's assertion that the refusal of St. Arnaud to attack the north side is destitute of foundation, and that, whatever the merits or demerits of the flank march as a strategical movement were, it was devised by Sir John Burgoyne—it was urged by Lord Raglan on the French General—it was altogether English in conception. In describing the relations of the allied armies after the battle, Kingslake uses such words as "St. Arnaud's refusal to go on with the campaign,"—"the enterprise stopped,"—"St. Arnaud's refusal to go on and attack the north forts,"—"the hinderer was Marshal St. Arnaud,"—"St. Arnaud's refusal to advance on the position of the northern forts," &c. That is repeated again and again. Now, there is not a trace in official or private correspondence of any

effort on Lord Raglan's part to induce St. Arnaud to march against the north side on or after September 21 ! On that very day Lord Raglan sent Sir John Burgoyne to St. Arnaud with a memorandum in favour of a flank march, which was, as even Mr. Kinglake admits, the favourite idea of Lord Raglan at the outset of the expedition.

Let us examine the facts. At 4.30, or thereabouts, on the afternoon of September 20 (the Alma), Lord Raglan and St. Arnaud met on the field of battle, when after compliments and congratulations, Lord Raglan expressed the wish that "some pursuit of the retreating Russians" should be attempted, offering the help of the English cavalry and three batteries of artillery to help the French, the British infantry having suffered too much to advance. St. Arnaud said that "his men could not take up the pursuit, as they were tired and had left their knapsacks on the other side of the river, and the ammunition of his artillery was exhausted." On the morning of September 21 there was another conference between Lord Raglan and St. Arnaud. "The latter wished much to advance and follow the enemy ; to this, however, Lord Raglan would not listen" (see "Letters from Headquarters," vol. i. p. 195, by a Staff officer, General Somerset Calthorpe, then A.D.C. to Lord Raglan). It was known all over the camp in the course of the day that Lord Raglan refused to

advance because he had to embark 3,000 wounded men and prisoners, and General Calthorpe states that he told St. Arnaud "that he could not do so under two days." When the Allies marched from the Alma on September 23, the flank march had been discussed, but it had not been finally adopted. The sinking of the Russian ships across the entrance to the roadstead of Sebastopol determined the course of the march; Lord Raglan never proposed or suggested an attack on the north side of Sebastopol after the armies arrived on the Katchka.

What authority had Mr. Kinglake for his allegations? They rest on this foundation. On February 10, 1856, more than sixteen months after the march, Mr.—now Sir—George Loch had a conversation with, or heard statements from, Sir Edmund Lyons, the purport of which he committed to paper in a memorandum, the accuracy of which Sir Edmund Lyons certified by his signature the same night. That is the document upon which Mr. Kinglake built a most extraordinary superstructure. Sir Edmund Lyons is represented as having stated that, on the day of the battle of the Alma, September 20, he received a letter from Lord Raglan requesting that he would call on him at 8 A.M. on the 21st. He could not get away till between 12 o'clock and 1 o'clock, and then Lord Raglan showed him Burgoyne's memorandum on the flank march (dated September 21). Sir Edmund urged "strong

reasons " against the flank march to Lord Raglan. Lord Raglan said he concurred in those views, and that he had already made representations to St. Arnaud " on the subject." He said that he proposed to St. Arnaud to advance to the Belbek, cross that river, and then assault the forts ; but that St. Arnaud told him that " his troops were tired, and that it could not be done." When, where, and how did that interview with St. Arnaud take place ?

Sir Edmund Lyons saw Lord Raglan " the following day, and found him in low spirits." Sir Edmund Lyons ought to have known that on the 21st, Lord Raglan had sent Sir John Burgoyne with a memorandum suggesting and recommending the flank march to St. Arnaud ! His lordship stated that St. Arnaud, whom he had been urging to advance against the north forts, had replied that he was informed the Russians had thrown up some earthworks on the river, and that the Allies, though no doubt they could force them, could not afford the loss. To prove the muddle of the " memorandum," Kinglake, who tries to make it appear that reasons advanced on the evening of September 20 were adduced on September 22, is obliged to say Lyons's " recollection seems to have placed these circumstances at a time one day earlier than that which I assign to them ! "

Sir Edmund next says that after this interview he

reconnoitred the works on the Belbek, and reported to St. Arnaud that they were unarmed. The French General replied "that he had already given his officers orders to commence the flank march!" The "French" are stated by Sir Edmund to have fallen in with Menschikoff's rearguard, and he declares the Russians had only 2,000 men in Sebastopol, whereas there were 11,000 men ready to defend the forts on the north side alone, under the fire of the ships. The rest of the memorandum is devoted to recording the urgency of Sir Edmund Lyons for an immediate assault when the army reached the south side—daring counsels given by a second in command, who was in a position of complete freedom and no responsibility; and there is an amusing anecdote illustrating the way the Admiral thought that Sebastopol might be "boarded" like a ship. Lord Raglan asked Lyons how he would proceed to take the place, and the Admiral suggested that "lots of men should be sent to the front with something to resemble pickaxes to turn up the ground, and, when the Russians least expected it, to rush in on them!" And Lord Raglan was pleased with the idea!

LORD LUCAN AND LORD CARDIGAN

An officer and politician, for whose opinion I entertain respect, wrote to say he thinks I was very unjust in

accusing the Ministers who sanctioned the appointment of the Earl of Lucan and of the Earl of Cardigan, knowing at the time what were the relations and the character of the two officers.

"You must be aware," says my correspondent, "that when Lord Hardinge made the appointments it was not thought there would be war, and indeed Kinglake, in referring to the selection of Lord Raglan as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, leaves it to be inferred that the Government also thought that he would have more to do with delicate negotiation and management of the relations between the Allies than with actual military operations in a great campaign."

I do not know if that be so—I do not care if it was so. What is germane to the matter is the fact that these two officers were allowed to retain their commands, not only when it was plain that they were likely to be engaged on active service against the enemy, but after proof positive had been forced on the attention of the Commander-in-Chief, when actually in the presence of the enemy, and immediately after a battle, that the feeling between the Cavalry General, Lord Lucan, and his Brigadier, Lord Cardigan, was such that friendly co-operation between them was impossible. It was nothing new for Lord Raglan to learn on September 21 in the Crimea that the leaders of the British Cavalry were at daggers drawn.

Early in June, when the Army was concentrating on the Bosphorus, Lord Cardigan remonstrated against an order he had received from Lord Lucan to the effect that Brigade returns, &c., should be sent to him instead of to Headquarters. Lord Cardigan considered he had a detached and independent command.

"I am not bound," he wrote, "to anybody except the General in Command of the Forces in which the Brigade under my command is serving."

He was answered by Lord Lucan in a kind but firm letter, beginning: "My dear Cardigan," and expressing a wish that all "communications between us should be of the most friendly character."

Lord Cardigan submitted his appeal against Lord Lucan's orders to Lord Raglan through Lord Lucan as his senior officer. What happened? The Adjutant-General (Estcourt) informed Lord Lucan that Lord Cardigan's "misapprehension of the nature of his command had already, by Lord Raglan's desire, been rectified by private communication."

General Estcourt excused himself from writing an official answer "because it is better to consider the question as never having arisen, the misapprehension being corrected!"

But Lord Lucan was not to be put off in that way. He wrote at once to General Estcourt—a gentlemanly, amiable person—to say that "he was not satisfied—

that Lord Cardigan had written an insubordinate letter to his Commanding Officer, and had appealed to the Commander of the Forces direct against his superior."

General Estcourt admitted that he "had not noticed the irregularity," and said that "it would be a subject of a letter to Lord Cardigan, but that it would be private." They were very much afraid at Headquarters of dealing harshly with these great people!

The wrangle continued when the army was moved up to Varna. Lord Lucan waxed furious because Lord Cardigan had been sent on with the Horse Artillery and half the Cavalry, whilst he was left behind on the Bosphorus.

"When I was appointed to the command of the Cavalry Division," he says, "it certainly occurred to very many that the great difficulty would be to command Lord Cardigan."

He inferred that the "very many" were right. Lord De Ros then persuaded Lord Raglan to order Lord Lucan to Varna. When the latter arrived there he found that he had no duties, and that Lord Cardigan had the command of the Light Brigade, half of the Heavy Brigade, and of the Horse Artillery.

Lord Lucan remonstrated: "He is divisional commander, responsible for the Cavalry—Lord Cardigan has repudiated his authority, and gives him no information."



On the way to the Crimea, Lord Lucan on board the *Simla* and Lord Cardigan on board the *Himalaya* exchanged verbal shots in the Black Sea. The former informs the latter that "the Divisional General cannot authorise regimental courts-martial when the Brigadier is stationed with Headquarters." The latter "requests that Lord Lucan will tell him what is his exact position. Does he command the Light Cavalry Brigade or not?" The Army lands. On the night after the battle of the Alma Lord Cardigan writes again to say that he "regrets extremely to trouble Lord Raglan with the unfortunate details," which are set forth at considerable length, "of his position," as "a grinding and humiliating system of discipline on the part of one general officer to another."

Lord Lucan forwards that letter the following day with a covering letter, in which he says :

"I cannot, however, in justice to myself, omit to add that I have neglected nothing to show courtesy and attention of Lord Cardigan since he has commanded a brigade in the Cavalry Division. To avoid any personal difference, I have studiously communicated on all matters of duty with him either by written memoranda or divisional orders ; and on no one occasion have I ever allowed to drop from me one sentence of reproof, reserving my opinion when I could not approve, and only expressing it when it was likely to be agreeable

to him ; nor can I charge myself with having done an unfriendly act towards him since his Lordship has been under my command."

Lord Raglan was no doubt very busy. Anyway more than a week elapsed before he wrote to Lord Lucan :

"I have perused this correspondence with the deepest regret, and I am bound to express my conviction that the Earl of Cardigan would have done better if he had abstained from making the representation which he has thought fit to submit for my decision. I consider him wrong in every one of the instances cited. The Earl of Lucan and the Earl of Cardigan are nearly connected. They are both gentlemen of high honour and elevated position in the country, independently of their military rank. They must permit me, as the Commander of the Forces, and I may say the friend of both, earnestly to recommend them to communicate frankly with each other, and to come to such an understanding as that there should be no suspicion of the contempt of authority on the one side, and no apprehension of undue interference on the other."

His Lordship advises Lord Cardigan and Lord Lucan, in nursery phrase, "to kiss and be friends." He recommends two men, each as proud as Lucifer, the one impetuous, dominant, as hard as steel ; the other proud, narrow, jealous, and self-willed, to communicate

"frankly" with each other ! There was ample evidence already that neither of these officers would follow his Lordship's advice. Fretful, discontented, each probably not disinclined to "let the other into a hole," they were allowed, like two jibbing horses, to pull against each other until the coach was upset. It seems to me that when the Adjutant-General had to explain to him the nature of his duties to his superior, Lord Cardigan should have been removed. Lord Lucan, in spite of violent efforts to get in front, seemed somehow or other to have been left behind at first. No officer in that Army was more vigilant and careful—he was very often nearly troublesome, at times quite so. But no one can say he neglected any part of his duty. Very few people, perhaps, ever saw a little book containing his "Divisional Orders and Correspondence," which was published seven-and-thirty years ago.

From the first order in it, the 29th of May 1854, till the last, on the 13th of February 1855, there is not a single matter relating to his command, great and small, which Lord Lucan does not deal with. The care of baggage-animals, the composition of squadrons, the picketing of horses, marking horses, horse-nails, the shoeing of horses, heel ropes, the carriage of ammunition, the dress of officers, the wearing of sword-knots and of the hair, the exact packing of the valise, reports, daily states, tents, spy-glasses, the badness and dearness

of Oppenheim's boots, trumpet calls, watch setting, marching and drill order parades, irregular washer-women, and so forth—day after day. One can almost trace in Lord Lucan's orders some sign of a *dégringolade* in the Cavalry. On the 30th of August he issued a *stinger* about the dirt of the men, their persons, their clothes and their arms.

"It would really appear," he says, "as if the object of commanding officers was to make every man look as unsoldierlike and slovenly as possible. In the French Cavalry, which it should be our object to emulate in every way and on every occasion, no such notions are entertained."

When the Cavalry are embarking for the Crimea, and when they have landed, his solicitude about them is intensified. After they have actually taken position in the valley of Balaclava to cover the besieging army, he insists on the necessity there is for taking care of the horses, sparing them as much as possible, watering them carefully, and feeding them. On October the 2nd he finds an advanced picket of Dragoons "without any belts on, and as unprepared for action as if they were in Hounslow Barracks."

Next day he expresses his "concern at the slow and unsoldierlike manner in which the regiments are discharging their duties as Cavalry." A couple of days later he complains of the management of the foraging.

Then he has to express his displeasure that horses were not watered before going on picket.

But to conclude with the account of Lord Lucan's handling of the force under his command previous to the first and final cavalry action in the war, let me note one small fact. Lord Cardigan was in the habit of sleeping on board his yacht in Balaclava harbour. Lord Lucan did not directly allude to the circumstance, but five days before the battle of Balaclava there was a "divisional order" which means more than meets the eye.

"When a General or other Officer in command of a brigade is from sickness, &c., prevented attending a brigade turn-out, he is requested immediately at the first sound of the trumpet to report the circumstance for the information of the Lieutenant-General."

My readers will see from what I have related that from June 1854, when the Cavalry Division was formed, down to the 25th October, the day of the battle of Balaclava, the feud between the Cavalry Generals had never known an hour's truce.

There is more to quote, but I have said enough in support of the opinion I have expressed, and I did so because I think that justice has not been done to the very rugged, violent, and ardent officer, who was hit hard because he had left himself no friends—and had bought none—and whose recall was, it seems to me, a very high-handed exercise of authority to cover with

a false appearance of "vigour" the weakness and inefficiency of those who made Lord Lucan the victim of their own shortcomings and mistakes. I am told by his friends there were many traits of generosity and nobility exhibited by Lord Cardigan in his time. I have never heard any one attribute to Lord Lucan any of the qualities of that kind which were ascribed to his brother-in-law. But I can state as a fact, which is significant enough, that previous to the trial connected with "the Staff Officers'" accounts of the Balaclava Charge, Lord Cardigan called frequently on, and wrote many letters to, me to vindicate his own conduct and to assail that of Lord Lucan, and that Lord Lucan never made, directly or indirectly, any communication to me until the parliamentary discussions and the trial of "Cardigan *versus* Calthorpe" were over.











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